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LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

EARL OF ORFORD,

TO

SIR HORACE MANN,

BRITISH ENVOY AT THE COURT OF TUSCANY.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF WALDEGRAVE.

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EDITED BY LORD DOVER.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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LETTERS

FROM

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

TO

SIR HORACE MANN.

LETTER CCXXIII.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 9, 1751.

You will wonder that I, who am pretty punctual, even when I have little to say, should have been so silent at the beginning of a Session: I will tell you some reasons why what I had to tell you was not finished; I wished to give you an entire account: besides, we have had so vigorous an attendance, that with that, and the fatigue, it was impossible to write. Before the Parliament met there was a dead tranquillity, and no symptoms of party spirit. What is more extraordinary, though the Opposition set out vehemently the very first day, there has appeared ten times greater spirit on the court side, a Whig vehemence that has rushed on heartily. I have been much entertained—what should I have been, if I had lived in the times of the Exclusion-bill,

and the end of Queen Anne's reign, when votes and debates really tended to something! Now they tend but to the alteration of a dozen places, perhaps more or less—but come, I'll tell you, and you shall judge for yourself. The morning the Houses met, there was universally dispersed, by the penny post, and by being dropped into the areas of houses, a paper called *Constitutional Queries*, a little equivocal, for it is not clear whether they were levelled at the *Family*, or by *Part* of the *Family* at the Duke. The Address was warmly opposed, and occasioned a remarkable speech of Pitt, in recantation of his former orations on the Spanish war, and in panegyric on the Duke of Newcastle, with whom he is pushing himself, and by whom he is pushed at all rates, in opposition to Lord Sandwich and the Bedfords. Two or three days afterwards there were motions in both houses to have the queries publicly burnt. That too occasioned a debate with us, and a fine speech of Lord Egmont, artfully condemning the paper, though a little suspected of it, and yet supporting some of the reasonings in it. There was no division on the resolution; but two days afterwards we had a very extraordinary and unforeseen one. Mr. Pelham had determined to have but 8000 seamen this year, instead of 10,000. Pitt and his cousins, without any notice given, declared with the Opposition for the greater number. The key to this you will find in his whole behaviour;

whenever he wanted new advancement, he used to go off. He has openly met with great discouragement now; though he and we know Mr. Pelham so well, that it will not be surprising if, though baffled, he still carries his point of Secretary of State. However, the old corps resented this violently, and rubbed up their old anger: Mr. Pelham was inclined to give way, but Lord Hartington, at the head of the young Whigs, divided the house, and Pitt had the mortification of being followed into the minority by only fifteen persons. The King has been highly pleased with this event; and has never named the Pitts and Grenvilles to the Duke of Newcastle, but to abuse them, and to commend the spirit of the young people. It has not weakened the Bedford faction, who have got more strength too by the clumsy politics of another set of their enemies. There has all the summer been a Westminster petition in agitation, driven on by the independent electors, headed by Lord Elibank, Murray his brother, and one or two gentlemen. Sir John Cotton, and Cooke the Member for Middlesex, discouraged it all they could, and even stifled the first-drawn, which was absolutely treason. However, Cooke at last presented one from the inhabitants, and Lord Egmont another from Sir George Vandeput; and Cooke even made a strong invective against the High-bailiff; on which Lord Trentham produced and read a letter written by Cooke to the High-

bailiff, when he was in their interest, and stuffed with flattery to him. Lord Trentham's friends then called in the High-bailiff, who accused some persons of hindering and threatening him on the scrutiny, and after some contention, named Crowle, counsel for Sir George Vandeput, Gibson, an upholsterer and independent, and Mr. Murray.* These three were ordered to attend on the following Thursday to defend themselves. Before that day came, we had the report on the eight thousand seamen, when Pitt and his associates made speeches of lamentation on their disagreement with Pelham, whom they flattered inordinately. This ended in a burlesque quarrel between Pitt and Hampden,† a buffoon Whig, who hates the cousinhood, and thinks his name should entitle him to Pitt's office. We had a very long day on Crowle's defence, who had called the power of the House *Brutum fulmen:* he was very submissive, and was dismissed with a reprimand on his knees. Lord Egmont was so severely handled by Fox, that he has not recovered his spirits since. He used to cry up Fox against Mr. Pelham, but since the former has seemed rather attached to the Duke and the Duke of Bed-

* The Hon. Alexander Murray, fourth son of Alexander fourth Lord Elibank. This family was for the most part Jacobite in its principles. —D.

† John Hampden, Esq. the last descendant in the male line of the celebrated Hampden. On his death in 1754, he left his estates to the Hon. Robert Trevor, son of Lord Trevor, who was descended from Ruth, the daughter of the Patriot.—D.

ford, the party affect to heap incense on Pelham and Pitt—and it is returned.

The day that Murray came to the bar, he behaved with great confidence, but at last desired counsel, which was granted: in the mean time we sent Gibson to Newgate.

Last Wednesday was the day of trial: the accusation was plentifully proved against Murray, and it was voted to send him close prisoner to Newgate. His party still struggling against the term *close*, the Whigs grew provoked, and resolved he should receive his sentence on his knees at the bar. To this he refused to submit. The Speaker stormed, and the House and its honour grew outrageous at the dilemma they were got into, and indeed out of which we are not got yet. If he gets the better, he will indeed be a meritorious martyr for the cause: *en attendant*, he is strictly shut up in Newgate.

By these anecdotes you will be able to judge a little of the news you mention in your last of Jan. 29th, and will perceive that our ministerial vacancies and successions are not likely to be determined soon. Niccolini's account of the aversion to Lord Sandwich is well-grounded, though as to inflexible resentments, there cannot easily be any such thing, where parties and factions are so fluctuating as in this country. I was to have dined the other day at Madame de Mirepoix's with my Lord Bolinbroke, but he was ill. She said, she had repented

asking me, as she did not know if I should like it. "Oh! Madam, I have gone through too many of those things, to make any objection to the only one that remains!"

I grieve much for the return of pains in your head and breast; I flattered myself that you had quite mastered them.

I have seen your Pelham and Milbank, not much, but I like the latter; I have some notion, from thinking that he resembles you in his manner. The other seems very good-humoured, but he is nothing but complexion. Damer is returned; he looks ill; but I like him better than I used to do, for he commends you. My Lord Pomfret is made Ranger of the Parks, and by consequence my Lady is Queen of the Duck island.* Our greatest miracle is Lady Mary Wortley's son,† whose adventures have made so much noise: his parts are not proportionate, but his expense is incredible. His father scarce allows him anything: yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, even to distinct shoe-buckles for a frock, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with an hundred noses. But the most curious part of his dress, which he has brought from Paris, is an iron wig; you lite-

* Duck Island was a spot in St. James's Park, near the Bird-cage Walk; and was so called, because Charles the Second had established a decoy of ducks upon it. It was destroyed when the improvements and alterations took place in this park about the year 1770.—D.

† Edward Wortley Montagu, whose singular adventures and eccentricities are so well known.—D.

rally would not know it from hair—I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body. This may surprise you: what I am now going to tell you, will not, for you have long known her follies; the Duchess of Queensberry told Lady Di. Egerton,* a pretty daughter of the Duchess of Bridgewater, that she was going to make a ball for her; she did, but did not invite her: the girl was mortified, and Mr. Lyttelton, her father-in-law, sent the mad Grace a hint of it. She sent back this card: "The advertisement came to hand; it was very pretty and very ingenious; but everything that is pretty and ingenious does not always succeed: the Duchess of Q. piques herself on her house being unlike Socrates's; his was small and held all his friends; her's is large, but will not hold half of her's: postponed, but not forgot: unalterable." Adieu!

LETTER CCXXIV.

Arlington-Street, March 13, 1751.

You will be expecting the conclusion of Mr. Murray's history, but as he is too great a hero to submit, and not hero enough to terminate his prison in a more summary, or more English way, you

* Daughter of Scroop Duke of Bridgewater, by the Lady Rachel Russel, sister of the Duke of Bedford. Lady Diana Egerton was afterwards married to Lord Baltimore.

must have patience, as we shall have, till the end of the Session. His relations, who had leave to visit him, are excluded again: rougher methods with him are not the style of the age: in the mean time he is quite forgot. General Anstruther is now the object in fashion, or made so by a Sir Harry Erskine, a very fashionable figure in the world of politics, who has just come into parliament, and has been laying a foundation for the next reign by attacking the Mutiny-bill, and occasionally General Anstruther, who treated him hardly ten years ago in Minorca. Anstruther has mutually persecuted and been persecuted by the Scotch ever since Porteous's affair, when of all that nation, he alone voted for demolishing part of Edinburgh. This affair would be a trifle, if it had not opened the long-smothered rivalship between Fox and Pitt: for these ten days they have been civilly at war together; and Mr. Pelham is bruised between both. However, this impetuosity of Pitt has almost overset the total engrossment that the Duke of Newcastle had made of all power, and if they do not, as it is suspected, league with the Prince, you will not so soon hear of the fall of the Bedfords, as I had made you expect. With this quantity of factions and infinite quantity of speakers, we have had a most fatiguing Session, and seldom rise before nine or ten at night.

There have been two events, not political, equal to any absurdities or follies of former years. My

Lady Vane* has literally published the memoirs of her own life, only suppressing part of her lovers, no part of the success of the others with her: a degree of profligacy not to be accounted for; she does not want money, none of her lovers will raise her credit; and the number, all she had to brag of, concealed! The other is a play that has been acted by people of some fashion at Drury-lane, hired on purpose. They really acted so well, that it is astonishing they should not have had sense enough not to act at all. You would know none of their names, should I tell you, but the chief were a family of Delavals, the eldest of which was married by one Foote, a player, to Lady Nassau Poulett,† who had kept the latter. The rage was so great to see this performance, that the House of Commons literally adjourned at three o'clock on purpose: the footman's gallery was strung with blue ribands. What a wise people! what an august Senate! yet my Lord Granville once told the Prince, I forget on occasion of what folly, "Sir, indeed your Royal Highness is in the wrong to act thus; the English are a grave nation."

The King has been much out of order, but he is quite well again, and they say, not above sixty-seven! Adieu!

* Anne, second daughter of Mr. Hawes, and wife of William Lord Viscount Vane. The history of her intrigues, communicated by herself, was published in a novel called the Adventures of Peregrine Pickle.

† Isabella, youngest daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Tufton Earl of Thanet, and widow of Lord Nassau Poulett, youngest brother of the Duke of Bolton. She was mad.

LETTER CCXXV.

Arlington-Street, March 21, 1751.

WHAT another letter, when I wrote to you but last week!—Yes—and with an event too big to be kept for a regular interval. You will imagine from the conclusion of my last letter that our King is dead—or before you receive this, you will probably have heard by flying couriers, that it is only our King that was to be. In short, the Prince died last night between nine and ten. If I don't tell you ample details, it is because you must content yourself with hearing nothing but what I know true. He had had a pleurisy, and was recovered. Last Tuesday was se'nnight he went to attend the King's passing some bills in the House of Lords; from thence to Carlton-house, very hot, where he unrobed, put on a light unaired frock and waistcoat, went to Kew, walked in a bitter day, came home tired, and lay down for three hours, upon a couch in a very cold room at Carlton-house, that opens into the garden. Lord Egmont told him how dangerous it was, but the Prince did not mind him. My father once said to this King, when he was ill and royally untractable, "Sir, do you know what your father died of? of thinking he could not die." In short, the Prince relapsed that night, has had three physicians ever since, and has never been supposed out of danger till yesterday: a thrush had appeared, and for the two or three

last evenings he had dangerous suppressions of breath. However, his family thought him so well yesterday, that there were cards in his outward room. Between nine and ten he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. Wilmot, and Hawkins the Surgeon, were present: the former said, "Sir, have you brought up all the phlegm? I hope this will be over in a quarter of an hour, and that your Royal Highness will have a good night." Hawkins had occasion to go out of the room, and said, "Here is something I don't like." The cough continued; the Prince laid his hand upon his stomach, and said, "*Je sens la mort.*" The page who held him up, felt him shiver, and cried out, "The Prince is going!" The Princess was at the feet of the bed; she catched up a candle and ran to him, but before she got to the head of the bed, he was dead.*

Lord North was immediately sent to the King, who was looking over a table, where Princess Emily, the Duchess of Dorset, and Duke of Grafton were playing. He was extremely surprised, and said, "Why, they told me he was better!" He bid Lord North tell the Princess, he would do

* Frederick Prince of Wales was a man in no way estimable, though his understanding and disposition were cried up by those who were in opposition to his father's government. Walpole says of him, "His best quality was generosity; his worst, insincerity, and indifference to truth, which appeared so early, that Earl Stanhope wrote to Lord Sunderland from Hanover, 'He has his father's head, and his mother's heart.'" His death was undoubtedly a deliverance for those, who, had he lived, would have become his subjects.—D.

everything she could desire; and has this morning sent her a very kind message in writing. He is extremely shocked—but no pity is too much for the Princess; she has eight children, and is seven months gone with another. She bears her affliction with great courage and sense. They asked her if the body was to be opened; she replied, what the King pleased.

This is all I know yet; you shall have fresh and fresh intelligence—for reflections on minorities, Regencies, Jacobitism, Oppositions, factions, I need not help you to them. You will make as many as anybody, but those who reflect on their own disappointments. The creditors are no inconsiderable part of the moralists. They talk of fourteen hundred thousand pounds on post obits. This I am sure I don't vouch; I only know that I never am concerned to see the tables of the money-changers overturned and cast out of the temple.*

I much fear, that by another post, I shall be forced to tell you news that will have much worse effects for my own family. My Lord Orford† has got such another violent boil, as he had two years ago—and a thrush has appeared too along with it. We are in the utmost apprehensions about him, the more, because there is no possibility of giving him any about himself. He has not only taken an invincible aversion to Physicians, but to the bark,

* Frederick Prince of Wales's debts were never paid.—D.

† Robert, eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole Earl of Orford, was Knight of the Bath, Auditor of the Exchequer, Master of the Buck-hounds, and Ranger of Richmond New-park.

and we have no hopes from anything else. It will be a fatal event for me, for your brother, and for his own son. Princess Emily,* Mr. Pelham,† and my Lady Orford, are not among the most frightened.

Your brother, who dines here with Mr. Chute and Gray,‡ has just brought me your letter of March 12th. The libel you ask about, was called *Constitutional Queries:* have not you received mine of February 9th? there was some account of our present history. Adieu! I have not time to write any longer to you; but you may well expect our correspondence will thicken.

LETTER CCXXVI.

Arlington-Street, April 1, 1751.

How shall I begin a letter that will—that must give you as much pain as I feel myself? I must interrupt the story of the Prince's death, to tell you of *two* more, much more important, God knows! to you and me! One I had prepared you for—but how will you be shocked to hear that our poor Mr. Whithed § is dead as well as my brother!

* Princess Emily had the reversion of New-park.

† The Auditor of the Exchequer was in the gift of Mr. Pelham, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and first Lord of the Treasury.

‡ Thomas Gray, author of the Elegy in a Churchyard, and other poems.

§ Francis Thistlethwaite, who took the name of Whithed for his uncle's estate, and as heir to him, recovered Mr. Norton's estate which he had left to the Parliament, for the use of the poor, &c. but the Will was set aside for insanity.

Whithed had had a bad cough for two months; he was going out of town to the Winchester assizes; I persuaded and sent him home from hence one morning to be blooded. However, he went, in extreme bad weather. His youngest brother, the clergyman, who is the greatest brute in the world, except the elder brother, the layman, dragged him out every morning to hunt, as eagerly as if it had been to hunt heretics. One day they were overturned in a water, and then the parson made him ride forty miles: in short, he arrived at the Vine half dead and soon grew delirious. Poor Mr. Chute was sent for to him last Wednesday, and sent back for two more physicians, but in vain; he expired on Friday night! Mr. Chute is come back half distracted, and scarce to be known again. You may easily believe that my own distress does not prevent my doing all in my power to alleviate his. Whithed, that best of hearts, had forgiven all his elder brother's beastliness, and has left him the Norton estate, the better half; the rest to the clergyman, with an annuity of 120*l.* a-year to his Florentine mistress, and six hundred pounds to their child. He has left Mr. Chute one thousand pounds, which, if forty times the sum, would not comfort him, and, little as it is, does not in the least affect or alter his concern. Indeed he not only loses an intimate friend, but in a manner an only child; he had formed him to be one of the prettiest gentlemen in

England, and had brought about a match for him, that was soon to be concluded with a Miss Nicholl,* an immense fortune; and I am persuaded had fixed his heart on making him his own heir, if he himself outlived his brother. With such a fortune, and with such expectations, how hard to die!—or, perhaps, how lucky, before he had tasted misfortune and mortification!

I now must mention my own misfortune. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings, the physicians and *all the family of painful death,*† (to alter Gray's phrase,) were persuaded and persuaded me, that the bark, which took great place, would save my brother's life—but he relapsed at three o'clock on Thursday, and died last night. He ordered to be drawn and executed his will, with the greatest tranquillity and satisfaction, on Saturday morning. His spoils are prodigious—not to his own family! indeed I think his son the most ruined young man in England. My loss, I fear, may be considerable, which is not the only motive of my concern, though, as you know, I had much to forgive, before I could regret: but indeed I do regret. It is no small addition to my concern, to fear or foresee that Houghton and all the remains of my father's glory will be pulled to pieces! The widow-Countess immediately marries—not Richcourt, but Shirley, and triumphs in advancing her son's ruin by

* She was afterwards married to the Marquis of Carnarvon.

† Vide Gray's Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.

enjoying her own estate, and tearing away great part of his. Now I will divert your private grief by talking to you of what is called the public. The King and Princess are grown as fond as if they had never been of different parties, or rather as people who always had been of different. She discountenances all opposition, and he *all ambition.* Prince George, who, with his two eldest brothers, is to be lodged at St. James's, is speedily to be created Prince of Wales. Ayscough, his tutor, is to be removed, with her entire inclination, as well as with everybody's approbation. They talk of a Regency to be established (in case of a minority) by authority of Parliament, even this Session, with the Princess at the head of it. She and Dr. Lee, the only one she consults of the late cabal, very sensibly burned the late Prince's papers the moment he was dead. Lord Egmont, by seven o'clock the next morning, summoned, (not very decently,) the faction to his house: all was whisper! at last he hinted something of taking the Princess and her children under their protection, and something of the necessity of harmony. No answer was made to the former proposal. Somebody said, it was very likely indeed they should agree now, when the Prince could never bring it about; and so everybody went away to take care of himself. The impostumation is supposed to have proceeded, not from his fall last year, but from a blow with a tennis-ball some years ago. The grief for the

dead brother is affectedly great; the aversion to the living one as affectedly displayed. They cried about an elegy, and added, "Oh, that it were but his brother!" On 'Change they said, "Oh, that it were but the butcher!"

The Houses sit, but no business will be done till after the holidays. Anstruther's affair will go on, but not with much spirit. One wants to see faces about again! Dick Lyttelton, one of the patriot officers, had collected depositions on oath against the Duke for his behaviour in Scotland, but I suppose he will now throw his papers into Hamlet's grave?

Prince George, who has a most amiable countenance, behaved excessively well on his father's death. When they told him of it, he turned pale, and laid his hand on his breast. Ayscough said, "I am afraid, Sir, you are not well!"—he replied, "I feel something here, just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew." Prince Edward is a very plain boy, with strange loose eyes, but was much the favourite. He is a sayer of things! Two men were heard lamenting the death in Leicester-fields: one said, "He has left a great many small children!"—"Ay," replied the other, "and what is worse, they belong to our parish!" But the most extraordinary reflections on his death were set forth in a sermon at Mayfair chapel. "He had no great parts (pray mind, this was the parson said so, not I,) but he

had great virtues; indeed, they degenerated into vices: he was very generous, but I hear his generosity has ruined a great many people: and then his condescension was such, that he kept very bad company."

Adieu! my dear child; I have tried, you see, to blend so much public history with our private griefs, as may help to interrupt your too great attention to the calamities in the former part of my letter. You will, with the properest good-nature in the world, break the news to the poor girl, whom I pity, though I never saw. Miss Nicholl is, I am told, extremely to be pitied too; but so is everybody that knew Whithed! Bear it yourself as well as you can!

LETTER CCXXVII.

Arlington-Street, April 22, 1751.

I COULD not help, my dear child, being struck with the conclusion of your letter of the 2nd of this month, which I have just received; it mentions the gracious assurances you had received from the dead Prince—indeed, I hope you will not want them. The person* who conveyed them was so ridiculous, as to tell your brother that himself was the most disappointed of all men, he and the prince having settled *his* first ministry in such a manner, that

* George Bubb Doddington.

nothing could have defeated the plan. An admirable scheme for power in England, founded only on two persons! Some people say he was to be a Duke and Secretary of State. I would have him drawn like Edward V. with the coronet hanging over his head. You will be entertained with a story of Bootle: his *washerwoman* came to a friend of her's in great perplexity, and said, "I don't know what to do, pray advise me; my master is gone the circuit, and left me particular orders to send him an express if the King died: but here's the Prince dead, and he said nothing about him." You would easily believe this story, if you knew what a mere law-pedant it is!

The Lord* you hint at, certainly did not write the queries, nor ever anything so well: he is one of the few discarded, for almost all have offered their services, and been accepted. The King asked the Princess, if she had a mind for a Master of the Horse; that it must be a nobleman, and that he had objections to a particular one, Lord Middlesex. I believe she had no objection to his objections, and desired none: Bloodworth is at the head of her stables: of her ministry, Dr. Lee; all knees bow to him. The Duke of Newcastle is so charmed with him, and so sorry he never knew him before, and can't live without him! He is a grave, worthy man; as a civilian, not much versed in the world of this end of the town, but much a gentle-

* Lord Middlesex.

man. He made me a visit the other day on my brother's death, and talked much of the great and good part the King had taken, (who, by the way, has been taught by the Princess to talk as much of him,) and that the Prince's servants could no longer oppose, if they meant to be *consistent*. I told this to Mr. Chute, who replied instantly, "Pho! he meant *subsistent*." You will not be surprised, though you will be charmed with a new instance of our friend's disinterested generosity: so far from resenting Whithed's neglect of him, he and your brother, on finding the brute-brothers making difficulties about the child's fortune, have taken upon them to act as trustees for her, and to stand all risks. Did not Mr. Whithed know that Mr. Chute would act just so?

Prince George is created Prince of Wales, and his household is settled. Lord Harcourt* is his Governor, in the room of Lord North, to whom there was no objection, but his having a glimpse of parts more than the new one, who is a creature of the Pelhams, and very fit to cipher where Stone is to figure. This latter is sub-Governor, with the Bishop of Norwich,† Preceptor, and Scot, sub-Preceptor. The Bishop is a sensible, good-humoured gentleman, and believed to be a natural son of the

* Simon first Earl Harcourt, the grandson of the Chancellor. He was found drowned in a well in his park of Nuneham in Oxfordshire, in 1777. —D.

† Thomas Hayter, Bishop of Norwich.

old Archbishop of York.* Lord Waldegrave,† long a personal favourite of the King, who has now got a little interest at his own court, is Warden of the Stannaries, in the room of Tom Pitt; old Selwyn, Treasurer; Lord Sussex,‡ Lord Downe,§ and Lord Robert Bertie,‖ Lords of the Bedchamber; Peachy, a young Schutz, and Digby, Grooms: but those of the House of Commons have not kissed hands yet, a difficulty being started, whether, as they are now nominated by the King, it will not vacate their seats: Potter has resigned Secretary to the Princess, and is succeeded by one Cresset, his predecessor, her chief favourite, and allied to the House of Hanover, by a Duchess of Zell,¶ who was of a French family—not of that of Bourbon. I was going on to talk to you of the Regency, but as that measure is not complete, I shall not send away my letter till the end of next week.

My private satisfaction in my nephew of Orford is very great indeed: he has an equal temper of

* Dr. Lancelot Blackburn.

† James second Earl of Waldegrave, and Lord of the Bedchamber to the King.

‡ George Augustus Yelverton second Earl of Sussex, died 1758.—D.

§ Henry Pleydell Dawnay third Viscount Downe in Ireland. He distinguished himself greatly in the command of a regiment at the battle of Minden; and died Dec. 9th, 1760, of the wounds he had received at the battle of Campen, Oct. 16th of that year.—D.

‖ The third son of Robert first Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven. Died 1782.—D.

¶ Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse. It is this *mésalliance* which prevents our Royal Family from being what is called *chapitrale* in Germany. Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse was the mother of George the First's unhappy wife.—D.

reason and goodness that is most engaging. His mother professes to like him as much as everybody else does; but is so much a woman, that she will not hurt him at all the less. So far from contributing to retrieve his affairs, she talks to him of nothing but mob-stories of his grandfather's having laid up,—the Lord knows where!—three hundred thousand pounds for him; and of carrying him with her to *Italy*, that he may converse with *sensible* people! In looking over her husband's papers, among many of her intercepted *billet-doux*, I was much entertained with one, which was curious for the whole orthography, and signed *Stitara:* if Mr. Shirley was to answer it in the same romantic tone, I am persuaded he would subscribe himself *the dying Hornatatus.* The other learned Italian Countess* is disposing of her fourth daughter, the fair Lady Juliana, to Pen, the wealthy sovereign of Pennsylvania, but the nuptials are adjourned till he recovers of a wound in his thigh, which he got by his pistol going off, as he was overturned in his post-chaise. Lady Caroline Fox has a legacy of five thousand pounds from Lord Shelburne,† a distant relation, who never saw her but once, and that, three weeks before his death. Two years ago Mr. Fox got the ten thousand pound prize.

* Lady Pomfret.

† Henry Petty Earl of Shelburne, in Ireland, the last of the male descendants of Sir William Petty. Upon his death his titles extinguished; but his estates devolved on his nephew the Hon. John Fitz Maurice, in whose favour the title of Shelburne was revived.—D.

May 1, 1751.

I find I must send away my letter this week, and reserve the history of the Regency for another post: the Bill was to have been brought into the House of Lords to-day, but Sherlock the Bishop of London, has raised difficulties against the limitation of the future Regent's authority, which he asserts to be repugnant to the spirit of our Constitution. Lord Talbot had already determined to oppose it; and the Pitts and Lyttletons, who are grown very mutinous on the Newcastle's not choosing Pitt for his colleague, have talked loudly against it without doors. The preparatory steps to this great event I will tell you. The old monarch grand-childizes exceedingly: the Princess, who is certainly a wise woman, and who, in a course of very difficult situations, has never made an enemy, nor had a detractor, has got great sway there. The Pelhams, taking advantage of this new partiality, of the universal dread of the Duke, and of the necessity of his being Administrator of Hanover, prevailed to have the Princess Regent, but with a council of nine of the chief great officers, to be continued in their posts till the majority, which is fixed for eighteen; nothing to be transacted without the assent of the greater number; and the Parliament that shall find itself existing at the King's death, to subsist till the minority ceases — such restrictions must be almost as unwelcome to the Princess, as the whole regulation is to

the Duke. Judge of his resentment: he does not conceal it. The divisions in the ministry are neither closed, nor come to a decision. Lord Holderness arrived yesterday, exceedingly mortified at not finding himself immediate Secretary of State, for which purpose he was sent for; but Lord Halifax would not submit to have this cipher preferred to him. An expedient was proposed of flinging the American province into the Board of Trade, but somehow or other, that has miscarried, and all is at a stand. It is known that Lord Granville is designed for President—and for what more don't you think?—he has the inclination of the King—would they be able again to persuade people to resign unless he is removed?—and will not all those who did resign with that intention, endeavour to expiate that insult?

Amid all this new clash of politics, Murray has had an opportunity for one or two days of making himself talked of. A month ago his brother* obtained leave, on pretence of his health, to remove him into the custody of the Serjeant-at-arms, but he refused to go thither, and abused his brother for meanness, in making such submissive application. On this, his confinement was straitened. Last week, my worthy cousin, Sir John Philips, moved the King's Bench for a rule to bring him thither, in order to his having his habeas corpus. He was produced there the next day; but the three

* Lord Elibank.

Judges on hearing he was committed by the House of Commons, acknowledged the authority, and remanded him back. There was a disposition to commit Sir John, but we have liked to be pleased with this acknowledgment of our majesty.

*Stitara** has declared to her son, that she is marrying Shirley, but ties him up strictly. I am ready to begin again the panegyric of my nephew, but I will rather answer a melancholy letter I have just received from you. His affairs are putting into the best situation we can, and we are agitating a vast match for him, which, if it can be brought to bear, will even save your brother, whose great tenderness to mine, has left him exposed to greater risks than any of the creditors. For myself, I think I shall escape tolerably, as my demands are from my father, whose debts are likely to be satisfied. My uncle Horace is indefatigable in adjusting all this confusion. Do but figure him at seventy-four, looking—not merely well for his age, but plump, ruddy, and without a wrinkle or complaint; doing everybody's business, full of politics as ever, from morning till night, and then roaming the town to conclude with a party at whist! I have no apprehensions for your demands on Doddington; but your brother, who sees him, will be best able to satisfy you on that head.

Madame de Mirepoix's brother-in-law was not Duke, but Chevalier de Boufflers—here is my uncle

* Lady Orford. She did marry Mr. Shirley.—D.

come to drop me a bit of marriage-settlements, on his road to his rubbers, so I must finish—you will not be sorry; at least I have given you some light to live upon! Adieu!

LETTER CCXXVIII.

Arlington-Street, May 30, 1751.

In your last of May 14th, you seem uneasy at not having heard from me in two posts. I have writ you so exactly all the details that I knew you would wish to hear, that I think my letters must have miscarried. I will mention all the dates of this year; Feb. 9th, March 14th and 21st, April 1st, and May 1st; tell me if you have received all these. I don't pretend to say anything to alleviate your concern for the late misfortunes, but will only recommend to you to harden yourself against every accident, as I endeavour to do. The mortifications and disappointments I have experienced, have taught me the philosophy that dwells not merely in speculation. I choose to think about the world, as I have always found, when I most wanted its comfort, it thought about me, that is, not at all. It is a disagreeable dream which must end for everybody else as well as for oneself. Some try to supply the emptiness and vanity of present life, by something still more empty, Fame. I choose to comfort myself, by considering that even while I

am lamenting any present uneasiness, it is actually passing away. I cannot feel the comfort of folly, because I am not a fool, and I scarce know any other being that it is worth one's while to wish to be. All this looks as if it proceeded from a train of melancholy ideas—it does so; but misfortunes have that good in them, that they teach one indifference.

If I could be mortified anew, I should be with a new disappointment. The immense and uncommon friendship of Mr. Chute had found a method of saving both my family and your's. In short, in the height of his affliction for Whithed, whom he still laments immoderately, he undertook to get Miss Nicholl, the vast fortune, a fortune of above 150,000*l.* whom Whithed was to have had, for Lord Orford. He actually persuaded her to run away from her guardians, who used her inhumanly, and are her next heirs. How clearly he is justified, you will see, when I tell you, that the man, who had eleven hundred a-year for her maintenance, with which he stopped the demands of his own creditors, instead of employing it for her maintenance and education, is since gone into the Fleet. After such fair success, Lord Orford has refused to marry her; why, nobody can guess. Thus had I placed him in a greater situation than even his grandfather hoped to bequeath to him, had retrieved all the oversights of my family, had saved Houghton and all our glory!

—Now all must go!—and what shocks me infinitely more, Mr. Chute, by excess of treachery, (a story too long for a letter,) is embroiled with his own brother—the story, with many others, I believe, I shall tell you in person, for I do not doubt but the disagreeable scenes which I have still to go through, will at last drive me to where I have long proposed to seek some peace—But enough of these melancholy ideas!

The Regency Bill has passed with more ease than could have been expected from so extraordinary a measure, and from the warmth with which it was taken up one day in the House of Commons. In the Lords there were but 12 to 106, and the former, the most inconsiderable men in that House. Lord Bath and Lord Granville spoke vehemently for it: the former in as wild a speech, with much parts, as ever he made in his patriot days; and with as little modesty he lamented the scrambles that he had seen for power! In our House, Mr. Pelham had four signal mortifications; the Speaker in a most pathetic and fine speech, Sir John Banard and Lord Cobham* speaking against it, and Mr. Fox, though voting for it, tearing it to pieces. Almost all the late Prince's people spoke or voted for it; most, pretending deference to the Princess,

* Richard Grenville, eldest son of Richard Grenville, of Wotton, Esq. and of Esther Temple Countess Temple, and Viscountess Cobham, in her own right. Lord Cobham became well-known in the political world as Earl Temple, which title he succeeded to on the decease of his mother in 1752.—D.

though her power is so much abridged by it. However, the consolation that resides in great majorities, balanced the disagreeableness of particular oppositions. We sit, and shall sit till towards the end of June, though with little business of importance. If there happens any ministerial struggle, which seems a little asleep at present, it will scarce happen till after the prorogation.

Adieu! my dear child; I have nothing else worth telling you at present—at least, the same things don't strike me that used to do; or what perhaps is more true, when things of consequence take one up, one can't attend to mere trifling. When I say this, you will ask me, where is my philosophy! Even where the best is: I think as coolly as I can, I don't exaggerate what is disagreeable, and I endeavour to lessen it, by undervaluing what I am inclined to think would be a happier state.

LETTER CCXXIX.

Arlington-Street, June 18, 1751.

I SEND my letter as usual from the Secretary's office, but of what Secretary I don't know. Lord Sandwich last week received his dismission, on which the Duke of Bedford resigned the next day, and Lord Trentham with him, both breaking with old Gower, who is entirely in the hands of the

Pelhams, and made to declare his quarrel with Lord Sandwich (who gave away his daughter to Colonel Waldegrave), the foundation of detaching himself from the Bedfords. Your friend Lord Fane* comforts Lord Sandwich with an annuity of a thousand a-year—scarcely for his handsome behaviour to his sister! Lord Hartington is to be Master of the Horse, and Lord Albemarle Groom of the Stole; Lord Granville is actually Lord President, and by all outward and visible signs, something more—in short, if he don't overshoot himself, the Pelhams have; the King's favour to him is visible, and so much credited, that all the incense is offered to him. It is believed that Impresario Holderness will succeed the Bedford in the Foreign Seals, and Lord Halifax in those for the plantations. If the former does, you will have ample instructions to negotiate for singers and dancers! Here is an epigram made upon his directorship,

> That secrecy will now prevail
> In politics, is certain,
> Since Holderness, who gets the Seals,
> Was bred behind the curtain.

The Admirals Rowley and Boscawen are brought into the Admiralty under Lord Anson, who is advanced to the head of the Board. Seamen are tractable fishes! especially it will be Boscawen's

* Lord Sandwich married Dorothy, sister of Charles Lord Viscount Fane

case, whose name in Cornish signifies obstinacy, and who brings along with him a good quantity of resentment to Anson. In short, the whole present system is equally formed for duration!

Since I began my letter, Lord Holderness has kissed hands for the Seals. It is said that Lord Halifax is to be made easy, by the plantations being put under the Board of Trade. Lord Granville comes into power as boisterously as ever, and dashes at everything. His lieutenants already beat up for volunteers; but he disclaims all connexions with Lord Bath, who, he says, forced him upon the famous ministry of twenty-four hours, and by which he says he paid all his debts to him. This will soon grow a turbulent scene—it is not unpleasant to sit upon the beach and see it; but few people have the curiosity to step out to the sight. You, who knew England in other times, will find it difficult to conceive what an indifference reigns with regard to Ministers and their squabbles. The two Miss Gunnings,* and a late extravagant dinner at White's, are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the two brothers, and Lord Granville. These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two, so handsome, and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much

* Afterwards Countess of Coventry, and Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll.—D.

handsomer women than either: however, they can't walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them, that they are generally driven away. The dinner was a folly of seven young men, who bespoke it to the utmost extent of expense: one article was a tart made of duke cherries from a hot-house; and another that they tasted but one glass out of each bottle of champagne. The bill of fare is got into print, and with good people has produced the apprehension of another earthquake. Your friend St. Leger was at the head of these luxurious heroes—he is the hero of all fashion. I never saw more dashing vivacity and absurdity, with some flashes of parts. He had a cause the other day for ducking a sharper, and was going to swear: the Judge said to him, "I see, Sir, you are very ready to take an oath." "Yes, my Lord," replied St. Leger, "my father was a Judge."

We have been overwhelmed with lamentable Cambridge and Oxford dirges on the Prince's death; there is but one tolerable copy; it is by a young Lord Stormont,* a nephew of Murray, who is much commended. You may imagine what incense is offered to Stone by the people of Christchurch: they have hooked in, too, poor Lord Harcourt, and call him *Harcourt the Wise!* his wisdom has already disgusted the young Prince; "Sir,

* David Murray seventh Viscount Stormont, Ambassador at Vienna and Paris, and President of the Council. Died in 1796.—D.

pray hold up your head. Sir, for God's sake, turn out your toes!" Such are Mentor's precepts!

I am glad you receive my letters; as I knew I had been punctual, it mortified me that you should think me remiss. Thank you for the transcript from *Bubb de tristibus!** I will keep your secret, though I am persuaded that a man who had composed such a funeral oration on his master and himself, fully intended that its flowers should not bloom and wither in obscurity.

We have already begun to sell the pictures that had not found place at Houghton: the sale gives no great encouragement to proceed; (though I fear it must come to that!) the large pictures were thrown away; the whole-length Vandykes went for a song! I am mortified now at having printed the

* A letter to Mr. Mann from Mr. Doddington on the Prince's death. (It contains the following bombastic and absurd passage, which, however, proves how great were the expectations of Doddington, if the Prince had lived to succeed his father.

"We have lost the delight and ornament of the age he lived in, the expectations of the public—in this light I have lost more than any subject in England, but this is light; public advantages confined to myself, do not, ought not, to weigh with me. But we have lost the refuge of private distress, the balm of the afflicted heart, the shelter of the miserable against the fang of private calamity; the arts, the graces, the anguish, the misfortunes of society have lost their patron and their remedy. I have lost my protector, my companion, my friend that loved me, that condescended to hear, to communicate, and to share in all the pleasures and pains of the human heart, where the social affections and emotions of the mind only presided, without regard to the infinite disproportion of our rank and condition. This is a wound that cannot, ought not to heal—if I pretended to fortitude here, I should be infamous, a monster of ingratitude; and unworthy of all consolation, if I was not inconsolable."—*Letter of Sir H. Mann to Horace Walpole, June* 4, 1751.—D.)

catalogue. × Gideon the Jew, and Blakiston* the independent grocer, have been the chief purchasers of the pictures sold already—there, if you love moralising!

Adieu! I have no more articles to-day for my literary gazette.

LETTER CCXXX.

Arlington-Street, July 16, 1751.

I SHALL do little more to-day than answer your last letter of the 2nd of this month; there is no kind of news. My chief reason for writing to you, is to notify a visit that you will have at Florence this summer from Mr. Conway,† who is forced to go to his regiment at Minorca, but is determined to reckon Italy within his quarters. You know how particularly he is my friend; I need not recommend him to you: but you will see something very different from the staring boys that come in flocks to you new, once a-year, like woodcocks. Mr. Conway is deservedly reckoned one of the first and most rising young men in England.

* Blakiston had been caught in smuggling, and pardoned by Sir R. W. but continuing the practice, and again detected, was fined five thousand pounds, on which he grew a violent party-man, and a ringleader of the Westminster independent electors, and died an alderman of London.

† Colonel Henry Conway, only brother of Francis Earl of Hertford, married Caroline, daughter of General John Campbell, and widow of Charles Bruce, the last Earl of Ailesbury and Elgin.

He has distinguished himself in the greatest style both in the army and in parliament. This is for you: for the Florentine ladies, there is still the finest person and the handsomest face I ever saw—no, I cannot say that all this will be quite for them; he will not think any of them so handsome as my Lady Ailesbury.

It is impossible to answer you why my Lord Orford would not marry Miss Nicholl. I don't believe there was any particular reason or attachment anywhere else; but unfortunately for himself and for us, he is totally insensible to his situation, and talks of selling Houghton with a coolness, that wants nothing but being intended for philosophy, to be the greatest that ever was. Mind, it is a virtue that I envy more than I honour.

I am going into Warwickshire to Lord Hertford, and set out this evening, and have so many things to do, that you must excuse me, for I neither know what I write, nor have time to write more. Adieu!

LETTER CCXXXI.

Mistley, Aug. 31, 1751.

I AM going to answer two of your letters, without having the fear* of Genoa before my eyes. Your

* Count Richcourt pretended that he had received intelligence from his brother, then Minister in London, that Mr. Mann was to be sent on a secret commission to Genoa.

brother sent to me about this embassy the night before I came out of town, and I had not time nor opportunity to make any inquiry about it. Indeed, I am persuaded it is all a fable, some political nonsense of Richcourt. How should his brother know anything of it? or to speak plainly, what can we bring about, by a sudden negotiation with the Genoese? Do but put these two things together, that we can do nothing, and the Richcourts can know nothing, and you will laugh at this pretended communication of a secret that relates to yourself, from one who is ignorant of what relates to you, and who would not tell you if he did know. I have had a note from your brother since I came hither, which confirms my opinion; and I find Mr. Chute is of the same. Be at peace, my dear child: I should not be so if I thought you in the least danger.

I imagined you would have seen Mr. Conway before this time; I have already told you how different you will find him from the raw animals that you generally see. As you talk of our Beauties, I shall tell you a new story of the Gunnings, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen, though neither of them, nor anything about them, have yet been *teterrima belli causa*. They went the other day to see Hampton-court; as they were going into the Beauty-room, another company arrived; the housekeeper said, "This way, Ladies; here are the

Beauties." The Gunnings flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; that they came to see the palace, not to be showed as a sight themselves.

I am charmed with your behaviour to the Count on the affair of the Leghorn allegiance; I don't wonder he is willing to transport you to Genoa! Your priest's epigram is strong; I suppose he had a dispensation for making a false quantity in *secunda*.

Pray tell me if you know anything of Lady Mary Wortley: we have an obscure history here of her being in durance in the Brescian, or the Bergamasco: that a young fellow whom she set out with keeping, has taken it into his head to keep her close prisoner, not permitting her to write or receive any letters but what he sees: he seems determined, if her husband should die, not to lose her, as the Count lost my Lady O.

Lord Rockingham told me himself of his Guercino, and seemed obliged for the trouble you had given yourself in executing the commission. I can tell you nothing farther of the pictures at Houghton; Lord Orford has been ill and given over, and is gone to Cheltenham. The affair of Miss Nicholl is blown up by the treachery of my uncle Horace and some lawyers, that I had employed at his recommendation. I have been forced to write a narrative of the whole transaction, and was with difficulty kept from publishing it. You shall see it whenever I have an opportunity. Mr. Chute,

who has been still worse used than I have been, is however, in better spirits than he was, since he got rid of all this embroil. I have brought about a reconciliation with his brother, which makes me less regard the other disappointments.

I must bid you good night, for I am at too great a distance to know any news, even if there were any in season. I shall be in town next week, and will not fail you in inquiries, though I am persuaded you will before that have found that all this Genoese mystery was without foundation. Adieu!

LETTER CCXXXII.

Strawberry-Hill, Oct. 14, 1751.

It is above six weeks since I wrote to you, and I was going on to be longer, as I stayed for something to tell you; but an express that arrived yesterday brought a great event, which, though you will hear long before my letter can arrive, serves for a topic to renew our correspondence. The Prince of Orange is dead; killed by the waters of Aix-la-chapelle. This is all I yet know. I shall go to town to-morrow for a day or two, and if I pick up any particulars before the post goes away, you shall know them. The Princess Royal was established Regent some time ago; but as her husband's authority seemed extremely tottering, it is

not likely that she will be able to maintain her's. Her health is extremely bad, and her temper neither ingratiating nor bending. It is become the peculiarity of the House of Orange to have minorities.

Your last letter to me of Sept. 24th, and all I have seen since your first fright, make me easy about your Genoese journey. I take no honour from the completion of my prophecy; it was sufficient to know circumstances and the trifling falsehood of Richcourt, to confirm me in my belief that that embassy was never intended. We dispose of Corsica! Alas! I believe there is but one island that we shall ever have power to give away; and that is, Great Britain—and I don't know but we may exert our power.

You are exceedingly kind about Mr. Conway—but when are not you so to me and my friends? I have just received a miserable letter from him on his disappointment: he had waited for a man-of-war to embark for Leghorn; it came in the night, left its name upon a card, and was gone before he was awake in the morning, and had any notice of it. He still talks of seeing you; as the Parliament is to meet so soon, I should think he will scarce have time, though I don't hear that he is sent for, or that they will have occasion to send for anybody, unless they want to make an Opposition.

We were going to have festivals and masquerades for the birth of the Duke of Burgundy, but

I suppose both they and the observance of the King's birthday will be laid aside or postponed, on the death of our son-in-law. Madame de Mirepoix would not stay to preside at her own banquets, but is slipped away to retake possession of the tabouret. When the King wished her husband joy, my Lady Pembroke* was standing near him; she was a favourite, but has disgraced herself by marrying a Captain Barnard. Mirepoix said, as he had no children, he was indifferent to the honour of a duchy for himself, but was glad it would restore Madame to the honour she had lost by marrying him. "Oh!" replied the King, "you are of so great a family, the rank was nothing; but I can't bear when women of quality marry one don't know whom!"

Did you ever receive the questions I asked you about Lady Mary Wortley's being confined by a lover that she keeps somewhere in the Brescian? I long to know the particulars. I have lately been at Woburn, where the Duchess of Bedford borrowed for me from a niece of Lady Mary, above fifty letters of the latter. They are charming! have more spirit and vivacity than you can conceive, and as much of the spirit of debauchery in them as you will conceive in her writing. They were written to her sister, the unfortunate Lady Mar, whom she treated so hardly while out of her senses,

* Mary, daughter of the Viscount Fitzwilliam, formerly Maid of Honour to the Queen, and widow of Henry Herbert Earl of Pembroke.

which she has not entirely recovered, though delivered and tended with the greatest tenderness and affection by her daughter Lady Margaret Erskine: they live in a house lent to them by the Duke of Bedford; the Duchess is Lady Mary's niece.* Ten of the letters, indeed, are dismal lamentations and frights on a scene of villainy of Lady Mary, who, having persuaded one Ruremonde, a Frenchman and her lover, to entrust her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him, frightened him out of England, by persuading him that Mr. Wortley had discovered the intrigue, and would murder him; and then would have sunk the trust. That not succeeding, and he threatening to print her letters, she endeavoured to make Lord Mar or Lord Stair cut his throat. Pope hints at these anecdotes of her history in that line,

Who starves a sister or denies a debt.

In one of her letters she says, "We all partake of father Adam's folly and knavery, who first eat the apple like a sot, and then turned informer like a scoundrel." This is character, at least, if not very delicate; but in most of them, the wit and style are superior to any letters I ever read but Madame Sevigné's. It is very remarkable, how much better women write than men. I have now before me a

* Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Lady Mar, and the first wife of John Lord Gower, were daughters of Evelyn Pierpont Duke of Kingston.

volume of letters written by the widow* of the beheaded Lord Russel, which are full of the most moving and expressive eloquence: I want to persuade the Duke of Bedford to let them be printed.

17th.—I have learned nothing but that the Prince of Orange died of an imposthume in his head. Lord Holderness is gone to Holland to-day —I believe rather to learn than to teach. I have received your's of Oct. 8, and don't credit a word of Birtle's† information. Adieu!

LETTER CCXXXIII.

Arlington Street, Nov. 22, 1751.

As the Parliament is met, you will, of course, expect to hear something of it: the only thing to be told of it is, what I believe was never yet to be told of an English Parliament, that it is so unanimous, that we are not likely to have one division this session—nay, I think not a debate. On the Address, Sir John Cotton alone said a few words against a few words of it. Yesterday, on a motion to resume the sentences against Murray, who is fled to France, only two persons objected—in

* Rachel, daughter of Thomas Wriothesley Earl of Southampton, Lord Treasurer. One of these letters to Dr. Tillotson, to persuade him to accept the Archbishoprick, has been since printed, and a fragment of another of her letters, in Birch's life of that Prelate.

† Consul at Genoa: he had heard the report of Mr. Mann's being designed for an embassy to Genoa.

short, we shall not be more a French Parliament, when we are under French government. Indeed, the two nations seem to have crossed over and figured in; one hears of nothing from Paris but gunpowder plots in the Duke of Burgundy's cradle (whom the Clergy, by a *vice versâ*, have converted into a Pretender,) and menaces of assassinations. Have you seen the following verses, that have been stuck up on the Louvre, the Pont-neuf, and other places?

> Deux Henris immolés par nos braves Ayeux,
> L'un à la Liberté et l'autre à nos Dieux,
> Nous animent, Louis, aux mêmes entreprises:
> Ils revivent en Toi ces anciens Tyrans:
> Crains notre desespoir: La Noblesse a des Guises,
> Paris des Ravaillacs, le Clergé des Clements.

Did you ever see more ecclesiastic fury? Don't you like their avowing the cause of Jaques Clement? and that Henry IV. was sacrificed to a plurality of gods! a frank confession! though drawn from the author by the rhyme, as Cardinal Bembo, to write classic Latin, used to say, *Deos immortales!* But what most offends me, is the threat of murder: it attaints the prerogative of chopping off the heads of Kings in a legal way. We here have been still more interested about a private history that has lately happened at Paris. It seems uncertain by your accounts whether Lady Mary Wortley is involuntary or constrained durance: it is not at all equivocal that her son and a Mr. Taaffe have been

in the latter at Fort l'Evesque and the Chatelet. All the letters from Paris have been very cautious of relating the circumstances. The outlines are, that these two *gentlemen*, who were pharaoh-bankers to Madame de Mirepoix, had travelled to France to exercise the same profession, where it is supposed they cheated a Jew, who would afterwards have cheated them of the money he owed, and that to secure payment, they broke open his lodgings and bureau, and seized jewels and other effects; that he accused them; that they were taken out of their beds at two o'clock in the morning, kept in different prisons without fire or candle, for six-and-thirty hours; have since been released on excessive bail; are still to be tried, may be sent to the gallies, or dismissed home, where they will be reduced to keep the best company, for I suppose nobody else will converse with them. Their separate anecdotes are curious: Wortley, you know, has been a perfect Gil Blas, and for one of his last adventures is thought to have added the famous Miss Ashe to the number of his wives. Taaffe is an Irishman, who changed his religion to fight a duel, as you know in Ireland a Catholic may not wear a sword. He is a gamester, usurer, adventurer, and of late has divided his attentions between the Duke of Newcastle and Madame Pompadour; travelling with turtles and pine-apples, in post-chaises, to the latter,—flying back to the former for Lewes races—and smuggling burgundy

at the same time. I shall finish their history with a *bon-mot*. The Speaker was railing at gaming and White's, *apropos* to these two prisoners. Lord Coke, to whom the conversation was addressed, replied, "Sir, all I can say is, that they are both Members of the House of Commons, and neither of them of White's." Monsieur de Mirepoix sent a card lately to White's, to invite all the chess-players of both *clamps*. Do but think what a genius a man must have, or, my dear child, do you consider what information you would be capable of sending to your court, if, after passing two years in a country, you had learned but the two first letters of a word, that you heard twenty times every day!

I have a bit of paper left, so I will tell you another story. A certain King, that, whatever airs you may give yourself, you are not at all like, was last week at the play. The intriguing chambermaid in the farce says to the old gentleman, "You are villainously old; you are sixty-six; you can't have the impudence to think of living above two years." The old gentleman in the stage-box turned about in a passion, and said, "This is d—d stuff!"

Pray have you got Mr. Conway yet! Adieu!

LETTER CCXXXIV.

Dec. 12, 1751.

I HAVE received your's and Mr. Conway's letters, and am transported that you have met at last, and that you answer so well to one another, as I intended. I expect that you tell me more and more all that you think of him. The inclosed is for him; as he has never received one of my letters since he left England, I have exhausted all my news upon him, and for this post you must only go halves with him, who I trust is still at Florence. In your last, you mentioned Lord Stormont and commend him; pray tell me more about him. He is cried up above all the young men of the time—in truth, we want recruits! Lord Bolingbroke is dead, or dying of a cancer, which was thought cured by a quack plaister; but it is not everybody can be cured at seventy-five, like my monstrous uncle.

What is an *uomo nero?*—neither Mr. Chute nor I can recollect the term. Though you are in the season of the *villegiatura*, believe me, Mr. Conway will not find Florence duller than he would London: our diversions, politics, quarrels, are buried all in our Alphonso's grave!* The only thing talked of, is a man who draws teeth with a sixpence, and puts them in again for a shilling. I

* The late Prince of Wales; it alludes to a line in "The Mourning Bride."

believe it; not that it seems probable, but because I have long been persuaded, that the most incredible discoveries will be made; and that about the time, or a little after I die, the secret will be found out of how to live for ever—and that secret, I believe, will not be discovered by a physician. Adieu!

P. S. I have tipped Mr. Conway's direction with French, in case it should be necessary to send it after him.

LETTER CCXXXV.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 2, 1752.

We are much surprised by two letters which my Lady Ailesbury has received from Mr. Conway, to find that he had not yet heard of his new regiment. She, who is extremely reasonable, seems content that he went to Rome before he got the news, as it would have been pity to have missed such an opportunity of seeing it, and she flatters herself that he would have set out immediately for England, if he had received the express at Florence. Now you know him, you will not wonder that she is impatient; you would wonder, if you knew her, if he were not so too.

After all I have lately told you of our dead tranquillity, you will be surprised to hear of an episode

of Opposition: it is merely an interlude, for at least till next year we shall have no more: you will rather think it a farce, when I tell you that that buffoon my old uncle acted a principal part in it. And what made it more ridiculous, the title of the drama was a subsidiary treaty with Saxony. In short, being impatient with the thought that he should die without having it written on his tomb, "Here lies *Baron Punch*," he spirited up—whom do you think?—only a Grenville! my Lord Cobham, to join with him in speaking against this treaty: both did: the latter retired after his speech; but my uncle concluded his (which was a direct answer to all he has been making all his life,) with declaring, that he yet should vote *for* the Treaty! You never heard such a shout and laughter as it caused. This debate was followed by as new a one in the House of Lords, where the Duke of Bedford took the Treaty, and in the conclusion of his speech, the ministry, to pieces. His friend Lord Sandwich, by a most inconceivable jumble of cunning, spoke for the Treaty, against the ministry; it is supposed, lest the Duke should be thought to have countenanced the Opposition: you never heard a more lamentable performance! there was no division. The next day the Tories in our House moved for a resolution against subsidiary treaties in time of peace: Mr. Pelham, with great agitation, replied to the Philippics of the preceding day, and divided 180 to 52.

There has been an odd sort of codicil to these debates: Vernon,* a very inoffensive, good-humoured young fellow, who lives in the strongest intimacy with all the fashionable young men, was proposed for the Old Club at White's, into the mysteries of which, before a person is initiated, it is necessary that he should be well with the ruling powers: unluckily, Vernon has lately been at Woburn with the Duke of Bedford. The night of the ballot, of twelve persons present, eight had promised him white balls, being his particular friends—however, there were six black balls!—this made great noise—his friends found it necessary to clear up their faith to him—*ten* of the twelve assured him upon their honour that they had given him white balls. I fear this will not give you too favourable an idea of the honour of the young men of the age!

Your father, who has been dying, and had tasted nothing but water for ten days, the other day called for roast beef, and is well; cured, I suppose, by this abstinence, which convinces me that intemperance had been his illness. Fasting and mortification will restore a good constitution, but not correct a bad one.

Adieu! I write you but short letters, and those, I fear, seldom; but they tell you all that is material: this is not an age to furnish volumes.

* Richard Vernon, Esq. He married Lady Evelyn Leveson, widow of the Earl of Upper Ossory, and sister of Gertrude Duchess of Bedford.—D.

LETTER CCXXXVI.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 27, 1752.

GAL. tells me that your eldest brother has written you an account of your affairs, the particulars of which I was most solicitous to learn, and am now most unhappy to find no better.* Indeed, Gal. would have most reason to complain, if his strong friendship for you did not prevent him from thinking that nothing is hard that is in your favour: he told me himself that the conditions imposed upon him were inferior to what he always proposed to do, if the misfortune should arrive of your recall. He certainly loves you earnestly; if I were not convinced of it, I should be far from loving him so well as I do.

I write this as a sort of letter of form on the occasion, for there is nothing worth telling you. The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry,† a grave young Lord, of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the eldest, virtuously with regard to her virtue, not very honourably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago Duke Hamilton,‡ the

* Mr. Mann's father was just dead.

† George William sixth Earl of Coventry.—D.

‡ James fourth Duke of Hamilton, died in 1758.—D.

very reverse of the Earl, hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at pharaoh at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each: he soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love, that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl; and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as to disregard such sums, why he played at all. However, two nights afterwards, being left alone with her while her mother and sister were at Bedford-house, he found himself so impatient, that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring: the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop—at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour after twelve at night, at Mayfair chapel. The Scotch are enraged; the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect; and what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other.

Poor Lord Lempster has just killed an officer in a duel, about a play-debt, and I fear was in the

wrong. There is no end of his misfortunes and wrong-headedness!—Where is Mr. Conway?—Adieu!

LETTER CCXXXVII.

Arlington-Street, March 23, 1752.

Mr. Conway has been arrived this fortnight; a week sooner than we expected him; but my Lady Ailesbury forgives it! He is full of your praises, so you have not sowed your goodness in unthankful ground. By a letter I have just received from you, he finds you have missed some from him with commissions; but he will tell you about them himself. I find him much leaner, and great cracks in his beauty. Your picture is arrived, which he says is extremely like you. Mr. Chute cannot bear it; says it wants your countenance and goodness, that it looks bonny and Irish. I am between both and should know it—to be sure, there is none of your wet-brown-paperness in it, but it has a look with which I have known you come out from your little room, when Richcourt has raised your ministerial French, and you have writ to England about it till you are half fuddled. *Au reste,* it is gloriously coloured—will Astley promise to continue to do as well? or has he, like all other English painters, only laboured this to get reputation, and then intends to daub away to get money?

The year has not kept the promise of tranquil-

lity that it made you at Christmas; there has been another parliamentary bustle. The Duke of Argyll* has drawn the ministry into accommodating him with a notable job, under the notion of buying for the King from the mortgagees the forfeited estates in Scotland, which are to be colonized and civilized. It passed with some inconsiderable hitches through the Commons; but in the Lords last week the Duke of Bedford took it up warmly, and spoke like another Pitt. He attacked the Duke of Argyll on favouring Jacobites, and produced some flagrant instances, which the Scotch Duke neither answered nor endeavoured to excuse, but made a strange, hurt, mysterious, contemptuous, incoherent speech, neither in defence of the Bill, nor in reply to the Duke of Bedford, but to my Lord Bath, who had fallen upon the ministry for assuming a dispensing power, in suffering Scotland to pay no taxes for the five last years. This speech, which formerly would have made the House of Commons take up arms, was strangely flat and unanimated for want of his old chorus. Twelve Lords divided against eighty that were for the Bill. The Duke, who was present, would not vote; none of his people had attended the Bill in the other House; and General Mordaunt (by his orders, as it is imagined) spoke against it. This concludes the session: the King goes to Hanover on Tuesday: he has been scattering

* Archibald Campbell Duke of Argyll, formerly Earl of Isla.

ribands of all colours; blue ones on Prince Edward, the young Stadholder, and the Earls of Lincoln, Winchilsea, and Cardigan;* a green one on Lord Dumfries;† a red on Lord Onslow.‡

The world is still mad about the Gunnings: the Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great, that even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs; and people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there. Dr. Sachevrel never made more noise than these two beauties.

There are two wretched women that just now are as much talked of; a Miss Jefferies and a Miss Blandy; the one condemned for murdering her uncle, the other her father. Both their stories have horrid circumstances; the first, having been debauched by her uncle; the other had so tender a parent, that his whole concern while he was expiring, and knew her for his murderess, was to save her life. It is shocking to think what a shambles this country is grown! Seventeen were executed this morning, after having murdered the turnkey on Friday night, and almost forced open

* George Brudenell fourth Earl of Cardigan, created Duke of Montagu in 1776, died in 1790.—D.

† William Crichton Dalrymple fourth Earl of Dumfries, in Scotland, in right of his mother. He also became in 1760 fourth Earl of Stair, and died 1768.—D.

‡ George third Lord Onslow, died in 1776.—D.

Newgate. One is forced to travel, even at noon, as if one was going to battle.

Mr. Chute is as much your's as ever, except in the article of pen and ink. Your brother transacts all he can for the Lucchi, as he has much more weight there* than Mr. Chute. Adieu!

LETTER CCXXXVIII.

Arlington Street, May 13, 1752.

By this time you know *my way*, how much my letters grow out of season, as it grows summer. I believe it is six weeks since I wrote to you last; but there is not only the usual deadness of summer, to account for my silence; England itself is no longer England. News, madness, parties, whims, and twenty other causes, that used to produce perpetual events, are at an end; Florence itself is not more inactive. Politics,

Like arts and sciences, are travelled west.

They are got into Ireland, where there is as much bustle to carry a question in the House of Commons, as ever it was here in any year forty-one. Not that there is any opposition to the King's measures; out of three hundred members, there has never yet been a division of above 28 against

* With the late Mr. Whithed's brothers, who scrupled paying a small legacy and annuity to his mistress and child.

the government: they are much the most zealous subjects the King has. The Duke of Dorset has had the art to make them distinguish between loyalty and aversion to the Lord Lieutenant.

I last night received your's of May 5th; but I cannot deliver your expressions to Mr. Conway, for he and Lady Ailesbury are gone to his regiment in Ireland for four months, which is a little rigorous, not only after an exile in Minorca, but more especially unpleasant now, as they have just bought one of the most charming places in England, Park-place, which belonged to Lady Archibald Hamilton, and then to the Prince. You have seen enough of Mr. Conway to judge how patiently he submits to his duty. Their little girl is left with me.

The Gunnings are gone to their several castles, and one hears no more of them, except that such crowds flocked to see the Duchess Hamilton pass, that seven hundred people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire to see her get into her post-chaise next morning.

I saw lately at Mr. Barret's a print of Valombrosa, which I should be glad to have, if you please; though I don't think it gives much idea of the beauty of the place: but you know what a passion there is for it in England, as Milton has mentioned it.

Miss Blandy died with a coolness of courage that is astonishing, and denying the fact, which has

made a kind of party in her favour; as if a woman who would not stick at parricide, would scruple a lie! We have made a law for immediate execution on conviction of murder: it will appear extraordinary to me if it has any effect, for I can't help believing that the terrible part of death must be the preparation for it.

LETTER CCXXXIX.

Arlington Street, July 27, 1752.

WHAT will you say to me after a silence of two months? I should be ashamed, if I were answerable for the whole world, who will do nothing worth repeating. Newspapers have horse-races, and can invent casualties, but I can't have the confidence to stuff a letter with either. The only casualty that is of dignity enough to send you, is a great fire at Lincoln's Inn, which is likely to afford new work for the lawyers, in consequence of the number of deeds and writings it has consumed. The Duke of Kingston has lost many of his: he is unlucky with fires: Thoresby, his seat, was burnt a few years ago, and in it a whole room of valuable letters and manuscripts. There has been a very considerable loss of that kind at this fire: Mr. Yorke, the Chancellor's son, had a great collection of Lord Somers's papers, many relating to the assassination-plot; and by which, I am told, it

appeared that the Duke of Marlborough was deep in the schemes of St. Germain's.

There are great civil wars in the neighbourhood of Strawberry-hill: Princess Emily, who succeeded my brother in the rangership of Richmond-park, has imitated her brother William's unpopularity, and disobliged the whole country, by refusal of tickets and liberties, that had always been allowed. They are at law with her, and have printed in the Evening Post a strong memorial, which she had refused to receive. The High-sheriff of Surrey, to whom she had denied a ticket, but on better thought had sent one, refused it, and said he had taken his part. Lord Brook,* who had applied for one, was told he could not have one—and to add to the affront, it was signified, that the Princess had refused one to my Lord Chancellor—your old nobility don't understand such comparisons! But the most remarkable event happened to her about three weeks ago. One Mr. Bird, a rich gentleman near the park, was applied to by the late Queen for a piece of ground that lay convenient for a walk she was making: he replied, it was not proper for him to pretend to make a Queen a present; but if she would do what she pleased with the ground, he would be content with the acknowledgment of a key and two bucks a-year. This was religiously observed till the era of her Royal Highness's reign; the bucks were denied, and he himself once shut out, on pretence it was fence-

* Francis Greville Earl Brook.

month (the breeding-time, when tickets used to be excluded, keys never.) The Princess soon after was going through his grounds to town; she found a padlock on his gate: she ordered it to be broke open: Mr. Shaw, her deputy, begged a respite, till he could go for the key. He found Mr. Bird at home—"Lord, Sir! here is a strange mistake; the Princess is at the gate, and it is padlocked!"—"Mistake! no mistake at all: I made the road; the ground is my own property: her Royal Highness has thought fit to break the agreement which her Royal mother made with me: nobody goes through my grounds but those I choose should." Translate this to your Florentines; try if you can make them conceive how pleasant it is to treat blood royal thus!

There are dissensions of more consequence in the same neighbourhood. The tutorhood at Kew is split into factions; the Bishop of Norwich and Lord Harcourt openly at war with Stone and Scott, who are supported by Cresset, and countenanced by the Princess and Murray—so my Lord Bolinbroke dead, will govern, which he never could living! It is believed that the Bishop will be banished into the rich bishopric of Durham, which is just vacant—how pleasant to be punished, after teaching the boys a year, with as much as he could have got if he had taught them twenty! Will they ever expect a peaceable prelate, if untractableness is thus punished?

Your painter Astley is arrived; I have missed

seeing him by being constantly at Strawberry-hill, but I intend to serve him to the utmost of my power, as you will easily believe, since he has your recommendation.

Our beauties are travelling Paris-ward: Lady Caroline Petersham and Lady Coventry are just gone thither. It will scarce be possible for the latter to make as much noise there as she and her sister have in England. It is literally true that a shoemaker at Worcester got two guineas and a half by showing a shoe that he was making for the Countess, at a penny a-piece. I can't say her genius is equal to her beauty: she every day says some new *sproposito*. She has taken a turn of vast fondness for her Lord: Lord Downe met them at Calais, and offered her a tent-bed, for fear of bugs in the inns. "Oh! said she, I had rather be bit to death, than lie one night from my dear Cov!" I can conceive my Lady Caroline making a good deal of noise even at Paris; her beauty is set off by a genius for the extraordinary, and for strokes that will make a figure in any country. Mr. Churchill and my sister are just arrived from France; you know my passion for the writings of the younger Crebillon:* you shall hear how I have been mortified by the discovery of the greatest meanness in him; and you will judge how much

* Claude Prosper Jolyot de Crebillon, son of the tragic poet of that name, and author of many licentious novels, which are now but little read. He was born in 1707, and died in 1777.—D.

one must be humbled to have one's favourite author convicted of mere mortal mercenariness! I had desired Lady Mary to lay out thirty guineas for me with Liotard, and wished, if I could, to have the portraits of Crebillon and Marivaux* for my cabinet. Mr. Churchill wrote me word that Liotard's price was sixteen guineas; that Marivaux was intimate with him, and would certainly sit, and that he believed he could get Crebillon to sit too. The latter, who is retired into the provinces with an English wife, was just then at Paris for a month: Mr. Churchill went to him, told him that a gentleman in England, who was making a collection of portraits of famous people, would be happy to have his, &c. Crebillon was humble, "unworthy," obliged; and sat: the picture was just finished, when, behold! he sent Mr. Churchill word, that he expected to have a copy of the picture given him—neither more nor less than asking sixteen guineas for sitting! Mr. Churchill answered that he could not tell what he should do, were it his own case, but that this was a limited commission, and he could not possibly lay out double; and was now so near his return, that he could not have time to write to England and receive an answer. Crebillon said, then he would keep the picture

* Pierre Carlet de Chamblain de Marivaux, the author of numerous plays and novels, some of which possess considerable merit. The peculiar affectation of his style occasioned the invention of the word *Marivaudage*, to express the way of writing of him and his imitators. He was born in 1688, and died in 1763.—D.

himself—it was excessively like. I am still *sentimental* enough to flatter myself, that a man who could beg sixteen guineas, will not give them, and so I may still have the picture.

I am going to trouble you with a commission, my dear Sir, that will not subject me to any such humiliations. You may have heard that I am always piddling about ornaments and improvements for Strawberry-hill—I am now doing a great deal to the house—stay, I don't want *Genoa damask!** What I shall trouble you to buy is for the garden: there is a small recess, for which I should be glad to have an antique Roman sepulchral altar, of the kind of the pedestal to my eagle; but as it will stand out of doors, I should not desire to have it a fine one: a moderate one, I imagine, might be picked up easily at Rome at a moderate price: if you could order anybody to buy such an one, I should be much obliged to you.

We have had an article in our papers that the Empress-queen has desired the King of France to let her have Mesdames de *Craon* and de la Calmette, ladies of great *piety* and birth, to form an academy for the young Archduchesses — is there any truth in this? is the Princess to triumph thus at last over Richcourt? I should be glad. What

* Lord Cholmondeley borrowed great sums of money of various people, under the pretence of a quantity of Genoa damask being arrived for him, and that his banker was out of town, and he must pay for it immediately. Four persons comparing notes, produced four letters from him in a coffee-house, in the very same words.

a comical genealogy in education! the mistress and mother of twenty children to Duke Leopold, being the pious tutoress to his grand-daughters! How the old Duchess of Lorrain will shiver in her coffin at the thoughts of it! Who is la Calmette?

Adieu! my dear child! You see my spirit of justice: when I have not writ to you for two months, I punish you with a reparation of six pages!—had not I better write one line every fortnight?

LETTER CCXL.

Strawberry-Hill, Oct. 28, N.S. 1752.

I MUST certainly make you a visit, for I have nothing to say to you. Perhaps you will think this an odd reason; but as I cannot let our intimacy drop, and no event happens here for fuel to the correspondence, if we must be silent, it shall be like a matrimonial silence, *tête-à-tête*. Don't look upon this paragraph as a thing in the air, though I dare to say you will, upon my repeating that I have any thoughts of a trip to Florence: indeed, I have never quite given up that intention; and if I can possibly settle my affairs at all to my mind, I shall certainly execute my scheme towards the conclusion of this parliament, that is, about next spring twelvemonth: I cannot bear elections; and still less, the hash of them over again in a first

session. What vivacity such a reverberation may give to the blood of England, I don't know; at present it all stagnates. I am sometimes almost tempted to go and amuse myself at Paris with the bull Unigenitus. Our beauties are returned, and have done no execution. The French would not conceive that Lady Caroline Petersham ever had been handsome, nor that my Lady Coventry has much pretence to be so now. Indeed all the travelled English allow that there is a Madame de Brionne handsomer, and a finer figure. Poor Lady Coventry was under piteous disadvantages, for besides being very silly, ignorant of the world, breeding, speaking no French, and suffered to wear neither red nor powder, she had that perpetual drawback upon her beauty, her Lord, who is sillier in a wise way, as ignorant, ill-bred, and speaking very little French himself; just enough to show how ill-bred he is. The Duke de Luxemburg told him he had called up my Lady Coventry's coach; my Lord replied, "*Vous avez fort bien fait.*" He is jealous, prude, and scrupulous; at a dinner at Sir John Bland's, before sixteen persons, he coursed his wife round the table, on suspecting she had stolen on a little red, seized her, scrubbed it off by force with a napkin, and then told her, that since she had deceived him and broke her promise, he would carry her back directly to England. They were pressed to stay for the great *fête* at St. Cloud; he excused himself, "because it would make him miss

a music-meeting at Worcester;" and she excused herself from the fireworks at Madame Pompadour's, "because it was her dancing-master's hour." I will tell you but one more anecdote, and I think you cannot be imperfect in your ideas of them. The Marechale de Lowendahl was pleased with an English fan Lady Coventry had, who very civilly gave it her: my Lord made her write for it again next morning, "because he had given it her before marriage, and her parting with it would make an irreparable breach," and send an old one in the room of it! She complains to everybody she meets, "How odd it is that my Lord should use her so ill, when she knows he has so great a regard that he would die for her, and when he was so good as to marry her without a shilling!" Her sister's history is not unentertaining: Duke Hamilton is the abstract of Scotch pride; he and the Duchess at their own house walk into dinner before their company, sit together at the upper end of their own table, eat off the same plate, and drink to nobody beneath the rank of Earl—would not one wonder how they could get anybody either above or below that rank to dine with them at all? I don't know whether you will not think all these very trifling histories; but for myself, I love anything that marks a character strongly.

I told you how the younger Crebillon had served me, and how angry I am; yet I must tell you a very good reply of his. His father one day in a passion

with him, said, "*Il y a deux choses que je voudrois n'avoir jamais fait, mon Catilina et vous!*" He answered, "*Consolez vous, mon père, car on prétend que vous n'avez fait ni l'un ni l'autre!*" Don't think me infected with France, if I tell you more French stories, but I know no English ones, and we every day grow nearer to the state of a French province, and talk from the capital. The old Crebillon, who admires us as much as we do them, has long had by him a tragedy called Oliver Cromwell, and had thoughts of dedicating it to the Parliament of England: he little thinks how distant a cousin the present parliament is to the parliament he wots of! The Duke of Richelieu's son,* who certainly must not pretend to declare off, like Crebillon's, (he is a boy of ten years old,) was reproached for not minding his Latin: he replied, "*Eh! mon père n'a jamais scû le Latin, et il a eû le plus jolies femmes de France!*" My sister was exceedingly shocked with their indecorums: the night she arrived at Paris, asking for the Lord knows what utensil, the footman of the house came and showed it her himself, and everything that is related to it. Then, the footmen who brought messages to her, came into her bedchamber in person, for they don't deliver them to your servants, in the English way. She amused me with twenty other new fashions, which I should be ashamed to set down, if a letter was at all upon a higher or wiser foot than a newspaper. Such is

* The infamous Duke de Fronsac.—D.

their having a knotting-bag made of the same stuff with every gown; their footmen carrying their lady's own goblet wherever they dine; the King carrying his own bread in his pocket to dinner; the etiquette of the Queen and the mesdames not speaking to one another cross him at table, and twenty other such nothings; but I find myself gossiping and will have done, with only two little anecdotes that pleased me. Madame Pompadour's husband has not been permitted to keep an opera-girl, because it would too frequently occasion the reflection of his not having his wife — is not that delightful decorum? and in that country! The other was a most sensible trait of the King. The Count Charolois* shot a President's dogs, who lives near him: the President immediately posted to Versailles to complain: the King promised him justice; and then sent to the Count to desire he would give him two good dogs. The Prince picked out his two best: the King sent them to the President, with this motto on their collars, *j'appartiens au Roi!* "There," said the King, "I believe he won't shoot them now!"

Since I began my letter, I looked over my dates, and was hurt to find that *three months are gone and*

* Charles de Bourbon Count de Charolois, next brother to the Duke de Bourbon, who succeeded the Regent Duke of Orleans as Prime Minister of France. The Count de Charolois was a man of infamous character, and committed more than one murder. When Louis the Fifteenth pardoned him for one of these atrocities, he said to him, "I tell you fairly, that I will also pardon any man who murders you."—D.

over, since I wrote last. I was going to begin a new apology, when your letter of Oct. 20th came in, curtsying and making apologies itself. I was charmed to find you to blame, and had a mind to grow haughty and scold you—but I won't. My dear child, we will not drop one another at last; for though we are English, we are not both in England, and need not quarrel we don't know why. We will write whenever we have anything to say; and when we have not,—why, we will be going to write. I had heard nothing of the Riccardi deaths: I still like to hear news of any of my old friends. Your brother tells me that you defend my Lord Northumberland's idea for his gallery, so I will not abuse it so much as I intended, though I must say that I am so tired with copies of the pictures he has chosen, that I would scarce hang up the originals—and then, copies by anything now living!—and at that price!—indeed *price* is no article, or rather *is* a reason for my Lord Northumberland's liking anything. They are building at Northumberland-house, at Sion, at Stansted, at Alnwick, and Warkworth castles! they live by the etiquette of the old peerage, have Swiss porters, the Countess has her pipers—in short, they will very soon have no estate.

One hears here of writings that have appeared in print on the quarrel of the Pretender and his second son; I could like to see any such thing. Here is a bold epigram, which the Jacobites give about:

In royal veins how blood resembling runs!
Like any George, James quarrels with his sons.
Faith! I believe could he his crown resume,
He'd hanker for his Herenhausen, Rome.

The second is a good line; but the thought in the last is too obscurely expressed; and yet I don't believe that it was designed for precaution.

I went yesterday with your brother to see Astley's* pictures: mind, I confess myself a little prejudiced, for he has drawn the whole Pigwigginhood: but he has got too much into the style of the four thousand English painters about town, and is so intolerable as to work for money, not for fame: in short, he is not such a Rubens as in your head—but I fear, as I said, that I am prejudiced. Did I ever tell you of a picture at Woolterton of the whole family, which I call the progress of riches? there is Pigwiggin in a laced coat and waistcoat; the second son has only the waistcoat trimmed; the third is in a plain suit, and the little boy is naked. I saw a much more like picture of my uncle last night at Drury-lane in the farce; there is a tailor who is exactly my uncle in person, and my aunt in family. Good night! I wish you joy of being dis-Richcourted; you need be in no apprehensions of his Countess; she returns to England in the spring. Adieu!

* John Astley, an English portrait painter of some merit, born at Wem, in Shropshire. He married a lady of large fortune, relinquished his profession, and died in 1787.—D.

P. S. You shall see that I am honest, for though the beginning of my letter is dated Oct. 28th, the conclusion ought to be from Nov. 11th.

LETTER CCXLI.

Strawberry-Hill, Dec. 11, 1752. N. S.

I DON'T know whether I may not begin a new chapter of revolutions: if one may trust prognosticators, the foundations of a revolution in earnest are laying. However, as I am only a simple correspondent, and no almanack-maker, I shall be content with telling you facts, and not conjectures —at least, if I do tell you conjectures, they shall not be my own. Did not I give you a hint in the summer of some storms gathering in the tutorhood? They have broke out; indeed there wanted nothing to the explosion but the King's arrival, for the instant he came, it was pretty plain that he was prepared for the grievances he was to hear— not very impartially it seems, for he would not speak to Lord Harcourt. In about three days he did, and saw him afterwards alone in his closet. What the conversation was, I can't tell you: one should think not very explicit, for in a day or two afterwards it was thought proper to send the Archbishop and Chancellor to hear his Lordship's complaints; but on receiving a message that they would wait on him by the King's orders, he prevented the visit by going directly to the Chancel-

lor; and on hearing their commission, Lord Harcourt, after very civil speeches of regard to their persons, said, he must desire to be excused, for what he had to say was of a nature that made it improper to be said to anybody but the King. You may easily imagine that this is interpreted to allude to a higher person than the mean people who have offended Lord Harcourt and the Bishop of Norwich. Great pains were taken to detach the former from the latter; "My dear Harcourt, we love you, we wish to make you easy; but the Bishop must go." I don't tell you these were the Duke of Newcastle's words; but if I did, would they be unlike him? Lord Harcourt fired, and replied with spirit, "What! do you think to do me a favour by offering me to stay? know, it is I, that will not act with such fellows as Stone and Cresset, and Scott: if they are kept, I will quit; and if the Bishop is dismissed, I will quit too." After a few days, he had his audience and resigned. It is said, that he frequently repeated, "Stone is a Jacobite," and that the other person who made up the *tête-à-tête*, cried "Pray, my Lord! pray, my Lord!"—and would not hear upon that subject. The next day, the Archbishop went to the King, and begged to know whether the Bishop of Norwich might have leave to bring his own resignation, or whether his Majesty would receive it from him, the Archbishop. The latter was chosen, and the Bishop was refused an audience.

You will now naturally ask me what the quarrel

was; and that is the most difficult point to tell you; for though the world expects to see some narrative, nothing has yet appeared, nor I believe will, though both sides have threatened. The Princess says, the Bishop taught the boys nothing; he says, he never was suffered to teach them any thing. The first occasion of uneasiness was the Bishop's finding the Prince of Wales reading the revolutions of England, written by Père D'Orleans to vindicate James II. and approved by that Prince. Stone at first peremptorily denied having seen that book these thirty years, and offered to rest his whole justification upon the truth or falsehood of this story. However, it is now confessed that the Prince was reading that book, but it is qualified with Prince Edward's borrowing it of Lady Augusta. Scott, the under preceptor, put in by Lord Bolinbroke, and of no very orthodox odour, was another complaint. Cresset, the link of the connection, has dealt in no very civil epithets, for besides calling Lord Harcourt a groom, he qualified the Bishop with bastard and atheist, particularly to one of the Princess's chaplains, who, begging to be excused from hearing such language against a prelate of the church, and not prevailing, has drawn up a narrative, sent it to the Bishop, and offered to swear to it. For Lord Harcourt, besides being treated with considerable contempt by the Princess, he is not uninformed of the light in which he was intended to stand, by an amazing

piece of imprudence of the last, but not the most inconsiderable performer in this drama, the Solicitor-general, Murray—pray, what part has his brother, Lord Dunbar, acted in the late squabbles in the Pretender's family? Murray, early in the quarrel, went officiously to the Bishop, and told him Mr. Stone ought to have more consideration in the family: the Bishop was surprised, and got rid of the topic as well as he could. The visit and opinion were repeated: the Bishop said, he believed Mr. Stone had all the regard shown to him that was due; that Lord Harcourt, who was the chief person, was generally present. Murray interrupted him, "Pho! Lord Harcourt! he is a cipher, and must be a cipher, and was put in to be a cipher." Do you think after this declaration that the employment will be very agreeable? Every body but Lord Harcourt understood it before; but at least the cipherism was not notified in form. Lord Lincoln, the intimate friend of that Lord, was so friendly as to turn his back upon him as he came out of the closet—and yet Lord Harcourt and the Bishop have not at all lessened their characters by any part of their behaviour in this transaction. What will astonish you, is the universal aversion that has broke out against Stone: and what heightens the disgusts, is, the intention there has been of making Dr. Johnson, the new Bishop of Gloucester, preceptor. He was Master of Westminster School, of Stone's and Murray's

year, and is certainly of their principles—to be sure, that is, Whig—but the Whigs don't seem to think so. As yet no successors are named; the Duke of Leeds,* Lord Cardigan, Lord Waldegrave, Lord Hertford, Lord Bathurst, and Lord Ashburnham† are talked of for Governor. The two first are said to have refused; the third dreads it; the next I hope will not have it; the Princess is inclined to the fifth, and the last I believe eagerly wishes for it. Within this day or two another is named, which leads me to tell you another interlude in our politics. This is poor Lord Holderness—to make room in the Secretary's office for Lord Halifax. Holderness has been in disgrace from the first minute of the King's return: besides not being spoken to, he is made to wait at the closet-door with the bag in his hand, while the Duke of Newcastle is within; though the constant etiquette has been for both Secretaries of State to go in together, or to go in immediately, if one came after the other. I knew of this disgrace; but not being quite so able a politician as Lord Lincoln, at least having an inclination to *great* men in misfortune, I went the other morning to visit the afflicted. I found him alone: he said, "You are very good to visit anybody in my situation." This lamentable tone had like to have made me laugh; however, I

* Thomas Osborne fourth Duke of Leeds. Died in 1789.—D.

† John second Earl of Ashburnham. Died at great old age, April 8th, 1812.—D.

kept my countenance, and asked what he meant? he said, "Have not you heard how the world abuses me only for playing at blind-man's buff in a private room at Tunbridge?" Oh! this was too much! I laughed out. I do assure you, this account of his misfortunes was not given particularly to me: nay, to some he goes so far as to say, "Let them go to the office, and look over my letters and see if I am behindhand!" To be sure, when he has done his book, it is very hard he may not play!—My dear Sir, I don't know what apologies a *père D'Orleans* must make for our present history; it is too ridiculous!"

The Preceptor is as much in suspense as the Governor. The Whigs clamour so much against Johnson, that they are regarded,—at least for a time. Keene, Bishop of Chester, and brother of your brother minister,* has been talked of. He is a man that will not prejudice his fortune by any ill-placed scruples. My father gave him a living of 700*l.* a-year to marry one of his natural daughters; he took the living; and my father dying soon after, he dispensed with himself from taking the wife, but was so generous as to give her very near one year's income of the living. He then was the Duke of Newcastle's tool at Cambridge, which university he has half turned Jacobite, by cramming down new ordinances to carry measures of that Duke; and being rewarded with the bishop-

* Sir Benjamin Keene, Ambassador at Madrid.

rick, he was at dinner at the Bishop of Lincoln's, when he received the nomination. He immediately rose from the table, took his host into another room, and begged he would propose him to a certain great fortune, to whom he had never spoke, but for whom he now thought himself a proper match. Don't you think he would make a very proper Preceptor? Among other candidates, they talk of Dr. Hales,* the old philosopher, a poor good primitive creature, whom I call the Santon Barsisa; do you remember the hermit in the Persian tales, who after living in the odour of sanctity for above ninety years, was tempted to be naught with the King's daughter, who had been sent to his cell for a cure? Santon Hales but two years ago accepted the post of clerk of the closet to the Princess, after literally leading the life of a studious anchoret till past seventy. If he does accept the preceptorship, I don't doubt but by the time the present clamours are appeased, the wick of his old life will be snuffed out, and they will put Johnson in his socket. Good-night! I shall carry this letter to town to-morrow, and perhaps keep it back a few days, till I am able to send you this history complete.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 17th.

Well! at last we shall have a Governor: after meeting with divers refusals, they have forced Lord

* Author of the Vegetable Staticks, &c. (Stephen Hales, an eminent natural philosopher and vegetable physiologist. He was Curate of Teddington, in Middlesex, where he died in 1761.—D.)

Waldegrave to take it; and he kisses hands to-morrow. He has all the time declared that nothing but the King's earnest desire should make him accept it—and so they made the King earnestly desire it! Dr. Thomas, the Bishop of Peterborough, I believe, is to be the Tutor—I know nothing of him: he had lain by for many years, after having read prayers to the present King when he lived at Leicester-house, which his Majesty remembered, and two years ago popped him into a bishoprick.

There is an odd sort of manifesto arrived from Prussia, which does not make us in better humour at St. James's. It stops the payment of the interest on the Silesian loan, till satisfaction is made for some Prussian captures during the war. The omnipotence of the present ministry does not reach to Berlin! Adieu! All the world are gone to their several Christmas's, as I should do, if I could have got my workmen out of Strawberry-hill; but they don't work at all by the scale of my impatience.

LETTER CCXLII.

Arlington-street, Feb. 14, 1753.

I HAVE been going to write to you every post for these three weeks, and could not bring myself to begin a letter with, *I have nothing to tell you.* But

it grows past a joke; we will not drop our correspondence because there is no war, no politics, no parties, no madness, and no scandal. In the memory of England there never was so inanimate an age: it is more fashionable to go to church than to either house of parliament. Even the æra of the Gunnings is over: both sisters have lain in, and have scarce made one paragraph in the newspapers, though their names were grown so renowned, that in Ireland the beggarwomen bless you with, *the luck of the Gunnings attend you!*

You will scarce guess how I employ my time; chiefly at present in the guardianship of embrios and cockleshells. Sir Hans Sloane is dead, and has made me one of the trustees to his museum, which is to be offered for twenty thousand pounds to the King, the Parliament, the Royal Academies of Petersburgh, Berlin, Paris, and Madrid. He valued it at fourscore thousand, and so would anybody who loves hippopotamuses, sharks with one ear, and spiders as big as geese! It is a rent charge to keep the fœtuses in spirits! You may believe that *those* who think money the most valuable of all curiosities, will not be purchasers. The King has excused himself, saying he did not believe that there are twenty thousand pounds in the treasury. We are a charming wise set, all philosophers, botanists, antiquarians, and mathematicians; and adjourned our first meeting, because Lord Macclesfield, our chairman, was engaged to a party for

finding out the longitude. One of our number is a Moravian, who signs himself Henry XXVIII. Count de Reus. The Moravians have settled a colony at Chelsea, in Sir Hans's neighbourhood, and I believe he intended to beg Count Henry XXVIIIths. skeleton for his museum.

I am almost ashamed to be thanking you but now for a most entertaining letter of two sheets, dated Dec. 22, but I seriously had nothing to form an answer. It is but three mornings ago that your brother was at breakfast with me, and scolded me, "Why, you tell me nothing!"—"No," says I, "if I had any thing to say, I should write to your brother." I give you my word, the first new book that takes, the first murder, the first revolution, you shall have with all the circumstances. In the mean time, do be assured that there never was so dull a place as London, or so insipid an inhabitant of it as,

Yours, &c.

LETTER CCXLIII.

Strawberry-Hill, March 4, 1753.

HAVE you got any wind of our new histories? is there any account at Rome that Mr. Stone and the Solicitor-general are still thought to be more attached to Egypt than Hanover? For above this fortnight there have been strange mysteries and

reports! the Cabinet Council sat night after night till two o'clock in the morning: we began to think that they were empannelled to sit upon a new rebellion, or invasion at least; or that the King of Prussia had sent his mandate, that we must receive the young Pretender in part of payment of the Silesian loan. At last it is come out that Lord Ravensworth,* on the information of one Fawcett, a lawyer, has accused Stone, Murray, and Dr. Johnson, the new Bishop of Gloucester, of having had an odd custom of toasting the Chevalier and my Lord Dunbar at one Vernon's, a merchant, about twenty years ago. The *Pretender's counterpart* ordered the council to examine into it: Lord Ravensworth stuck to his story; Fawcett was terrified with the solemnity of the Divan, and told his very different ways, and at last would not sign his deposition. On the other hand, Stone and Murray took their bible on their innocence, and the latter made a fine speech into the bargain. Bishop Johnson scrambled out of the scrape at the very beginning; and the Council have reported to the King that the accusation was false and malicious. This is an exact abridgement of the story; the commentary would be too voluminous. The heats upon it are great; the violent Whigs are not at all convinced of the Whiggism of the culprits, by the defect of evidence: the opposite clan affect as much conviction as if they wished them Whigs.

* Sir Henry Liddel, Baron of Ravensworth.

Mr. Chute and I are come hither for a day or two to inspect the progress of a Gothic staircase, which is so pretty and so small, that I am inclined to wrap it up and send it you in my letter. As my castle is so diminutive, I give myself a Burlington air, and say, that as Chiswick is a model of Grecian architecture, Strawberry-hill is to be so of Gothic. I went the other morning with Mr. Conway to buy some of the new furniture-paper for you: if there was any money at Florence, I should expect this manufacture would make its fortune there.

Liotard the painter, is arrived, and has brought me Marivaux's picture, which gives one a very different idea from what one conceives of the author of Marianne, though it is reckoned extremely like: the countenance is a mixture of buffoon and villain. I told you what mishap I had with Crebillon's portrait: he has had the foolish dirtiness to keep it. Liotard is a Genevois; but from having lived at Constantinople, he wears a Turkish habit, and a beard down to his girdle: this, and his extravagant prices, which he has raised even beyond what he asked at Paris, will probably get him as much money as he covets, for he is avaricious beyond imagination. His crayons and his water-colours are very fine; his enamel, hard: in general, he is too Dutch, and admires nothing but excess of finishing.

We have nothing new but two or three new

plays, and those not worth sending to you. The answer to the Prussian memorial, drawn chiefly by Murray, is short, full, very fine, and has more spirit than I thought we had by us. The whole is rather too good, as I believe our best policy would have been, to be in the wrong, and make satisfaction for having been ill-used: the *Author* with whom we have to deal, is not a sort of man to stop at being confuted. Adieu!

LETTER CCXLIV.

Arlington-Street, March 27, 1753.

SUCH an event as I mentioned to you in my last, has, you may well believe, had some consequences; but only enough to show what it would have had in less quiet times. Last week the Duke of Bedford moved in the House of Lords to have all the papers relating to Lord Ravensworth and Fawcett laid before them. As he had given notice of his intention, the ministry in a great fright, had taken all kind of precautions to defeat the motion; and succeeded — if it can be called success to have quashed the demand, and thereby confirmed the suspicions. After several councils, it was determined that all the cabinet counsellors should severally declare the insufficience and prevarication of Fawcett's evidence: they did, and the motion was rejected by 122 to 5. If one was prejudiced by

classic notions of the wisdom and integrity of a Senate, that debate would have cured them. The flattery to Stone was beyond belief: I will give you but one instance. The Duke of Argyll said, "He had happened to be at the Secretary's office during the rebellion, when two *Scotchmen* came to ask for a place, which one obtained, the other lost, but went away best pleased, from Mr. Stone's gracious manner of refusal!" It appeared in the most glaring manner that the Bishop of Gloucester had dictated to Fawcett a letter of acquittal to himself; and not content with that, had endeavoured to persuade him to make additions to it some days after. It was as plain that Fawcett had never prevaricated till these private interviews* with the prelate—yet there were 122 to 5!

I take for granted our politics adjourn here till next winter, unless there should be any Prussian episode. It is difficult to believe that that King has gone so far, without intending to go farther: if he is satisfied with the answer to his memorial, though it is the fullest that ever was made, yet it will be the first time that ever a monarch was convinced! For a King of the Romans, it seems as likely that we should see a King of the Jews.

Your brother has got the paper for your room.

* This insignificant, and indeed ridiculous accusation, against Murray and Stone, is magnified by Walpole, both here and in his memoirs, into an important transaction, in consequence of the hatred he bore to the persons accused.—D.

He shall send you with it a fine book which I have had printed of Gray's poems, with drawings by another friend * of mine, which I am sure will charm you, though none of them are quite well engraved, and some sadly. Adieu! I am all brick and mortar: the castle at Strawberry-hill grows so near a termination, that you must not be angry, if I wish to have you see it. Mr. Bentley is going to make a drawing of the best view, which I propose to have engraved, and then you shall at least have some idea of that sweet little spot—little enough, but very sweet!

LETTER CCXLV.

Arlington-Street, April 16, 1753.

DEAR SIR,

I KNOW I never give you more pleasure than in recommending such an acquaintance as Mr. Stephens, a young gentleman now in Italy, of whom I have heard from the best hands the greatest and most amiable character. He is brother-in-law of Mr. West,† Mr. Pelham's Secretary, and (to

* Richard Bentley, only son of Dr. Bentley, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The edition here mentioned was of six poems of Mr. Gray, printed in folio by Dodsley, the plates engraved by Grignion and Miller.

† James West, member for St. Albans, Secretary to Mr. Pelham as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Secretary to the Treasury, and Treasurer to the Royal Society, and member of the Antiquarian Society, married the sister of this Mr. Stephens.

you I may add,) as I know it will be an additional motive to increase your attentions to his relation, a particular friend of mine. I beg you will do for my sake, what you always do from your own goodness of heart, make Florence as agreeable to him as possible: I have the strongest reasons to believe that you will want no incitement the moment you begin to know Mr. Stephens.

I am, &c.

LETTER CCXLVI.

Strawberry-Hill, April 27, 1753.

I HAVE brought two of your letters hither to answer; in town there are so many, idle people besides oneself, that one has not a minute's time: here I have whole evenings, after the labours of the day are ceased. Labours they are, I assure you; I have carpenters to direct, plasterers to hurry, paper-men to scold, and glaziers to help: this last is my greatest pleasure: I have amassed such quantities of painted glass, that every window in my castle will be illuminated with it: the adjusting and disposing it is vast amusement. I thank you a thousand times for thinking of procuring me some Gothic remains from Rome; but I believe there is no such thing there: I scarce remember any morsel in the true taste of it in Italy. Indeed, my dear Sir, kind as you are about it, I perceive

you have no idea what Gothic is; you have lived too long amidst true taste, to understand venerable barbarism. You say, "You suppose my garden is to be Gothic too." That can't be; Gothic is merely architecture; and as one has a satisfaction in imprinting the gloomth of abbeys and cathedrals on one's house, so one's garden, on the contrary, is to be nothing but *riant*, and the gaiety of nature. I am greatly impatient for my altar, and so far from mistrusting its goodness, I only fear it will be too good to expose to the weather, as I intend it must be, in a recess in the garden. I was going to tell you that my house is so monastic that I have a little hall decked with long saints in lean arched windows and with taper columns, which we call the Paraclete, in memory of Eloisa's cloister.

I am glad you have got rid of your duel, blood guiltless: Captain Lee had ill luck in lighting upon a Lorrain officer; he might have boxed the ears of the whole Florentine nobility, (*con rispetto si dice,*) and not have occasioned you half the trouble you have had in accommodating this quarrel.

You need not distrust Mr. Conway and me for showing any attentions to Prince San Severino,* that may convince him of our regard for you; I only hope he will not arrive till towards winter, for Mr. Conway is gone to his regiment in Ireland, and my chateau is so far from finished, that I am by no means in a condition to harbour a princely

* Ambassador from the King of Naples.

ambassador. By next spring I hope to have rusty armour, and arms with quarterings enough to persuade him that I am qualified to be Grand Master of Malta. If you could send me Viviani* with his invisible architects out of the Arabian tales, I might get my house ready at a day's warning; especially as it will not be quite so lofty as the triumphal arch at Florence.

What you say you have heard of strange conspiracies, fomented by *our nephew*,† is not entirely groundless. A Dr. Cameron‡ has been seized in Scotland, who certainly came over with commission to feel the ground. He is just brought to London;

* Viviani, a Florentine nobleman, showing the triumphal arch there to Prince San Severino, assured him, and insisted upon it, that it was begun and finished in twenty-four hours!

† The King of Prussia.

‡ This is a strange story, and it is difficult to believe that the King of Prussia was concerned in it. In his memoirs, Walpole gives the following account of the taking of Dr. Cameron.

"About this time was taken in Scotland, Dr. Archibald Cameron, a man excepted by the act of indemnity. Intelligence had been received some time before of his intended journey to Britain, with a commission from Prussia to offer arms to the disaffected Highlanders, at the same time that ships were hiring in the north to transport men. The fairness of Dr. Cameron's character, compared with the severity he met from a government most laudably mild to its enemies, confirmed this report. That Prussia, who opened its inhospitable arms to every British rebel, should have tampered in such a business, was by no means improbable. That King hated his uncle: but could a Protestant potentate dip in designs for restoring a popish government? Of what religion is policy? To what sect is royal revenge bigoted? The Queen-dowager, though sister of our King, was avowedly a Jacobite, by principle so—and it was natural: what prince, but the single one who profits by the principle, can ever think it allowable to overturn sacred hereditary right? It is the curse of sovereigns that their crimes should be unpunishable."—D.

but nobody troubles their head about him, or anything else, but Newmarket, where the Duke is at present making a campaign, with half the nobility and half the money of England, attending him: they really say, that not less than an hundred thousand pounds have been carried thither for the hazard of this single week. The palace has been furnished for him from the great wardrobe, though the *chief person* concerned* flatters himself that his son is at the expense of his own amusement there.

I must now tell you how I have been treated by an old friend of your's—don't be frightened, and conclude that this will make against your friend San Severino: he is only a private prince; the rogue in question is a monarch. Your brother has sent you some weekly papers that are much in fashion, called *The World;* three or four of them are by a friend of your's; one particularly I wrote to promote a subscription for King Theodore, who is in prison for debt. His majesty's character is so bad, that it only raised fifty pounds; and though that was so much above his desert, it was so much below his expectation, that he sent a solicitor to threaten the printer with a prosecution for having taken so much liberty with his name—take notice too, that he had accepted the money! Dodsley, you may believe, laughed at the lawyer; but that does not lessen the dirty knavery. It would, indeed, have made an excellent suit! a printer pro-

* The King.

secuted suppose for having solicited and obtained charity for a man in prison, and that man not mentioned by his right name, but by a mock title, and the man himself not a native of the country!—but I have done with countenancing Kings!

Lord Bath has contributed a paper to the World, but seems to have entirely lost all his wit and genius: it is a plain heavy description of Newmarket, with scarce an effort towards humour. I had conceived the greatest expectations from a production of his, especially in the way of the Spectator; but I am now assured by Franklyn, the old printer of the Craftsman, (who, by a comical revolution of things, is a tenant of mine at Twickenham,) that Lord Bath never wrote a Craftsman himself, only gave hints for them—yet great part of his reputation was built on those papers. Next week my Lord Chesterfield appears in the World—I expect much less from him than I did from Lord Bath, but it is very certain that his name will make it applauded. Adieu!

P. S. Since I came to town, I hear that my Lord Granville has cut another colt's tooth—in short, they say he is going to be married again; it is to Lady Juliana Collier,* a very pretty girl, daughter of Lord Portmore: there are not above two or three-

* Lady Juliana Collier, youngest daughter of Charles second Earl of Portmore, by Juliana Hale, Duchess-dowager of Leeds, married in 1759, James Dawkins, Esq. of Standlinch, in Wiltshire.—D.

and-forty years difference in their ages, and not above three bottles difference in their drinking in a day, so it is a very suitable match! She will not make so good a Queen as our friend Sophia, but will like better, I suppose, to make a widow. If this should not turn out true,* I can't help it.

LETTER CCXLVII.

Strawberry-Hill, June 12, 1753.

I COULD not rest any longer with the thought of your having no idea of a place of which you hear so much, and therefore desired Mr. Bentley to draw you as much idea of it as the post would be persuaded to carry from Twickenham to Florence. The enclosed enchanted little landscape, then, is Strawberry-hill; and I will try to explain so much of it to you as will help to let you know whereabouts we are when we are talking to you, for it is uncomfortable in so intimate a correspondence as ours not to be exactly master of every spot where one another is writing, or reading, or sauntering. This view of the castle† is what I have just finished, and is the only side that will be at all regular. Directly before it is an open grove, through which you see a field, which is bounded by a serpentine wood of all kind of trees, and flowering shrubs, and

* It did not happen.

† It was a view of the South side towards the North-east.

flowers. The lawn before the house is situated on the top of a small hill, from whence to the left you see the town and church of Twickenham encircling a turn of the river, that looks exactly like a seaport in miniature. The opposite shore is a most delicious meadow, bounded by Richmond-hill, which loses itself in the noble woods of the park to the end of the prospect on the right, where is another turn of the river, and the suburbs of Kingston as luckily placed as Twickenham is on the left; and a natural terrace on the brow of my hill, with meadows of my own down to the river, commands both extremities. Is not this a tolerable prospect? You must figure that all this is perpetually enlivened by a navigation of boats and barges, and by a road below my terrace, with coaches, post-chaises, waggons, and horsemen, constantly in motion, and the fields speckled with cows, horses, and sheep. Now you shall walk into the house. The bow-window below leads into a little parlour hung with a stone-colour Gothic paper and Jackson's Venetian prints, which I could never endure while they pretended, infamous as they are, to be after Titian, &c. but when I gave them this air of barbarous basreliefs, they succeeded to a miracle: it is impossible at first sight not to conclude that they contain the history of Attila or Tottila, done about the very æra. From hence under two gloomy arches you come to the hall and staircase, which it is impossible to describe to you, as it is the most

particular and chief beauty of the castle. Imagine the walls covered with (I call it paper, but it is really paper painted in perspective to represent) Gothic fretwork: the lightest Gothic balustrade to the staircase, adorned with antelopes, (our supporters) bearing shields; lean windows fattened with rich saints in painted glass, and a vestibule open with three arches on the landing-place, and niches full of trophies of old coats of mail, Indian shields made of rhinoceros's hides, broadswords, quivers, long bows, arrows, and spears—all *supposed* to be taken by Sir Terry Robsart* in the holy wars. But as none of this regards the enclosed drawing, I will pass to that. The room on the ground floor nearest to you is a bedchamber, hung with yellow paper and prints, framed in a new manner invented by Lord Cardigan, that is, with black and white borders printed. Over this is Mr. Chute's bedchamber, hung with red in the same manner. The bow-window room one pair of stairs is not yet finished; but in the tower beyond it is the charming closet where I am now writing to you. It is hung with green paper and water-colour pictures; has two windows, the one in the drawing looks to the garden, the other to the beautiful prospect; and the top of each glutted with the richest painted glass of the arms of England, crimson roses, and twenty other pieces of green, purple, and historic bits. I must tell you, by the way, that the castle,

* An ancestor of Sir R. W. who was Knight of the Garter.

when finished, will have two and thirty windows enriched with painted glass. In this closet, which is Mr. Chute's college of arms, are two presses with books of heraldry and antiquities, Madame Sevigné's letters, and any French books that relate to her and her acquaintance. Out of this closet is the room where we always live, hung with a blue and white paper in stripes adorned with festoons, and a thousand plump chairs, couches, and luxurious settees covered with linen of the same pattern, and with a bow-window commanding the prospect, and gloomed with limes that shade half each window, already darkened with painted glass in chiaroscuro, set in deep blue glass. Under this room is a cool little hall, where we generally dine, hung with paper to imitate Dutch tiles.

I have described so much, that you will begin to think that all the accounts I used to give you of the diminutiveness of our habitation were fabulous; but it is really incredible how small most of the rooms are. The only two good chambers I shall have are not yet built; they will be an eating-room, and a library, each twenty by thirty, and the latter fifteen feet high. For the rest of the house, I could send it you in this letter as easily as the drawing, only that I should have nowhere to live till the return of the post. The Chinese summer-house which you may distinguish in the distant landscape, belongs to my Lord Radnor.* We

* John Robarts, the last Earl of Radnor of that house.

pique ourselves upon nothing but simplicity, and have no carvings, gildings, paintings, inlayings, or tawdry businesses.

You will not be sorry, I believe, by this time to have done with Strawberry-hill, and to hear a little news. The end of a very dreaming session has been extremely enlivened by an accidental bill which has opened great quarrels, and those not unlikely to be attended with interesting circumstances. A bill to prevent clandestine marriages,* so drawn by the judges as to clog all matrimony in general, was inadvertently espoused by the Chancellor, and having been strongly attacked in the House of Commons by Nugent, the Speaker, Mr. Fox, and others, the last went very great lengths of severity on the whole body of the law, and on its chieftain in particular, which, however, at the last reading, he softened and explained off extremely. This did not appease; but on the return of the bill to the House of Lords, where our amendments were to be read, the Chancellor in the most personal terms harangued against Fox, and concluded with saying that "he despised his scurrility as much as his adulation and recantation." As Christian charity is not one of the oaths taken by privy-counsellors, and as it is not the most eminent virtue in either of the champions, this quarrel is

* This was Lord Hardwicke's marriage bill, which continued in force till a few years ago, and until the injustice of its provisions, and the grievances resulting from them, became too great to be borne.—D.

not likely to be soon reconciled. There are natures* whose disposition it is to patch up political breaches, but whether they will succeed, or try to succeed in healing this, can I tell you?

The match for Lord Granville, which I announced to you, is not concluded: his flames are cooled in that quarter as well as in others.

I begin a new sheet to you, which does not match with the other, for I have no more of the same paper here. Dr. Cameron is executed, and died with the greatest firmness. His parting with his wife the night before was heroic and tender: he let her stay till the last moment, when being aware that the gates of the Tower would be locked, he told her so; she fell at his feet in agonies: he said, "Madam, this was not what you promised me," and embracing her forced her to retire: then with the same coolness, looked at the window till her coach was out of sight, after which he turned about and wept. His only concern seemed to be at the ignominy of Tyburn: he was not disturbed at the dresser for his body, or at the fire to burn his bowels. The crowd was so great, that a friend who attended him could not get away, but was forced to stay and behold the execution—but what will you say to the minister or priest who accompanied him? The wretch, after taking leave, went into a landau, where not content with seeing the Doctor hanged, he let down the top of the landau

* Mr. Pelham.

for the better convenience of seeing him embowelled! I cannot tell you positively that what I hinted of this Cameron being commissioned from Prussia was true, but so it is believed. Adieu! my dear child; I think this is a very tolerable letter for summer!

LETTER CCXLVIII.

Strawberry-Hill, July 21, 1753.

THOUGH I have long had a letter of yours unanswered, yet I verily think it would have remained so a little longer, if the pretty altar-tomb which you have sent me had not roused my gratitude. It arrived here—I mean the tomb, not my gratitude—yesterday, and this morning churchyarded itself in the corner of my wood, where I hope it will remain till some future virtuoso shall dig it up, and publish it in *a collection of Roman antiquities in Britain.* It is the very thing I wanted—how could you, my dear Sir, take such exact measure of my idea? By the way, you have never told me the price; don't neglect it, that I may pay your brother.

I told you how ill-disposed I was to write to you, and you must know without my telling you, that the only reason of that could be, my not knowing a tittle worth mentioning; nay, not a tittle, worth or not. All England is gone over all

England electioneering: I think the spirit is as great now they are all on one side, as when parties ran the highest. You judge how little I trouble myself about all this, especially when the question is not who shall be in the Ministry, only who shall be in the House.

I am almost inclined not to say a word to your last letter, because if I begin to answer it, it must be by scolding you for making so serious an affair of leaving off snuff: one would think you was to quit a vice, not a trick. Consider, child, you are in Italy, not in England: here you would be very fashionable by having so many nerves, and you might have doctors and waters for every one of them, from Dr. Meade to Dr. Thomson, and from Bath to the iron pear-tree water. I should sooner have expected to hear that good Dr. Cocchi* was in the Inquisition, than prescribing to a *snuff-twitter-nerve-fever!* You say people tell you that leaving off snuff all at once, may be attended with bad consequences—I can't conceive what bad consequences, but to the snuff-shop, who, I conclude by your lamentations, must have sold you tolerable quantities, and I know what effects any diversion of money has upon the tobacco-trade in Tuscany. I forget how much it was that the duty sank at Florence in a fortnight after the erection of the first lottery, by the poor people abridging them-

* He was a very free thinker, and suspected by the Inquisition.

selves of snuff to buy tickets—but I think I have said enough, considering I don't intend to scold!

Thank you much for your civilities to Mr. Stephens; not at all for those to Mr. Perry,* who has availed himself of the partiality which he found you had for me, and passed upon you for my friend. I never spoke one word to him in my life, but when he went out of his own dressing-room at Penshurst, that Mr. Chute and I might see it, and then I said, "Sir, I hope we don't disturb you;" he grunted something and walked away—*la belle amitié!*—yet, my dear child, I thank you who receive bad money when it is called my coin. I wish you had liked my Lady Rochford's beauty more: I intended it should return well preserved: I grow old enough to be piqued for the charms of my contemporaries.

Lord Pomfret† is dead, not a thousand pound in debt. The Countess has two thousand a-year rent-charge for jointure, five hundred as Lady of the Bedchamber to the late Queen, and 14,000*l.* in money, in her own power, just recovered by a law-suit—what a fund for follies! The new Earl has about 2400*l.* a-year in present, but deep debts and post-obits. He has not put on mourning, but robes; that is, in the middle of this very hot summer, he has produced himself in a suit of crimson

* He married one of the co-heiresses of the Sidneys Earls of Leicester.

† Thomas Fermor first Earl of Pomfret, so created in 1721. He had been Master of the Horse to Queen Caroline, and Ranger of St. James's Park.—D.

velvet, that he may be sure of not being mistaken for being in weepers. There are rents worth 10,000*l.* left to little Lady Sophia Carteret,* and the whole personal estate between the two unmarried† daughters; so the seat‡ must be stripped: there are a few fine small pictures, and one§ very curious one of Henry VII. and his Queen, with Cardinal Morton, and, I think, the Abbot of Westminster. Strawberry casts a Gothic eye upon this, but I fear it will pass our revenues. The statues,|| which were part of the Arundel collection, are famous, but few good. The Cicero is fine and celebrated; the Marius I think still finer. The rest are Scipios, Cincinnatus's, and the Lord knows who, which have lost more of their little value than of their false pretensions, by living out of doors; and there is a green-house full of colossal fragments. Adieu! Have you received the description and portrait of my castle?

* Daughter of John Earl Granville, by his second wife, eldest daughter of Thomas Fermor Earl of Pomfret. (Afterwards married to William Petty Earl of Shelburne and Marquis of Lansdowne.—D.)

† Lady Louisa and Lady Anne; the latter was afterwards married to Mr. Dawson.

‡ Easton Neston, in Northamptonshire.

§ It is the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. The two other figures are probably St. Thomas and the Bishop of Imola, the Pope's nuntio, who pronounced the nuptial benediction. This curious picture was purchased by Lady Pomfret for two hundred pounds. The Earl of Oxford offered her five hundred pounds for it: Mr. Walpole bought it at Lord Pomfret's sale for eighty-four guineas, and it is now at Strawberry-hill.

|| Lady Pomfret bought the Statues, after her Lord's death, and presented them to the University of Oxford.

LETTER CCXLIX.

Strawberry-Hill, Oct. 6, 1753.

I FEAR the letter of July 21st, which you tell me you have received, was the last I wrote. I will make no more excuses for my silence; I think they take up half my letters. * The time of year must be full excuse; and this autumn is so dead a time, that people even don't die.

You have puzzled me extremely by a paragraph in your's about one Wilton a sculptor, who, you say, is mentioned with encomiums in one of the Worlds:* I recollected no such thing. The first parcel your brother sends you, shall convey the other numbers of that paper, and I will mark all the names I know of the authors: there are several, and of our first writers;† but in general you will not find that the paper answers the idea you have entertained of it.

I grieve for my Florentine friends, and for the doubling of their yoke: the Count has shown great art.

I am totally ignorant, not to say indifferent, about the Modenese treaty‡—indeed, I have none

* Mr. Mann mistook; I think it was in a paper called *The Adventurer*.

† Lord Chesterfield, Lord Bath, Mr. W. Whithed, Sir Charles Williams, Mr. Soame Jennings, Mr. Cambridge, Mr. Coventry, &c.

‡ It was between the Empress-Queen and the Duke of Modena, for settling the Dutchy of Milan on one of the little Archdukes, on his marrying the Duke's grand-daughter, and in the mean time the Duke was made Administrator of Milan.

of that spirit which was formerly so much objected to some of my family, the love of negotiations, during a settled peace. Treaties within treaties are very dull businesses: contracts of marriage between baby-princes and miss-princesses give me no curiosity. If I had not seen it in the papers, I should never have known that Master Tommy the Archduke was playing at marrying Miss Modena. I am as sick of the *hide-and-seek* at which all Europe has been playing about a King of the Romans! Forgive me, my dear child, you who are a minister, for holding your important affairs so cheap. I amuse myself with Gothic and painted glass, and am as grave about my own trifles as I could be at Ratisbon. I shall tell you one or two events within my own very small sphere, and you must call them a letter. I believe I mentioned having made a kind of *armoury:* my upper servant, who is full as dull as his predecessor, whom you knew, Tom Barney, has had his head so filled with *arms*, that the other day, when a man brought home an old chimney-back, which I had bought for having belonged to Harry VII. he came running in, and said, "Sir, Sir! here is a man has brought some more *armour!*"

Last week, when I was in town, I went to pay a bill to the glazier who fixed up the painted glass: I said, "Mr. Palmer, you charge me seven shillings a day for your man's work; I know you give him but two shillings; and I am told that it is impossi-

ble for him to earn seven shillings a day."—"Why no, Sir," replied he, "it is not that, but one must pay house-rent, and one must eat, and one must wear." I looked at him, and he had on a blue silk waistcoat with an extremely broad gold lace. I could not help smiling. I turned round and saw his own portrait, and his wife's and his son's. "And I see," said I, "one *must* sit for one's picture: I am very sorry that I am to contribute for all you *must* do!" Adieu! I gave you warning that I had nothing to say.

LETTER CCL.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 6, 1753.

In a very long, and consequently a very agreeable letter, which I received from you yesterday, you set me an example, which I despair of following, keeping up a correspondence with spirit, when the world furnishes no events. I should not say *no events*, for France is big with matter, but to talk of the parliamentary wars of another country would be only transcribing gazettes: and as to Prince Heraclius,* the other phænomenon of the age, it is difficult to say much about a person, of whom one knows nothing at all. The only scene, that promises to interest one, lies in Ireland, from whence

* One of the pretenders to the throne of Persia, who gained many victories about this time.

we are told that the Speaker's party has carried a question against the Lord Lieutenant's; but no particulars are yet arrived. Foundations have formerly been laid in Ireland of troubles that have spread hither: I have read somewhere this old saw,

> He that would England win,
> Must with Ireland first begin.

The only novelty I know, and which is quite private history, is, that there is a man* in the world, who has so much obligingness and attention in his friendships, that in the middle of public business, and teazed to death with all kind of commissions, and over-run with cubs and cubaccioni's of every kind, he can for twelve years together remember any single picture, or bust, or morsel of *virtù*, that a friend of his ever liked; and what is forty times more extraordinary than this circumstantial kindness, he remembers it just at the time when others, who might be afflicted with as good a memory, would take pains to forget it, that is, when it is to be obtained—exactly then this person goes and purchases the thing in question, whips it on board a ship, and sends it to his friend, in the manner in the world to make it most agreeable, except that he makes it impossible to thank him, because you

* When Mr. W. was at Florence he saw a fine picture by Vasari of the Great Duchess Bianca Capello, in the palace of the Marchese Vitelli, whose family falling to decay, and their effects being sold twelve years afterwards, Mr. Mann recollected Mr. Walpole's having admired that picture, bought and sent it to him.

must allow that one ought to be possessed of the same manner of obliging, before one is worthy of thanking such a person. I don't know whether you will think this person so extraordinary as I do; but I have one favour to beg; if you should ever hear his name, which, for certain reasons, I can't tell you, let me intreat you never to disclose it, for the world in general is so much the reverse of him, that they would do nothing but commend to him everything they saw, in order to employ his memory and generosity. For this reason you will allow that the prettiest action that ever was *committed,* ought not to be published to all the world.

You, who love your friends, will not be sorry to hear a little circumstance, that concerns, in a tolerable manner, at least two of them. The last of my mother's surviving brothers* is dead, and dead without a will, and dead rich. Mr. Conway and I shall share about six thousand pounds a-piece in common with his brother and sister and my brother. I only tell you this for a momentary pleasure, for *you* are not a sort of person to remember anything relative to your friends beyond the present instant!

After writing me two sheets of paper, not to mention the episode of Bianca Capello, I know not

* Erasmus Shorter, brother of Catherine Lady Walpole and of Charlotte Lady Conway, whose surviving children, Edward and Horace Walpoles, Francis Earl of Hertford, Henry and Anne Conway, became his heirs.

how to have the confidence to put an end to my letter already; and yet I must, and you will admit the excuse: I have but just time to send my brother an account of his succession: you who think largely enough to forgive any man's deferring such notice to you, would be the last man to defer giving it to anybody else; and therefore, to spare you any more of the compliments and thanks, which surely I owe you, you shall let me go make my brother happy. Adieu!

LETTER CCLI.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 28, 1754.

HER serene Highness the Great Duchess Bianca Capello* is arrived safe at a palace lately taken for

* Bianca Capello was the daughter of a noble Venetian. She had been seduced and carried off from her father's house by a young Florentine of low origin, named Peter Bonaventuri. They came to Florence, where she became the mistress of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Francis of Medicis. He was very anxious to have a child by her, upon which she pretended to be brought to bed of a son, who had in reality been bought of one of the lower orders. He was called Don Anthony of Medicis. In order to prevent the Grand Duke from discovering her fraud, Bianca caused several of the persons who had had a part in the deception to be assassinated. At length the wife of Francis, the Archduchess Joan of Austria, died in child-bed, and Bianca intrigued so successfully, that she persuaded her lover to marry her. Her marriage with the Grand Duke took place on the 12th of October 1579, and was so sumptuous, that it cost one hundred thousand Florentine ducats. Her tyranny and rapacity soon made her universally hated. She is supposed, as well as her husband, to have died by poison, administered to them through the means of his brother the Cardinal Ferdinand of Medicis, who succeeded him as Grand Duke.—D.

her in Arlington-street. She has been much visited by the quality and gentry, and pleases universally by the graces of her person and comeliness of her deportment—my dear child, this is the least that the newspapers would say of the charming Bianca. I, who feel all the agreeableness of your manner, must say a great deal more, or should say a great deal more, but I can only commend the picture enough, not you. The head is painted equal to Titian, and though done, I suppose, after the clock had struck five-and-thirty, yet she retains a great share of beauty. I have bespoken a frame for her, with the grand-ducal coronet at top, her story on a label at bottom, which Gray is to compose in Latin, as short and expressive as Tacitus, (one is lucky when one can bespeak and have executed such an inscription!) the Medici arms on one side, and the Capello's on the other. I must tell you a critical discovery of mine *apropos*; in an old book of Venetian arms, there are two coats of Capello, who, from their *name* bear a *hat*,—on one of them is added a *fleur-de-lis* on a blue ball, which I am persuaded was given to the family by the Great Duke, in consideration of this alliance; the Medicis, you know, bore such a badge at the top of their own arms. This discovery I made by a talisman, which Mr. Chute calls the *sortes Walpolianæ*, by which I find everything I want, *à pointe nommée*, wherever I dip for it. This discovery, indeed, is almost of that kind which I call *Seren-*

dipity, a very expressive word, which, as I have nothing better to tell you, I shall endeavour to explain to you: you will understand it better by the derivation than by the definition. I once read a silly fairy tale, called *the three Princes of Serendip*: as their Highnesses travelled, they were always making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things which they were not in quest of: for instance, one of them discovered that a mule blind of the right eye had travelled the same road lately, because the grass was eaten only on the left side, where it was worse than on the right —now do you understand *Serendipity?* one of the most remarkable instances of this *accidental sagacity*, (for you must observe that *no* discovery of a thing you *are* looking for, comes under this description,) was of my Lord Shaftsbury, who happening to dine at Lord Chancellor Clarendon's, found out the marriage of the Duke of York and Mrs. Hyde, by the respect with which her mother treated her at table. I will send you the inscription in my next letter; you see I endeavour to grace your present as it deserves.

Your brother would have me say something of my opinion about your idea of taking the name of *Guise*;* but he has written so fully that I can only assure you in addition, that I am stronger even than he is against it, and cannot allow of your reasoning on families, because, however families

* Mr. Mann's mother was an heiress of that house.

may be prejudiced about them, and however foreigners (I mean *great foreigners*) here may have those prejudices too, yet they never operate here, where there is any one reason to counterbalance them. A minister who has the least disposition to promote a creature of his, and to set aside a Talbot or a Nevil, will at one breath puff away a genealogy that would reach from hence to Herenhausen. I know a *great foreigner* who always says that my Lord Denbigh is the best gentleman in England, because he is descended from the old Counts of Hapsburg; and yet my Lord Denbigh (and though he is descended from what one should think of much more consequence here, the old Counts of Denbigh,) has for many years wanted a place or a pension, as much as if he were only what I think the first Count of Hapsburg was, the Emperor's butler: Your instance of the Venetians refusing to receive Valenti, can have no weight: Venice might bully a Duke of Mantua; but what would all her heralds signify against a British envoy? In short, what weight do you think family has here, when the very last minister whom we have dispatched is Sir James Gray,*—nay and who has already been in a public character at Venice!, his father was first a boxkeeper, and then footman to James the Second—and this is the man exchanged against the Prince de San Severino! One of my father's maxims was *quieta non movere;* and he was a wise man in that his day. My dear child, if you

* Envoy to Naples.

will suffer me to conclude with a pun, content yourself with your *Manhood* and Tuscany: it would be thought injustice to remove you from thence for anybody else: when once you shift about, you lose the benefit of prescription, and subject yourself to a thousand accidents. I speak very seriously; I know the *carte du pais*.

We have no news: the flames in Ireland are stifled, I don't say, extinguished, by adjourning the Parliament, which is to be prorogued. A catalogue of dismissions was sent over thither, but the Lord Lieutenant durst not venture to put them in execution. We are sending a strong squadron to the East Indies, which may possibly bring back a war with France, especially as we are going to ask money of our Parliament for the equipment. We abound in diversions, which flourish exceedingly on the demise of politics. There are no less than five operas every week, three of which are burlettas; a very bad company, except the Niccolina, who beats all the actors and actresses I ever saw for vivacity and variety. We had a good set four years ago, which did not take at all; but these being at the playhouse and at play-prices, the people, instead of resenting it as was expected, are transported with them, call them their own operas, and I will not swear that they do not take them for English operas. They huzzaed the King twice the other night, for bespeaking one on the night of the Haymarket opera.

I am glad you are aware of Miss Pitt: pray

continue your awaredom: I assure you, before she set out for Italy, she was qualified to go any Italian length of passion. Her very first slip was with her eldest brother; and it is not her fault that she has not made still blacker trips. Never mention this, and forget it as soon as she is gone from Florence. Adieu!

LETTER CCLII.

Arlington Street, March 7, 1754.

You will little have expected, my dear Sir, the great event that happened yesterday. Mr. Pelham* is dead! all that calm, that supineness, of which I have lately talked to you so much, is at an end! there is no heir to such luck as his. The whole people of England can never agree a second time upon the same person for the residence of infallibility; and though so many have found their interest in making Mr. Pelham the *fermier-general* for their venality, yet almost all have found too, that it lowered their prices to have but one purchaser. He could not have died at a more critical time: all the elections were settled, all bargains made, and much money advanced: and by the way, though there never was so little party, or so little to be made by a seat in Parliament, either

* Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and first Commissioner of the Treasury; only brother of Thomas Duke of Newcastle.

with regard to profit or fame, there never was such established bribery, or so profuse. And as everything was settled by his life, so everything is thrown into confusion by his death: the difficulty of naming, or of who should name the successor, is almost insurmountable—for you are not such a *tramontane* as to imagine that the person* who must sign the warrant will have the filling it up. The three apparent candidates are Fox,† Pitt,‡ and Murray;§ all three with such incumbrances on their hopes as make them very desperate. The Chancellor|| hates Fox; the Duke of Newcastle does not (I don't say, love him, but to speak in the proper phrase, does not) pretend to love him: the Scotch abominate him, and they and the Jacobites make use of his connexion with the Duke to represent him as formidable: the Princess cannot approve him for the same reason: the law, as in duty bound to the Chancellor and to Murray, and to themselves, whom he always attacks, must dislike him. He has his parts and the Whigs, and the seeming right of succession. Pitt has no health, no party, and has, what in *this* case is allowed to operate, the King's negative. Murray is a Scotchman, and it has been suspected, of the

* The King.

† Henry Fox, Secretary at War, only brother of Stephen Lord Ilchester.

‡ William Pitt, Paymaster of the Forces, younger brother of Thomas Pitt, of Boconnock, in Cornwall.

§ William Murray, Solicitor-General, uncle of Lord Stormont.

|| Sir Philip Yorke Earl of Hardwicke, Lord High Chancellor.

worst dye: add a little of the Chancellor's jealousy: all three are obnoxious to the probability of the other two being disobliged by a preference. There is no doubt but the Chancellor and the Duke of Newcastle will endeavour to secure their own power, by giving an exclusion to Fox: each of them has even been talked of for Lord Treasurer; I say talked of, though Mr. Pelham died but yesterday; but you can't imagine how much a million of people can talk in a day on such a subject! It was even much imagined yesterday, that Sir George Lee would be the Hulla, to wed the post, till things are ripe for divorcing him again: he is an unexceptionable man, sensible, of good character, the ostensible favourite of the Princess, and obnoxious to no set of men; for though he changed ridiculously quick on the Prince's death, yet as everybody changed with him, it offended nobody; and what is a better reason for promoting him now, it would offend nobody to turn him out again.

In this buzz is all the world at present: as the plot thickens or opens, you shall hear more. In the mean time you will not dislike to know a little of the circumstances of this death. Mr. Pelham was not sixty-one; his florid, healthy constitution promised long life, and his uninterrupted good fortune, as long power; yet the one hastened his end, and the other was enjoyed in its full tranquillity but three poor years! I should not say, enjoyed, for such was his peevishness and suspicions, that

the lightest trifles could poison all that stream of happiness! he was careless of his health, most intemperate in eating, and used no exercise. All this had naturally thrown him into a most scorbutic habit, for which last summer he went to Scarborough, but stayed there only a month, which would not have cleansed a scorbutic kitten. The sea-air increased his appetite, and his flatterers pampered it at their seats on the road. He returned more distempered, and fell into a succession of boils, fevers, and St. Anthony's fire—indeed, I think, into such a carbuncular state of blood, as carried off my brother. He had recovered enough to come to the House of Commons; and last Friday walked in the Park, till he put himself into an immense sweat; in that sweat he stood at a window to look at horses, ate immoderately at dinner, relapsed at six that evening, and died yesterday morning, (Wednesday) a quarter before six. His will was to be opened to-day; he is certainly dead far from rich. There are great lamentations, some joy, some disappointments, and much expectation. As a person who loves to write history, better than to act in it, you will easily believe that I confine my sensations on the occasion chiefly to observation—at least, my care that posterity may know all about it prevents my indulging any immoderate grief; consequently I am *as well as can be expected*, and ever your's, &c.

LETTER CCLIII.

Arlington-Street, March 28, 1754.

I PROMISED to write to you again soon, and therefore I do: that is, I stick to the letter, not to the essence; for I not only have very little to write, but your brother has, I believe, already told you all that has happened. Mr. Fox received almost at once a testimonial that he was the most proper for minister, and a proof that he was not to be so. He on the Tuesday consented to be Secretary of State with the management of the House of Commons, and the very next day refused to be the former, as he found he was not to have the latter. He remains Secretary at War, in rupture with the Duke of Newcastle, (who, you know, has taken the Treasury,) but declaring against opposition. That Duke is omnipotent; and to show *that* power, makes use of nothing but machines. Sir Thomas Robinson* is Secretary of State; Mr. Legge† Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Duplin,‡ the agent of business.§ Yesterday an odd event happened: Lord Gower resigned the Privy Seal: it had been for some time promised to the Duke of

* Master of the Great Wardrobe, and formerly Minister at Vienna.

† Henry Legge, second son of William Earl of Dartmouth, and Treasurer of the Navy.

‡ Eldest son of W. Hay Earl of Kinnoul.

§ For an account of the political changes which took place upon the death of Mr. Pelham, see the Editor's Preface to these Letters.—D.

Rutland,* who having been reported dead, and who really having voided a quarry of stones, is come to town, and his brother, a Lord William Manners, better known in the groom-porter's annals than in those of Europe, and the whole Manners family, having intimated to the Duke of Newcastle, that unless Lord Gower was dismissed in a month, and the Duke of Rutland instated in his place, they would oppose the prosperous dawn of the new ministry, that poor Earl, who is inarticulate with the palsy, has been drawn into a resignation, and is the first sacrifice to the spirit of the new Administration.† You will very likely not understand such politics as these, but they are the best we have.

Our old good-humoured friend Prince Craon is dead; don't you think that the Princess will not still despair of looking well in weeds! My Lord Orford's grandmother ‡ is dead too; and after her husband's death (whose life, I believe, she has long *known* to be not worth a farthing,) has left everything to her grandson. This makes me very happy, for I had apprehended from Lord Orford's indolence and inattention, and from his mother's cunning and attention, that she would have wriggled

* John Manners third Duke of Rutland, the father of the more celebrated Lord Granby. He died in 1779, at the age of 83 —D.

† The Duke of Rutland did not succeed to the Privy Seal; but Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough.—D.

‡ Margaret Tuckfield, second wife of Samuel Rolle, of Haynton, in Devonshire, by whom she was mother of Margaret Countess of Orford, and afterwards married to John Harris, of Hayne, in Devonshire, Master of the Household to the King.

herself into the best clause in the will: but she is not mentioned in it, and the Houghton pictures may still be saved!

Adieu! my dear Sir; I don't call this a letter, but a codicil to my last: one can't write volumes on trifling events!

LETTER CCLIV.

Strawberry-Hill, April 24, 1754.

BEFORE I received your letter of March 29th, I had already told you the state of our politics, as they seemed fixed—at least for the present. The Duke of Newcastle is alone and all-powerful, and I suppose smiles at those who thought that we must be governed by a succession of geniuses. I don't know whether there are not more parts, in governing without genius! be it as it will, all the world acquiesces: he has placed all the orators in whatever offices they demanded, and the new Parliament, which is almost chosen, will not probably degenerate from the complaisance of its predecessor. Which of the Popes was it, who being chosen *for* his insufficience, said, "I could not have believed that it was so easy to govern!" You will forgive my smiling in my turn at your begging me to lay aside family considerations, and tell you if I do not think my uncle the fittest subject for a first minister. My dear child, you have forgot, that three years are past since I so totally laid

aside all family considerations, as not to speak or even bow to my uncle. Since the affair of Lord Orford and Miss Nicholl, I have not had the least intercourse with the Pigwiggin branch; and should be very sorry if there were any person in the world but you — and my uncle himself, who thought him proper for minister.

I believe there is no manner of intention of sending Lord Albemarle to Ireland: the style toward that island is extremely lofty; and after some faint proposals of giving them some agreeable Governor, violent measures have been resumed; the Speaker is removed from being Chancellor of the Exchequer, more of his friends are displaced, and the Primate, with the Chancellor and Lord Besborough, again nominated Lords Justices. These measures must oppress the Irish spirit, or what is more likely, inflame it to despair. Lord Rochford certainly returns to Turin. General Wall,* who was in the highest favour here, and who really was grown fond of England—not at all to the prejudice of doing us what hurt he could in his public character, is recalled, to succeed Don Caravalho and Lancaster, as Secretary of State for Foreign affairs. If he regrets England too much, may not he think of taking Ireland in his way back?

I shall fill up the remainder of an empty letter with transcribing some sentences which have diverted me in a very foolish vulgar book of travels,

* General Richard Wall, Ambassador from Spain.

lately published by one Drummond, Consul at Aleppo. Speaking of Florence, he says, that the very evening of his arrival, he was carried by Lord Eglinton and some other English, whom he names, to your house: "Mr. Mann (these are his words) is extremely polite, and I do him barely justice in saying he is a fine gentleman, though indeed this is as much as can be said of any person whatever; yet there are various ways of distinguishing the qualities that compose this amiable character, and of these he, in my opinion, possesses the most agreeable. He lives in a fine palace, all the apartments on the ground-floor, which is elegantly furnished, were lighted up, and the garden was a little epitome of Vauxhall. These *conversationi* resemble our card-assemblies;" (this is called *writing travels*, to observe that an assembly is like an assembly!) "and this was remarkably brilliant, for all the married ladies of fashion in Florence were present; yet were they as much inferior to the fair part of a British assembly, especially those of York and Edinburgh, as a crew of female Laplanders are to the fairest dames of Florence. Excuse this sally, which is more warm than just; for even this assembly was not without a few lovely creatures. Some played at cards, some passed the time in conversation; others walked from place to place; and many retired with their gallants into gloomy corners, where they entertained each other, but in what manner I will not pretend to say;

though, if I may depend upon my information, which, by-the-by, was very good, their taste and mine would not at all agree. In a word, these countries teem with more singularities than I choose to mention."

You will conclude I had very little to say, when I had recourse to the observations of such a simpleton; but I thought they would divert you for a moment, as they did me. One don't dislike to know what even an Aleppo factor would write of one — and I can't absolutely dislike him, as he was not insensible to your agreeableness. I don't believe Orpheus would think even a bear ungenteel, when it danced to his music. Adieu!

LETTER CCLV.

Strawberry Hill, May 23, 1754.

PRAY continue your *memoires* of the war of the Delmontis;* I have received two tomes, and am delighted with them. The French and Irish parliaments proceed so heavily, that one cannot expect to live to the setting up the first standard; and it is so long since the world has furnished any brisk

* This alludes to the proceedings of a mad prior of the family of the Marchesi Delmonti, who, with a party of ruffians, had seized upon a strong castle called Monte di Santa Maria, belonging to his brother the Marchese, and situated near Cortona. From hence he and his band ravaged the neighbouring country; and it was only with great difficulty that the troops of the Grand Duke of Tuscany succeeded in dislodging them.—D.

event, that I am charmed with this little military *entremets.* My Lady O. will certainly wish herself at Florence again on the behalf of her old friend:* I always wish myself there; and, according to custom, she and I should not be of the same party: I cannot help wishing well to the rebellious. You ask whether this Countess can deprive her son of her estate?—by no means, but by another child, which, at her age, and after the variety of experiments which she has made in all countries, I cannot think very likely to happen. I sometimes think her succession not very distant; she is very asthmatic. Her life is as retired as ever, and passed entirely with her husband, who seems a martyr to his former fame, and is a slave to her jealousy. She has given up nothing to him, and pays such attention to her affairs, that she will soon be vastly rich. But I won't be talking of her wealth, when the chief purpose of my writing to-night is, to announce the unexpected riches and good fortune of our dear Mr. Chute—I say *our* dear Mr. Chute, for though you have not reason to be content with him, yet I know your unchangeable heart—and I know his is so good, that if you will take this occasion to write him a line of joy, I am persuaded it will *raccommodé* everything; and though he will be far from proving a regular correspondent, we shall all have satisfaction in the re-establishment of the harmony—In short, that tartar his

* The Marquis del Monti.

brother,* is dead; and having made no will, the whole, and a very considerable whole, falls to our friend. This good event happened but three days ago, and I wait with the utmost impatience for his return from the Vine, where he was at the critical instant. As the whole was in the tyrant's power, and as every art had been used to turn the vinegar of his temper against his brother, I had for some time lived persuaded that he would execute the worst purposes—but let us forgive him!

I like to see in the Gazette that Goldsworthy† is going to be removed far from Florence: his sting has long been out—and yet I cannot help feeling glad that even the shadow of a competitor is removed from you.

We are going to have a week of Parliament—not to taste the new one, of which there is no doubt, but to give it essence: by the Regency-bill, if the King had died before it had sat, the old one must have revived.

There is nothing else in the shape of news, but small-pox and miliary fevers, which have carried off people you did not know. If I had not been eager to notify Mr. Chute's prosperity to you, I think I must have deferred writing for a week or two longer: it is unpleasant to be *inventing* a letter to send so far, and must be disappointing when it comes *from* so far, and brings so little. Adieu!

* Anthony Chute, of the Vine, in Hampshire.

† Consul to Lisbon.

LETTER CCLVI.

Arlington-Street, June 5, 1754.

THOUGH I wrote to you but a few days ago, when I told you of Mr. Chute's good fortune, I must send you a few lines to-night upon a particular occasion. Mr. Brand,* a very intimate friend of mine, whom I believe you have formerly seen in Italy, is just set out for Germany on his way to Rome. I know by long and uninterrupted experience, that my barely saying he is my friend, will secure for him the kindest reception in the world from you: it would not express my conviction, if I said a word more on that head. His story is very melancholy: about six or seven years ago he married Lady Caroline Pierpoint,† half-sister of Lady Mary Wortley; a match quite of esteem: she was rather older than he; but never were two people more completely, more reasonably happy. He is naturally all cheerfulness and laughter; she was very reserved, but quite sensible and faultless. She died about this time twelvemonth of a fever, and left him, with two little children, the most unhappy man alive. He travels again to dissipate his grief: you will love him much, if he stays any time with you. His connexions are entirely with the Duke of Bedford.

* Thomas Brand, of the Hoo, in Hertfordshire.

† Daughter of Evelyn Duke of Kingston, by his second wife.

I have had another letter from you to-day, with a farther journal of the Delmonti war, which the rebels seem to be leaving to the Pope to finish for them. It diverted me extremely. Had I received this letter before Mr. Brand set out, I would have sent you the whole narrative of the affair of Lord Orford and Miss Nicholl; it is a little volume. The breach, though now by time silenced, was, I assure you, final.

We have had a spurt of Parliament for five days, but it was prorogued to-day. The next will be a terrible Session from elections and petitions. The Oxfordshire* will be endless; the Appleby outrageous in expense. The former is a revival of downright Whiggism and Jacobitism; two liveries that have been lately worn indiscriminately by all factions. The latter is a contest between two young Crœsus's, Lord Thanet† and Sir James Lowther:‡ that, a convert; this, an hereditary Whig. A knowing lawyer said, to-day, that with purchas-

* This was the great Oxfordshire contest between the Jacobites and the Whigs. The candidates of the former party were Viscount Wenman and Sir Edward Turner, Bart.; those of the latter, Viscount Parker, eldest son of the Earl of Macclesfield, and Sir James Dashwood, Bart. Great sums were spent on both sides: in the election the Jacobites carried it; but on petition to the House of Commons, the Ministers, as usual, seated their own friends.—D.

† Sackville Tufton, the eighth Earl of Thanet.—D.

‡ Sir James Lowther had succeeded his collateral relation, Henry third Viscount Lonsdale, in his vast estates. He became afterwards remarkable for his eccentricities, and we fear, we must add, for his tyranny and cruelty. Mr. Pitt created him Earl of Lonsdale, in the year 1784. He died in 1802.—D.

ing tenures, votes, and carrying on the election and petition, five-and-fifty thousand pounds will not pay the whole expense—it makes one start! Good night! you must excuse the nothingness of a supernumerary letter.

LETTER CCLVII.

Strawberry-Hill, July 5th, 1754.

I BELIEVE you never receive a letter from me at this season of the year, without wishing for winter, that I might have something to tell you. Warm weather in England disperses all the world, except a few old folks, whose day of events is past, and who contribute nothing to the society of news. There is a court indeed as near as Kensington, but where the monarch is old, the courtiers are seldom young: they sun themselves in a window like flies in autumn, past even buzzing, and to be swept away in the first hurricane of a new reign. However, as little novelty as the season or the times produce, there is an adventuress in the world, who even in the dullest times will take care not to let conversation stagnate: this public-spirited dame is no other than a Countess-dowager, my sister-in-law, who has just notified to the town her intention of parting from her second husband—a step, which being in general not likely to occasion much sur-

prise,—she had, however, taken care to render extraordinary, by a course of inseparable fondness and wonderful jealousy, for the three years since these her second nuptials. The testimonials which Mr. Shirley had received in print from that living academy of love-lore, my Lady Vane, added to this excessive tenderness of one, little less a novice, convinced everybody that he was a perfect hero. You will pity poor Hercules! Omphale, by a most unsentimental precaution, has so secured to her own disposal her whole estate and jointure, that he cannot command so much as a distaff; and as she is not inclined to pay much for nothing, her offers on the article of separation are exceedingly moderate. As yet he has not accepted them, but is gone to Scarborough, and she into the west, to settle her affairs, and from thence embarks for France and Italy. I am sorry she will plague you again at Florence, but I shall like to hear of what materials she composes her second volume, and what reasons she will allege in her new manifestoes: her mother, who sold her, is dead; the all-powerful minister, who bought her, is dead! whom will she charge with dragging her to the bed of this second tyrant, from whom she has been forced to fly?—On her son's account, I am really sorry for this second *équipée:* I can't even help pitying her! at her age nobody can take such steps, without being sensible of their ridicule,

and what snakes must such passions be, as can hurry one over such reflections? Her original story was certainly very unhappy; and the forcing so very young a creature against her inclinations, unjustifiable: but I much question whether any choice of her own could have tied down her inclinations to any temper—at least, I am sure she had pitched upon a Hercules then, who of all men living was the least proper to encounter such labours, my Lord Chesterfield!

I have sent your letter to Mr. Chute, who is at his own Vine; he had written to you of his own accord, and I trust your friendship will be re-established as strongly as ever, especially as there was no essential fault on either side, and as you will now be prepared not to mind his aversion to writing. Thank Dr. Cocchi for the book* he is so good as to intend for me; I value anything from him, though I scarce understand anything less than Greek and physic; the little I knew of the first I have almost forgot, and the other, thank God! I never had any occasion to know. I shall duly deliver the other copies.

The French are encroaching extremely upon us in all the distant parts of the world, especially in Virginia, from whence their attempts occasion great uneasiness here. For my own part, I think we are very lucky, when they will be so good as to begin with us at the farther end. The revocation of the

* An edition of some of the Greek physicians.

Parliament of Paris, which is done or doing, is thought very bad for us; I don't know but it may: in any other age I should have thought not, as it is a concession or yielding from the throne, and would naturally spirit up the Parliament to struggle on for power; but no other age is a precedent for this. As no oppression would, I believe, have driven them into rebellion, no concession will tempt them to be more assuming. The King of France will govern his Parliament by temporizing; the Parliament of Ireland is governed by being treated like a French one. Adieu!

LETTER CCLVIII.

Arlington-Street, Oct. 6, 1754.

You have the kindest way in the world, my dear Sir, of reproving my long silence, by accusing yourself. I have looked at my dates, and though I was conscious of not having written to you for a long time, I did not think it had been so long as three months. I ought to make some excuse, and the truth is all I can make: if you have heard by any way in the world that a single event worth mentioning has happened in England for these three months, I will own myself guilty of abominable neglect. If there has not, as you know my unalterable affection for you, you will excuse me, and accuse the times. Can one repeat often, that

everything stagnates? At present we begin to think that the world may be roused again, and that an East Indian war and a West Indian war may beget such a thing as an European war. In short, the French have taken such cavalier liberties with some of our forts that are of great consequence to cover Virginia, Carolina, and Georgia, that we are actually dispatching two regiments thither. As the climate and other American circumstances are against these poor men, I pity them, and think them too many, if the French mean nothing farther; too few, if they do. Indeed, I am one of those that feel less resentment, when we are attacked so far off: I think it an obligation to be eaten the last.

You have entertained me much with the progress of the history of the Delmontis, and obliged me. I wish I could say I was not shocked at the other part of your letter, where you mention the re-establishment of the Inquisition at Florence. Had Richcourt power enough to be so infamous! was he superstitious, fearful, revengeful, or proud of being a tool of the Court of Rome? What is the fate of the poor Florentines, who are reduced to regret the Medicis, who had usurped their government! You may be glad, my dear child, that I am not at Florence; I should distress your ministerial prudence, your necessary prudence, by taking pleasure to speak openly of Richcourt as he deserves: you know my warmth upon power and church power!

The Boccaneri seems to be one of those ladies, who refine so much upon debauchery, as to make even matrimony enter into their scheme of profligacy. I have known more than one instance since the days of the Signora Messalina, where the lady has not been content to cuckold her husband but with another husband. All passions carried to extremity embrace within their circle even their opposites. I don't know whether Charles the Fifth did not resign the empire out of ambition of more fame—I must contradict myself in saying all passions; I don't believe Sir Robert Brown will ever be so covetous, as to find a pleasure in squandering.

Mr. Chute is much your's: I am going with him in a day or two to his Vine, where I shall try to draw him into amusing himself a little with building and planting: hitherto he has done nothing with his estate—but good.

You will have observed what precaution I had taken, in the smallness of the sheet, not to have too much paper to fill: and yet you see how much I have still upon my hands! As, I assure you, were I to fill the remainder, all I should say would be terribly wire-drawn, do excuse me: you shall hear an ample detail of the first Admiral Vernon that springs out of our American war; and I promise you at least half a brick of the first sample that is sent over of any new Porto Bello. The French have tied up the hands of an excellent

fanfaron, a Major Washington,* whom they took and engaged not to serve for a year: in his letter he said, "Believe me, as the cannon-balls flew over my head, they made a most delightful sound." When your relation, General Guise, was marching up to Carthagena, and the pelicans whistled round him, he said, "What would Chloe† give for some of these to make a pelican pie?" The conjecture made that scarce a rodomontade; but what pity it is, that a man who can deal in hyperboles at the mouth of a cannon, should be fond of them with a glass of wine in his hand! I have heard Guise affirm that the colliers at Newcastle feed their children with fire-shovels! Good night.

LETTER CCLIX.

Strawberry-Hill, Dec 1, 1754.

You do me justice, my dear Sir, when you impute the want of my letters to my want of news: as a proof, I take up my pen again, on the first spring-tide of politics. However, as this is *an age of abortions*, and as I have often announced to you a pregnancy of events, which have soon after been still-born, I beg you will not be disappointed if nothing comes of the present ferment. The offenders and the offended have too often shown their

* This was the celebrated Liberator of America, who had been serving in the English army against the French for some time with much distinction.—D.

† The Duke of Newcastle's French cook.

disposition to soothe, or to be soothed, by preferments, for one to build much on the duration or implacability of their aversions. In short, Mr. Pitt has broke with the Duke of Newcastle, on the want of power, and has alarmed the dozing House of Commons with some sentences, extremely in the style of his former *Pittics*. As Mr. Fox is not at all more in humour, the world expects every day to see these two commanders, first unite to overturn all their antagonists, and then worry one another. They have already mumbled poor Sir Thomas Robinson cruelly. The Chancellor of the Exchequer* crouches under the storm, and seems very willing *to pass eldest*. The Attorney-General† seems cowed, and unwilling to support a war, of which the world gives him the honour. Nugent alone, with an intrepidity worthy his country, affects to stand up against the greatest orator, and against the best reasoner of the age. What will most surprise you, is, that the Duke of Newcastle, who used to tremble at shadows, appears unterrified at Gorgons! If I should tell you in my next, that either of the Gorgons has kissed hands for Secretary of State, only smile; snakes are as easily tamed as lap-dogs.

I am glad you have got my Lord of Cork.‡ He

* Mr. Legge.

† Mr. Murray; he was preferred to be Attorney-General this year, in the room of Sir Dudley Ryder, who was made Lord Chief Justice, on the death of Sir William Lee.

‡ John Earl of Orrery and Cork, author of a translation of Pliny's Epistles, of a life of Dr. Swift, &c.

is, I know, a very worthy man, and though not a bright man, nor a man of the world, much less a good author, yet it must be comfortable to you now and then to see something besides travelling children, booby governors, and abandoned women of quality. You say, you have made my Lord Cork give up my Lord Bolingbroke: it is comical to see how he is given up here, since the best of his writings, his metaphysical divinity, have been published. While he betrayed and abused every man who trusted him, or who had forgiven him, or to whom he was obliged, he was a hero, a patriot, and a philosopher; and the greatest genius of the age: the moment his Craftsmen against Moses and St. Paul, &c. were published, we have discovered that he was the worst man and the worst writer in the world. The grand jury have presented his works, and as long as there are any parsons, he will be ranked with Tindal and Toland — nay, I don't know whether my father won't become a rubric martyr, for having been persecuted by him. Mr. Fraigneau's story of the late King's design of removing my father and employing Bolingbroke, is not new to me; but I can give you two reasons, and one very strong indeed, that convince me of its having no foundation, though it is much believed here. During the last year of the late King's life, he took extremely to Newpark, and loved to shoot there, and dined with my father and a private party and a good deal of punch. The Duchess of

Kendal, who hated Sir Robert, and favoured Bolingbroke, and was jealous for herself, grew uneasy at these parties, and used to put one or two of the Germans upon the King to prevent his drinking, (very odd preventives!)—however, they obeyed orders so well, that one day the King flew into a great passion, and reprimanded them in his own language with extreme warmth; and when he went to Hanover, ordered my father to have the new lodge in the park finished against his return; which did not look much like an intention of breaking with the Ranger of the Park. But what I am now going to tell you, is conclusive: the Duchess obtained an interview for Bolingbroke in the King's closet, which not succeeding, as Lord Bolingbroke foresaw it might not at once, he left a memorial with the King, who the very next time he saw Sir Robert, gave it to him.

You will expect that I should mention the progress of the West Indian war, but the parliamentary campaign opening so warmly, has quite put the Ohio upon an obsolete foot. All I know is, that the Virginians have disbanded all their troops and say they will trust to England for their defence. The dissensions in Ireland increase. At least, here are various and ample fields for speeches, if we are to have new oppositions. You will believe that I have not great faith in the prospect, when I can come quietly hither for two or three days to place the books in my new library. Mr. Chute is with

me and returns you all your kind speeches with increase. Your two brothers, who dine at Lord Radnor's,* have just been here, and found me writing to you: your brother Gal would not stay a moment, but said, "Tell him I prefer his pleasure to my own." I wish, my dear Sir, I could give you much more, that is, could tell you more; but unless our civil wars continue, I shall know nothing but of contested elections: a first session of a parliament is the most laborious scene of dullness that I know. Adieu!

LETTER CCLX.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 9, 1755.

I HAD an intention of deferring writing to you, my dear Sir, till I could wish you joy on the completion of your approaching dignity;† but as the Duke of Newcastle is not quite so expeditious as my friendship is earnest; and as your brother tells me that you have had some very unnecessary qualms, from your silence to me on this chapter, I can no longer avoid telling you how pleased I am with any accession of distinction to you and your family: I should like nothing better but an accession of appointments: but I shall say no more on

* John Robartes, last Earl of Radnor of that family. He died in 1764.—D.

† Mr. Mann was about this time created a Baronet, with reversion to his brother Galfridus.

this head, where wishes are so barren as mine. Your brother, who had not time to write by this post, desires me to tell you that the Duke will be obliged to you, if you will send him the new map of Rome and of the patrimony of St. Peter, which his Royal Highness says is just published.

You will have heard long before you receive this, of Lord Albemarle's* sudden death at Paris: every body is so sorry for him!—without being so; yet as sorry as he would have been for anybody, or as he deserved. Can one really regret a man, who, with the most meritorious wife† and sons‡ in the world, and with near 15,000*l.* a year from the government, leaves not a shilling to his family, lawful or illegitimate, (and both *very* numerous) but dies immensely in debt, though, when he married, he had 90,000*l.* in the funds, and my Lady Albemarle brought him 25,000*l.* more, all which is dissipated to 14,000*l.*! The King very handsomely, and untired with having done so much for a man who had so little pretensions to it, immediately gave my Lady Albemarle 1200*l.* a year pension, and I trust will take care of this Lord, who is a great friend of mine, and what is much better for him,

* For an interesting account of this magnificent spendthrift, see Les Memoires de Marmontel.—D

† Lady Anne Lennox, sister of Charles Duke of Richmond.

‡ George Lord Viscount Bury, Lord of the Bedchamber to the Duke, and colonel of a regiment; Augustus, captain of a man-of-war, who was with Lord Anson in his famous expedition; and William, colonel of the guards, and aid-de-camp to the Duke: the two other sons were very young.

the first favourite of the Duke. If I were as grave an historian as my Lord Clarendon, I should now without any scruple tell you a dream; you would either believe it from my dignity of character, or conclude from my dignity of character that I did not believe it myself. As neither of these important evasions will serve my turn, I shall relate the following, only prefacing, that I do believe the dream happened, and happened right, among the millions of dreams that do not hit. Lord Bury was at Windsor with the Duke when the express of his father's death arrived: he came to town time enough to find his mother and sisters at breakfast. "Lord! child," said my Lady Albemarle, "what brings you to town so early?" He said he had been sent for. Says she, "You are not well!" "Yes," replied Lord Bury, "I am, but a little flustered with something I have heard." "Let me feel your pulse," said Lady Albemarle: "Oh!" continued she, "your father is dead!" "Lord! Madam," said Lord Bury, "how could that come into your head? I should rather have imagined that you would have thought it was my poor brother William," (who is just gone to Lisbon for his health). "No," said my Lady Albemarle, "I know it is your father; I dreamed last night that he was dead, and came to take leave of me!"—and immediately swooned.

Lord Albemarle's places are not yet given away: Ambassador at Paris, I suppose, there will be none;

it was merely kept up to gratify him—besides, when we have no Minister, we can deliver no memorials. Lord Rochford is, I quite believe, to be Groom of the Stole: that leaves your Turin open—besides such trifles as a blue garter, the second troop of guards, and the government of Virginia.

A death much more extraordinary is that of my Lord Mountford,* who, having all his life aimed at the character of a monied man, and of an artfully money-getting man, has shot himself, on having ruined himself. If he had despised money, he could not have shot himself with more deliberate resolution. The only points he seems to have considered in so mad an action, were, not to be thought mad, and which would be the easiest method of dispatching himself. It is strange that the passage from life to death should be an object, when one is unhappy enough to be determined to change one for the other.

I warned you in my last not to wonder if you should hear that either Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox had kissed hands for Secretary of State; the latter has kissed the Secretary of State's hand for being a cabinet counsellor. The more I see, the more I am confirmed in my idea of this being the *age of abortions!*

I have received your's of Dec. 13th, and find myself obliged to my Lord of Cork for a remembrance of me, which I could not expect he should

* Henry Bromley first Lord Mountford.

have preserved. Lord Huntingdon I know very well, and like very much: he has parts, great good breeding, and will certainly make a figure. You are lucky in such company; yet I wish you had Mr. Brand!

I need not desire you not to believe the stories of such a mountebank as Taylor:* I only wonder that he should think the names of our family a recommendation at Rome; we are not conscious of any such merit: nor have any of our eyes ever wanted to be put out. Adieu! my dear Sir, my dear Sir Horace.

LETTER CCLXI.

Arlington Street, March 10, 1755.

HAVING already wished you joy of your chivalry, I would not send you a formal congratulation on the actual dispatch of your patent: I had nothing new to tell you: forms between you and me would be new indeed.

You have heard of the nomination of my friend and relation Lord Hertford,† to the embassy of Paris: you will by this time have learned or perceived that he is not likely to go thither. They have sent demands too haughty to be admitted, and we are preparing a fleet to tell them we think

* A quack oculist.

† Francis Seymour Conway Earl of Hertford; his mother was sister to Lady Walpole.

so. In short, the prospect is very warlike. The ministry are so desirous of avoiding it, that they make no preparations on land—will *that* prevent it? Their partizans d—n the plantations, and ask if we are to involve ourselves in a war for them? Will that question weigh with planters and West Indians? I do not love to put our trust in a fleet only—however, we do not touch upon the Pretender; the late rebellion suppressed is a comfortable ingredient, at least, in a new war. You know I call this *the age of abortions:* who knows but the egg of this war may be addled?

Elections, very warm in their progress, very insignificant in their consequence, very tedious in their attendance, employ the Parliament solely. The King wants to go abroad, and consequently to have the Houses prorogued: the Oxfordshire election says *no* to him; the war says *no* to him: the town says we shall sit till June. Balls, masquerades, and diversions don't trouble their heads about the Parliament or the war: the righteous, who hate pleasures and love prophecies, (the most unpleasant things in the world, except their completion,) are finding out parallels between London and Niniveh, and other goodly cities of old, who went to operas and ridottos when the French were at their gates—yet, if Arlington-street were ten times more like to the most fashionable street in Tyre or Sidon, it should not alarm me: I took all my fears out in the rebellion; I was frightened enough

then; I will never have another panic. I would not indeed be so pedantic as to sit in St. James's market in an armed chair to receive the French, because the Roman Consuls received the Gauls in the forum. They shall be in Southwark before I pack up a single miniature.

The Duke of Dorset* goes no more to Ireland; Lord Hartington† is to be sent thither with the olive branch. Lord Rochford‡ is Groom of the Stole. Lord Poulet§ has resigned the Bedchamber on that preference, and my nephew|| and Lord Essex¶ are to be Lords of the Bedchamber. It is supposed that the Duke of Rutland** will be Master of the Horse, and the Dorset again Lord Steward. But all this will come to you as very antique news, if a whisper that your brother has heard to-day, be true, of your having taken a trip to Rome. If you are there when you receive this, pray make my Lady Pomfret's†† compliments to the statues in the Capitol, and inform them that she has purchased her late Lord's collection of

* Lionel Sackville first Duke of Dorset.

† William Marquis of Hartington, afterwards fourth Duke of Devonshire.

‡ William Henry Nassau Earl of Rochford.

§ Second Earl Poulet.

|| George Walpole third Earl of Orford.

¶ William Anne Holles Capel Earl of Essex.

** John Manners Duke of Rutland.

†† Henrietta Louisa Countess-dowager of Pomfret having quarrelled with her eldest son, who was ruined, and forced to sell the furniture of his seat at Easton Neston, bought his statues, which had been part of the Arundelian collection, and had been purchased by his grandfather.

statues and presented them to the University of Oxford. The present Earl her son is grown a speaker in the House of Lords, and makes comparisons between Julius Cæsar and the watchmen of Bristol, in the same style as he compared himself to *Cerberus, who, when he had one head cut off, three others sprang up in its room.* I shall go to-morrow to Dr. Meade's* sale, and ruin myself in bronzes and vases—but I will not give them to the University of Oxford. Adieu, my dear Sir Knight.

LETTER CCLXII.

Arlington-Street, April 22, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR brother and Mr. Chute have just left me in the design of writing to you—that is, I promised your brother I would, if I could make out a letter. I have waited these ten days, expecting to be able to send you a war at least, if not an invasion. For so long, we have been persuaded that an attempt would be made on Ireland; we have fetched almost all the troops from thence; and *therefore* we have just now ordered all the officers thither, and the new Lord Lieutenant is going, to see if he has any government left: *the old Lord Lieutenant of England* goes on Sunday, to see whether he has any Electorate left. Your brother says, he hears to-

* Dr. Richard Meade, a celebrated physician and virtuoso.

day that the French fleet are sailed for America: I doubt it; and that the New Englanders have been forming a secret expedition, and by this time have taken Cape Breton again, or something very considerable. I remember when the former account came of that conquest, I was stopped in my chariot, and told, "*Cape Breton* is taken." I thought the person said, "*Great Britain* is taken." "Oh," said I, "I am not at all surprised at that; drive on, coachman." If you should hear that the Pretender and the *Pretendée* have crossed over and figured in, shall you be much more surprised?

Mr. Chute and I have been motto-hunting* for you, but we have had no sport. The sentence that puns the best upon your name, and suits the best with your nature, is too old, too common, and belongs already to the Talbots, *Humani nihil alienum*. The motto that punning upon your name suits best with your public character, is the most heterogeneous to your private, *Homo Homini Lupus*—forgive my puns, I hate them; but it shows you how I have been puzzled, and how little I have succeeded.

If I could pity Stosch,† it would be for the edict by which Richcourt‡ incorporates his collection—but when he is too worthless to be pitied living, can one feel for a hardship that is not to happen to

* It was necessary for him to have a motto to his arms, as a Baronet.

† Baron Stosch, a great virtuoso and antiquary, settled at Florence.

‡ Count Richcourt, Prime Minister at Florence.

him till he is dead? How ready I should be to quarrel with the Count for such a law, if I was driving to Louis,* at the Palazzo Vecchio!

Adieu! my dear child; I am sensible that this is a very scrap of a letter; but unless the Kings of England and France will take more care to supply our correspondence, and not be so dilatory, is it my fault that I am so concise? Sure, if they knew how much postage they lost, by not supplying us with materials for letters, they would not mind flinging away eight or ten thousand men every fortnight.

LETTER CCLXIII.

Strawberry-Hill, June 15, 1755.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received your two letters relating to the Countess,† and wish you joy, since she will establish herself at Florence, that you are so well with her: but I could not help smiling at the goodness of your heart and your zeal for us: the moment she spared us, you gave *tête baissée* into all her histories against Mr. Shirley:‡ his friends say, that

* Louis Siriez, a French goldsmith at Florence, who sold curiosities, and lodged in the old palace at Florence.

† Margaret Rolle, widow of Robert Walpole second Earl of Orford; she lived for the greatest part of her life in Italy, and died there in 1781.

‡ Sewallis Shirley, son of an Earl of Ferrers, second husband of Lady Orford, from whom she was parted, as she had been from her first.

there was a little slight-of-hand in her securing the absolute possession of her own fortune; it was very prudent, at least, if not quite sentimental. You should be at least as little the dupe of her affection for her son;* the only proof of fondness she has ever given for him, has been expressing great concern at his wanting taste for Greek and Latin. Indeed, he has not much encouraged maternal yearnings in her: I should have thought him shocked at the chronicle of her life, if he ever felt any impressions. But to speak freely to you, my dear Sir, he is the most particular young man I ever saw. No man ever felt such a disposition to love another as mine to him: I flattered myself that he would restore some lustre to our house, at least, not let it totally sink; but I am forced to give him up and all my Walpole-views. I will describe him to you, if I can, but don't let it pass your lips. His figure is charming; he has more of the easy genuine air of a man of quality than ever you saw: though he has a little hesitation in his speech, his address and manner are the most engaging imaginable: he has a good breeding and attention when he is with you that is even flattering; you think he not only means to please, but designs to do everything that shall please you; he promises, offers everything one can wish—but this is all; the instant he leaves you, you, all the world, are nothing to him—he would not give himself the least trouble in the

* George third Earl of Orford.

world to give anybody the greatest satisfaction — yet this is mere indolence of mind, not of body; his whole pleasure is outrageous exercise. Everything he promises to please you, is to cheat the present moment, and hush any complaint—I mean of words; letters he never answers, not of business, not of his own business: engagements of no sort he ever keeps. He is the most selfish man in the world, without being the least interested: he loves nobody but himself, yet neglects every view of fortune and ambition. He has not only always slighted his mother, but was scarce decent to his rich old grandmother,* when she had not a year to live, and courted him to receive her favours. You will ask me what passions he has; none but of parade—he drinks without inclination—makes love without inclination; games without attention; is immeasurably obstinate, yet like obstinate people, governed as a child. In short, it is impossible not to love him when one sees him; impossible to esteem him when one thinks on him!

Mr. Chute has found you a very pretty motto; it alludes to the goats in your arms, and not a little to you; *per ardua stabilis.* All your friends approve it, and it is actually engraving.

You are not all more in the dark about the war, than we are even here: M'Namara has been re

* Mrs. Rolle, mother of Lady Orford, was married to John Harris, of Hayne, Esq. and had inherited a large fortune from her brother, Mr. Tuckfield.

turned some time to Brest with his fleet, having left the transports to be swallowed up by Boscawen, as we do not doubt but they will be. Great armaments continue to be making in all the ports of England and France, and as we expect next month accounts of great attempts made by our Colonies, we think war unavoidable, notwithstanding both nations are averse to it. The French have certainly overshot themselves; we took it upon a higher style than they expected, or than has been our custom. The spirit and expedition with which we have equipped so magnificent a navy has surprised them, and does exceeding honour to my Lord Anson, who has breathed new life into our affairs. The minister* himself has retained little or none of his brother's and of his own pusillanimity, and as the Duke† is got into the Regency, you may imagine our land-spirit will not be unquickened neither.

This is our situation; actual news there is none. All we hear from France is, that a new madness reigns there, as strong as that of *Pantins* was. This is *la fureur des cabriolets; Anglicè*, one-horse-chairs, a mode introduced by Mr. Child:‡ they not only universally go in them, but wear them; that is, every thing is to be *en cabriolet;* the men paint them on their waistcoats, and have them embroidered for clocks to their stockings; and the

* Thomas Holles Pelham Duke of Newcastle.

† William Duke of Cumberland, second son of George II.

‡ Josiah Child, brother of the Earl of Tilney.

women who have gone all the winter without any thing on their heads, are now muffled up in great caps, with round sides, in the form of, and scarce less than the wheels of chaises. Adieu! my dear Sir.

LETTER CCLXIV.

Strawberry-Hill, July 16, 1755.

Our correspondence will revive; the war is begun. I cannot refer you to the gazette, for it is so prudent and so afraid that Europe should say we began first, (and unless the gazette tell, how should Europe know?) that it tells nothing at all. The case was; Captain Howe* and Captain Andrews lay in a great fog that lasted near fifty hours within speech of three French ships and within sight of nine more. The commandant asked if it was war or peace? Howe replied he must wait for his admiral's signal, but advised the Frenchman to prepare for war. Immediately Boscawen† gave the signal, and Howe attacked. The French, who lost one hundred and thirty men to our thirteen, soon struck; we took one large ship, one inconsiderable, and seven thousand pounds: the third ship escaped in the fog. Boscawen detained the express ten days, in hopes of more success; but the rest of our

* Richard, afterwards Viscount Howe.

† Edward Boscawen, brother of Hugh second Viscount Falmouth.

new enemies are all got safe into the river of Louisbourg. This is a great disappointment! We expect a declaration of war with the first fair wind. Make the most of your friendship with Count Lorenzi,* while you may.

I have received the cargo of letters and give you many thanks; but have not yet seen Mr. Brand; having been in the country while he was in town.

Your brother has received and sent you a dozen double prints of my eagle, which I have had engraved. I could not expect that any drawing could give a full idea of the noble spirit of the head, or of the masterly tumble of the feathers: but I think upon the whole the plates are not ill done. Let me beg Dr. Cocchi† to accept one of each plate; the rest, my dear Sir, you will give away as you please.

Mr. Chute is such an idle wretch, that you will not wonder I am his secretary for a commission. At the Vine is the most heavenly chapel‡ in the world; it only wants a few pictures to give it a true Catholic air—we are so conscious of the goodness of our Protestantism, that we do not care how things look. If you can pick us up a tolerable Last Supper, or can have one copied tolerably and very

* A Florentine, but Minister of France to the Great Duke.

† A physician and author at Florence.

‡ At Mr. Chute's seat of the Vine, in Hampshire, is a chapel built by Lord Sandys of the Vine, Lord Chamberlain to Henry VIII. In the painted glass windows, which were taken at Boulogne in that reign, are portraits of Francis I., his Queen, and sister.

cheap, we will say many a Mass for the repose of your head-aches. The dimensions are, three feet eleven inches and three quarters wide; by, two feet eight inches and a half high. Take notice of two essential ingredients; it must be cheap, and the colouring must be very light, for it will hang directly under the window.

I beg you will nurse yourself up to great strength; consider what German generals and English commodores you are again going to have to govern! On my side, not a Pretender shall land, nor a rebellion be committed, but you shall have timely notice. Adieu!

LETTER CCLXV.

Mistley,* Aug. 21, 1755.

I SHALL laugh at you for taking so seriously what I said to you about my Lady O. Do you think, my dear Sir, that at this time I can want to learn your zeal for us? or can you imagine that I did not approve for your own sake your keeping fair terms with the Countess? If I do not much forget, I even recommended it to you—but let us talk no more of her; she has engrossed more paragraphs in our letters than she deserves.

I promised you a brisk war: we have done our part, but can I help it, if the French will not de-

* Seat of Richard Rigby, Esq. in Essex.

clare it?—if they are backward, and cautious, and timorous; if they are afraid of provoking too far so great a power as England, who threatens the liberties of Europe?—I laugh, but how not to laugh at such a world as this? Do you remember the language of last war? What were our apprehensions? Nay, at the conclusion of the peace, nothing was laid down for a maxim but the impossibility of our engaging in another war: that our national debt was at its *ne plus ultra;* and that on the very next discussion France must swallow us up! Now we are all insolent, alert, and triumphant: nay, the French talk of nothing but guarding against our piracies, and travel Europe to give the alarm against such an overbearing power as we are. On their coasts they are alarmed—I mean the common people; I scarce believe that they who know any thing, are in real dread of invasion from us! Whatever be the reason, they don't declare war: some think they wait for the arrival of their Martinico fleet—You will ask why we should not attack that too? They tell one that if we began hostilities in Europe, Spain would join the French. Some believe that the latter are not ready: certain it is, Mirepoix* gave them no notice nor suspicion of our flippancy; and he is rather under a cloud—indeed this has much undeceived me in one point: I took him for the *ostensible* Minister; but little thought that they had not some secret agent of

* Marquis de Mirepoix, Ambassador from France.

better head, some priest, some Scotch, or Irish Papist—or perhaps some English Protestant, to give them better intelligence.

But don't you begin to be impatient for the events of all our West Indian expeditions? The Duke,* who is now the soul of the Regency, and who on all hands is allowed to make a great figure there, is much dissatisfied at the slowness of General Braddock, who does not march as if he was at all impatient to be scalped. It is said for him, that he has had bad guides, that the roads are exceedingly difficult, and that it was necessary to drag as much artillery as he does. This is not the first time, as witness in Hawley,† that the Duke has found, that brutality did not necessarily consummate a general. I love to give you an idea of our characters as they rise upon the stage of history. Braddock is a very Iroquois in disposition. He had a sister, who having gamed away all her little fortune at Bath, hanged herself with a truly English deliberation, leaving only a note upon the table with those lines "To die is landing on some silent shore, &c." When Braddock was told of it, he only said, "Poor Fanny! I always thought she would play till she would be forced *to tuck herself up.*" But a more ridiculous story of him, and

* Duke of Cumberland.

† General Hawley, (who behaved with great cruelty and brutality in the Scotch Rebellion, which did not however prevent his being beaten by the rebels.—D.)

which is recorded in heroics by Fielding in his Covent-Garden tragedy, was an amorous discussion he had formerly with a Mrs. Upton, who kept him. He had gone the greatest lengths with her pin-money, and was still craving. One day that he was very pressing, she pulled out her purse and showed him that she had but twelve or fourteen shillings left; he twitched it from her, "Let me see that." Tied up at the other end he found five guineas; he took them, tossed the empty purse in her face, saying, "Did you mean to cheat me?" and never went near her more:—now you are acquainted with General Braddock.

We have some royal negotiations proceeding in Germany, which are not likely to give quite so much satisfaction to the Parliament of next winter, as our French triumphs give to the City, where nothing is so popular as the Duke of Newcastle. There is a certain Hessian treaty, said to be eighteen years long, which is arrived,—at the Treasury, Legge* refused peremptorily to sign it—you did not expect patriotism from thence! It will not make *him* popular; there is not a mob in England now capable of being the dupe of patriotism; the late body of that denomination have really so discredited it, that a Minister must go great lengths indeed before the people would dread him half so much as a patriot! On the contrary, I believe nothing would make any man so popular or

* Henry Bilson Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

conciliate so much affection to his Ministry, as to assure the people that he never had nor ever would pretend to love his country. Legge has been frowned upon by the Duke of Newcastle ever since he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer by him, and would have been turned out long ago if Sir George Lee* would have accepted the post.

I am sorry that just when Tuscany is at war with Algiers, your countrymen should lie under the odour of piracy too; it will give Richcourt opportunities of saying very severe things to you!—Barbarossa our Dey is not returned yet—we fear he is going to set his grandson† up in a seraglio; and as we have not, among other Mahometan customs, copied the use of the bowstring for repressing the luxuriancy of the royal branches, we shall be quite overrun with young Sultans! Adieu!

LETTER CCLXVI.

Arlington-Street, Aug. 28, 1755.

My last letter to you could not be got out of England, before I might have added a melancholy supplement. Accounts of a total defeat of Braddock and his forces are arrived from America: the purport is, that the General having arrived within

* Sir George Lee, a civilian, attached to the late Prince of Wales.

† The King had a mind to marry the Prince of Wales to a Princes of Brunswick.

a few miles of Fort du Quesne, (I hope you are perfect in your American geography?) sent an advanced party, under Lord Gage's brother: they were fired upon, invisibly, as they entered a wood; Braddock heard guns, and sent another party to support the former; but the first fell back in confusion on the second, and the second on the main body. The whole was in disorder, and it is said, the General himself, though exceedingly brave, did not retain all the *sang froid* that was necessary. The common soldiers in general fled; the officers stood heroically and were massacred: our Indians were not surprised, and behaved gallantly. The General had five horses shot under him, no bad symptoms of his spirit, and at last was brought off by two Americans, no English daring, though Captain Orme,* his aid-de-camp, who is wounded too, and has made some noise here by an affair of gallantry, offered sixty guineas to have him conveyed away. We have lost twenty-six officers, besides many wounded, and ten pieces of artillery. Braddock lived four days, in great torment. What makes the rout more shameful is, that instead of a great pursuit, and a barbarous massacre by the Indians, which is always to be feared in these rencontres, not a black or white soul followed our troops, but we had leisure two days afterwards to fetch off our dead. In short our American laurels

* He married the sister of George Lord Townshend, without the consent of her family.

are strangely blighted! We intended to be in great alarms for Carolina and Virginia, but the small number of our enemies has reduced this affair to a panic. We pretend to be comforted on the French deserting Fort St. John, and on the hopes we have from two other expeditions which are on foot in that part of the world—but it is a great drawback on English heroism! I pity you who represent the very flower of British courage ingrafted on a Brunswick stock!

I have already given you some account of Braddock; I may complete the poor man's history in a few more words: he once had a duel with Colonel Gumley, Lady Bath's* brother, who had been his great friend: as they were going to engage, Gumley, who had good humour and wit, (Braddock had the latter) said, "Braddock, you are a poor dog! here take my purse; if you kill me, you will be forced to run away, and then you will not have a shilling to support you." Braddock refused the purse, insisted on the duel, was disarmed, and would not even ask his life. However, with all his brutality, he has lately been Governor of Gibraltar, where he made himself adored, and where scarce any Governor was endured before. Adieu! Pray don't let any detachment from Pannoni's† be sent against us—we should run away!

* Elizabeth Gumley, wife of William Pulteny, Earl of Bath.

† Pannoni's coffee-house of the Florentine nobility, not famous for thei courage of late.

LETTER CCLXVII.

Arlington-Street, Sept. 29, 1755.

It is not I that am perjured for not writing to you oftener, as I promised; the war is forsworn. We do all we can; we take, from men-of-war and Domingo-men, down to colliers and cock-boats, and from California into the very Bay of Calais. The French have taken but one ship from us, the Blandford, and that they have restored—but I don't like this drowsy civil lion; it will put out a talon and give us a cursed scratch before we are aware. Monsieur de Seychelles, who grows into power, is labouring at their finances and marine: they have struck off their *sous-fermiers*, and by a reform in what they call the King's pleasures, have already saved 1200,000*l.* sterling a year. Don't go and imagine that 1200,000*l.* was all sunk in the gulph of Madame Pompadour, or even in suppers and hunting; under the word the King's pleasures, they really comprehended his civil list; and in that light I don't know why our civil list might not be called *another King's pleasures** too, though it is not all entirely squandered. In short, the single article of coffee for the Mesdames† amounted to 3000*l.* sterling a year—to what must their rouge have amounted?—but it is high time to tell you of other wars, than the old story of

* Alluding to the King's love of money.

† The daughters of Louis the Fifteenth.—D.

France and England. You must know, not in your ministerial capacity, for I suppose that is directed by such old geographers as Sanson and de Lisle, who imagined that Herenhausen was a town in Germany, but according to the latest discoveries there is such a county in England as Hanover, which lying very much exposed to the incursions of the French and Prussians (the latter are certain hussars in the French army) it has been thought necessary to hire Russians, and Hessians, and all the troops that lie nearest to the aforesaid weak part of Great Britain called Hanover, in order to cover this frontier from any invasion. The expedience of this measure was obvious; yet many people who could not get over the prejudice of education, or who having got over those prejudices have for certain reasons returned to them; these Ptolemaic geographers will not be persuaded that there is any such county in England as Hanover, and not finding it in their old maps, or having burnt their new ones in a passion—(Mr. Legge indeed tore his at the very Treasury board the day that the warrant for the Hessian Subsidy came thither)—they determined that England had no occasion for these mercenaries. Besides Legge, the Duke of Devonshire, the Speaker,* Sir George Lee, and one Mr. William Pitt, a man formerly remarkable for disputing the new geography, declared strongly against the system of treaties. Copernicus no

* Arthur Onslow.

sooner returned from Germany, than the Duke of Newcastle, who had taken the alarm, frightened him out of his wits. In short, they found that they should have no Professor to defend the new system in Parliament. Everybody was tried—when everybody had refused, and the Duke of Newcastle was ready to throw up the cards, he determined to try Fox,* who, by the mediation of Lord Granville, has accepted the Seals, is to be Secretary of State, is to have the conduct of the House of Commons, and is, I think—very soon to be first Minister—or what one has known happen to some who of very late years have joined to support a tottering Administration, is to be ruined. Indeed he seems sensible of the alternative, professes no cordiality to Duke Trinculo, who is Vice-Roy over him, but is listing Bedfords, and whoever will list with him, as fast as he can. One who has been his predecessor in suffering by such an alliance, my Lord Chesterfield,† told him, "Well, the Duke of Newcastle has turned out everybody else, and now he has turned out himself." Sir Thomas Robinson‡ is to return to the great wardrobe, with an additional pension on Ireland of 2000*l.* a year. This is turning a cypher into figures indeed! Lord Barrington is to be Secretary at War. This change however is not to

* Henry Fox, brother of the Earl of Ilchester, and afterwards created Lord Holland.

† Philip Stanhope Earl of Chesterfield.

‡ Sir T. Robinson, afterwards Lord Grantham.

take place till after the Parliament is met, which is not till the 13th of next month, because Mr. Fox is to preside at the Cock-pit the night before the House opens. How Mr. Legge will take this deposition is not known. He has determined not to resign, but to be turned out; I should think this would satisfy his scruples, even if he had made a vow against resigning.

As England grows turbulent again, Ireland grows calm again. Mr. Conway,* who is gone thither Secretary to Lord Hartington, has with great prudence and skill, pacified that kingdom: you may imagine that I am not a little happy at his acquiring renown. The Primate† is to be the peace-offering.

If there were any private news, as there are none, I could not possibly to-day step out of my high historical pantoufles to tell it you. Adieu! You know I don't dislike to see the Kings and Queens and *Knaves* of this world shuffled backwards and forwards; consequently I look on, very well amused, and very indifferent whatever is trumps!

* Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Francis Earl of Hertford.
† Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh.

LETTER CCLXVIII.

Strawberry-Hill, Oct. 27, 1755.

WHEN the newspapers swarm with our military preparations at home, with encampments, fire-ships, floating castles at the mouths of the great rivers, &c. in short, when we expect an invasion, you would chide, or be disposed to chide me, if I were quite silent—and yet, what can I tell you more, than that an invasion is threatened? that sixteen thousand men are about Dunkirk, and that they are assembling great quantities of flat-bottomed boats! Perhaps they will attempt some landing; they are certainly full of resentment; they broke the peace, took our forts and built others on our boundaries; we did not bear it patiently; we retook two forts, attacked or have been going to attack others, and have taken vast numbers of their ships: this is the state of the provocation—what is more provoking, for once we have not sent twenty or thirty thousand men to Flanders on whom they might vent their revenge. Well! then they must come here, and perhaps invite the Pretender to be of the party; not in a very popular light for him, to be brought by the French in revenge of a national war. You will ask me, if we are alarmed? The people not at all so: a minister or two, who are subject to alarms, are—and that is no bad circumstance. We are as much an island as ever, and I think a much less exposed

one than we have been for many years. Our fleet is vast; our army at home, and ready, and two-thirds stronger than when we were threatened in 1744; the season has been the wettest that ever has been known, consequently the roads not very invadeable; and there is the additional little circumstance of the late rebellion defeated; I believe I may reckon too, Marshal Saxe* dead. You see our situation is not desperate: in short, we escaped in 44, and when the rebels were at Derby in 45; we must have bad luck indeed, if we fall now!

Our Parliament meets in a fortnight; if no French come, our campaign there will be warm; nay, and uncommon, the opposition will be chiefly composed of men in place. You know we always refine; it used to be an imputation on our Senators, that they opposed to get places. They now oppose to get better places! We are a comical nation (I speak with all due regard to our gravity!)—it were a pity we should be destroyed, if it were only for the sake of posterity; we shall not be half so droll, if we are either a province to France, or under an absolute Prince of our own.

I am sorry you are losing my Lord Corke;† you must balance the loss with that of Miss P.‡ who is

* The Marshal de Saxe was dead since the 30th of Nov. 1750.—D.

† Earl of Corke and Orrery, author of a translation of Pliny's Letters, Life of Swift, &c.

‡ Elizabeth Pitt, sister of the famous Lord Chatham. She had been Maid of Honour to Augusta Princess of Wales, then lived openly with Lord Talbot as his mistress: went to Italy, turned Catholic, and mar-

a dangerous inmate. You ask me if I have seen Lord Northumberland's Triumph of Bacchus;* I have not; you know I never approved the thought of those copies, and have adjourned my curiosity till the gallery is thrown open with the first masquerade. Adieu! my dear Sir.

LETTER CCLXIX.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 16, 1755.

I HAVE received a letter from you of Oct. 25th, full of expectation of the invasion I announced to you—but we have got two new parties erected, and if you imagine that the invasion is attended to, any more than as it is played off by both those parties, you know little of England. The Parliament met three days ago; we have been so un-English lately as to have no parties at all, have now got what never was seen before, an Opposition in Administration. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Legge, and their adherents, no great number, have declared open and unrelenting war with the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox, and on the Address, which hinted approbation of the late treaties, and promised direct support of Hanover, we sat till five the next morning.

ried, came back, wrote against her brother, and a trifling pamphlet recommending magazines of corn, and called herself Clara Villiers Pitt.

* Hugh, Earl and afterwards Duke of Northumberland, bespoke at a great price five copies of capital pictures in Italy, by Mentz, Pompeo Battoni, &c. for his gallery at Northumberland-house, in the Strand.

If eloquence could convince, Mr. Pitt would have had more than 105 against 311; but it is long since the arts of persuasion were artful enough to persuade—rhetoric was invented before places and commissions! The expectation of the world is suspended, to see whether these gentlemen will resign or be dismissed: perhaps neither; perhaps they may continue in place and opposition; perhaps they may continue in place and not oppose. Bossuet wrote *L'Histoire des Variations de l'Eglise*—I think I could make as entertaining a history, though not so well written, *Des Variations de l'Etât:* I mean of changes and counterchanges of party. The Duke of Newcastle thought himself undone, beat up all quarters for support, and finds himself stronger than ever. Mr. Fox was thought so unpopular, that his support was thought as dangerous as want of defence; everything bows to him. The Tories hate both him and Pitt so much, that they sit still to see them worry one another: they don't seem to have yet found out that while there are parts and ambition, they will be obliged to follow and to hate by turns every man who has both.

I don't at all understand my Lady O.'s politics; but that is no wonder, when I am sure she does not understand our's. Nobody knows what to make of the French inactivity: if they intend some great stroke, the very delay and forbearance tells us to prepare for it, and a surprise prepared for,

loses much of its value. For my own part, I have not prophetic sagacity enough to foresee what will be even the probable event either of our warlike or domestic politics. I desired your brother to write you an account of General Johnson's* victory; the only great circumstance in our favour that has happened yet. The greatest mystery of all is the conduct of Admiral Boscawen; since he left England, though they write private letters to their friends, he and all his officers have not sent a single line to the Admiralty; after great pain and uncertainty about him, a notion prevailed yesterday, how well-founded I know not, that without any orders he is gone to attack Louisbourgh—considering all I have mentioned, he ought to be very sure of success. Adieu! my dear Sir, I have told you the heads of all I know, and have not time to be more particular.

P. S. I am glad to be able to contradict an untruth, before I send it away: Admiral Boscawen and his fleet are arrived, and have brought along with them a French man-of-war of 74 guns.

LETTER CCLXX.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 4, 1755.

Long before you receive this, my dear Sir, you will have learned general, if not particular accounts

* Afterwards Sir William Johnson, an American.

of the dreadful desolation at Lisbon:* the particulars indeed are not yet come hither; all we have heard hitherto is from France and from Sir Benjamin Keene, at Madrid. The catastrophe is greater than ever happened even in your neighbourhood, Naples. Our share is very considerable, and by some reckoned at four millions. We are dispatching a ship with a present of an hundred thousand pounds in provisions and necessaries, for they want everything. There have been Kings of Spain who would have profited of such a calamity; but the present monarch has only acted as if he had a title to Portugal, by showing himself a father to that people.†

We are settled, politically, into a regular opposition. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Legge, and George Grenville, have received their dismissions, and oppose regularly. Sir George Lyttelton, who last year broke with that connection, is made Chancellor of the Exchequer. As the subsidies are not yet voted, and as the Opposition, though weak in numbers, are very strong in speakers, no other places will be given away till Christmas, that the re-elections may be made in the holidays.

There are flying reports that General Johnson, our only hero at present, has taken Crown-point; but the report is entirely unconfirmed by any good authority. The invasion that I announced to you,

* The great earthquake, which laid waste that city.—D.

† The Spanish monarch did not long preserve that spirit of justice.

is very equivocal; there is some suspicion, that it was only called in as an ally to the subsidiary treaties: many that come from France say, that on their coasts they are dreading an invasion from us. Nothing is certain but their forbearance and good-breeding—the meaning of that is very uncertain.

Shall I send away a letter with only these three paragraphs! I must, if I write at all. There are no private news at all; the earthquake, the Opposition, and the war, are the only topics; each of those topics will be very fruitful, and you shall hear of their offspring—at present, good night!

LETTER CCLXXI.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 21, 1755.

I AM glad, my dear Sir, that you have not wasted many alarms on the invasion; it does not seem to have been ever intended by the French. Our Ministers, who are not apt to have any intelligence, have now only had bad; they spread the idea; it took for some days, but is vanished. I believe we tremble more really for Hanover; I can't say I do; for while we have that to tremble for, we shall always be to tremble. Great expectations of a peace prevail; as it is not likely to be good, it is not a season for venturing a bad one. The Opposition, though not numerous, is now composed of very determined, and very great men; more united than

the ministry, and at least as able. The resistance to the treaties has been made with immense capacity: Mr. Pitt has shone beyond the greatest horizon of his former lustre. The holidays are arrived, and now the changes are making; but many of the recruits, old deserters, old cashiered, old fagots, add very little credit to the new coalition! The Duke of Newcastle and his coadjutor Mr. Fox, squabble twice for agreeing once—as I wish so well to the latter, I lament what he must wade through to real power—if ever he should arrive there. Underneath I shall catalogue the alterations, with an additional letter to each name, to particularize the corps to which each belongs.

Sir George Lyttelton, N.	Chancellor of the Exchequer.	In the room of Mr. Legge, dismissed.
Duke of Leeds, N.	Cofferer.	Sir George Lyttelton.
Mr. T. Brudenell, N.	Deputy.	Mr. Clare.
Mr. Doddington, F.	Treasurer of the Navy.	Mr. G. Grenville, dismissed.
Lords Darlington N. and Duplin, N.	Joint Paymasters.	Mr. Pitt, dismissed.
Duke of Marlborough, F.	Master of the Ordnance.	Long vacant.
Earl Gower, F.	Lord Privy Seal.	Duke of Marlborough.
Lord Gage, N.	Paymaster of Pensions.	Mr. Compton, dead.
Mr. Obrien, N. Mr. Henry Furnese,	Lords of the Treasury.	Lord Darlington. Lord Duplin.
Lord Bateman, F. Mr. Edgcumbe, F.	Lords of the Admiralty	Mr. C. Townshend, dismissed. Mr. Ellis.
Judge Talbot Mr. S. Jennings, N. Mr. Rigby, F.	Lords of Trade.	Mr. J. Grenville, resigd. Mr. T. Pitt, dismissed. Mr. Edgcumbe.
Mr. Arundel, N.	Pension on Ireland.	
Lord Hilsborough, F.	Treasurer of Chambers.	Mr. Arundel.

Lord Hobart, N.	Comptroller of the Household.	Lord Hilsborough.
Mr. George Selwyn, F.	Paymaster of the Board of Works.	Mr. Denzil Onslow.
Lord Cholmondeley,	who had half before.	Sir W. Yonge, deceased.
Lord Sandwich, F.	To divide Vice-Treasurer of Ireland.	
Mr. Ellis, F.		
Lord Berkeley of Stratton, F.	Treasurer of the Household.	Lord Fitzwalter, dying.
Lord Sandys, N.	Chief Justice in Eyre.	Duke of Leeds.

As numerous as these changes are, they are not so extraordinary as the number of times that each designation has been changed. The four last have not yet kissed hands, so I do not give you them for certain. You will smile at seeing Doddington again revolved to the Court, and Lord Sandys and Harry Furnese, two of the most ridiculous objects in the succession to my father's ministry, again dragged out upon the stage: perhaps it may not give you too high an idea of the stability or dignity of the new arrangement; but as the Duke of Newcastle has so often turned in and out all men in England, he *must* employ some of the same dupes over again. In short, I don't know whether all this will make your ministerial gravity smile, but it makes me laugh out. Adieu!

P. S. I must mention the case of my Lord Fitzwalter,* which all the faculty say exceeds anything

* Charles Mildmay Earl Fitzwalter, so created May 14, 1730. He died without issue, Feb. 29, 1756, when his Earldom became extinct; and the old Barony of Fitzwalter fell into abeyance among females.—D.

known in their practice: he is past eighty-four, was an old beau, and had scarce ever more sense than he has at present; he has lived many months upon fourteen barrels of oysters, four-and-twenty bottles of port, and some, I think seven, bottles of brandy per week. What will Dr. Cocchi,* with his Vitto Pittagorico, say to this?

LETTER CCLXXII.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 25, 1756.

I AM troubled to think what anxiety you have undergone! yet your brother Gal.† assures me that he has never missed writing one week since he began to be ill. Indeed, had I in the least foreseen that his disorder would have lasted a quarter of the time it has, I should have given you an account of it; but the distance between us is so great, that I could not endure to make you begin to be uneasy, when, in all probability, the cause would be removed before my letter reached you. This tenderness for you has deceived me: your brother, as his complaint is of the asthmatic kind, has continued all the time at Richmond. Our attendance in Parliament has been so unrelaxed, the weather has been so bad, and the roads so impracticable by astonishing and continued deluges of rain, that, as

* A learned physician and author, at Florence, who wrote a book with that title recommending abstinence.

† Galfridus, twin-brother of Sir Horace Mann.

I heard from him constantly three or four times a week, and saw your brother James, who went to him every week, I went to see him but twice; and the last time, about a fortnight ago, I thought him extremely mended: he wrote me two very comfortable notes this week of his mending, and this morning Mr. Chute and I went to see him, and to scold him for not having writ oftener to you, which he protests he has done constantly. I cannot flatter you, my dear child, so much as to say I think him mended; his shortness of breath continues to be very uneasy to him, and his long confinement has wasted him a good deal. I fear his case is more consumptive than asthmatic; he begins a course of quicksilver to-morrow for the obstruction in his breast. I shall go to him again the day after to-morrow, and pray as fervently as you yourself do, my dear Sir, for his recovery. You have not more obligations to him, nor adore him more than I do. As my tenderness and friendship is so strong for you both, you may depend on hearing from me constantly; but a declining constitution, you know, will not admit of very rapid recovery. Though he is fallen away, he looks well in the face, and his eyes are very lively: the weather is very warm, he wants no advice, and I assure you no solicitude for his health; no man ever was so beloved, and so deservedly! Besides Dr. Baker, the physician of Richmond, who is much esteemed, he has consulted Dr. Pringle, who is in the first

repute, and who is strongly for the quicksilver. I enter into these particulars, because, when one is anxious, one loves to know the most minute. Nothing is capable of making me so happy, as being able soon to send you a better account.

Our politics wear a serener face than they have done of late: you will have heard that our nephew of Prussia—I was going to say, has asked blessing—begging our dignity's pardon, I fear he has given blessing! In short, he guarantees the empire with us from all foreign troops. It is pleasant to think, that at least we shall be to fight for ourselves. Fight we must, France says; but when she said so last, she knew nothing of our cordiality with the court of Berlin. Monsieur Rouillè very lately wrote to Mr. Fox, by the way of Monsieur Bonac in Holland, to say his master ordered the accompanying Memoire to be transmitted to his Britannic Majesty in person; it is addressed to nobody, but after professing great disposition to peace, and complaining in harsh terms of our *brigandages* and *pirateries*, it says, that if we will restore their ships, goods, &c. they shall *then* be ready to treat. We have returned a squab answer, retorting the infraction of treaties, professing a desire of peace too, but declare we cannot determine upon restitution *comme préliminaire*. If we do not, the Memoire says, they shall look upon it *comme déclaration de guerre la plus authentique*. Yet, in my own opinion, they will not declare it; especially

since the King of Prussia has been Russianed out of their alliance. They will probably attempt some stroke; I think not succeed in it, and then lie by for an opportunity when they shall be stronger. They can only go to Holland, attempt these islands, or some great *coup* in America. Holland they may swallow when they will; yet, why should they, when we don't attempt to hinder them; and it would be madness if we did. For coming hither, our fleet is superior; say, but equal: our army and preparations greater than ever—if an invasion were still easy, should we be yet to conquer, when we have been so long much more exposed? In America we are much stronger than they, and have still more chances of preventing their performing any action of consequence.

The Opposition is nibbling, but is not popular, nor have yet got hold of any clue of consequence. There is not the vivacity that broke forth before the holidays.

I condole with you for Madame Antinori,* and Madame Grifoni; but I know, my dear child, how much too seriously your mind will be occupied about your dear brother, to think that romantic grief will any longer disquiet you. Pray Heaven! I may send you better and better news. Adieu!

P. S. I forgot to thank you for your history of the war with Lucca in your last but one.

* A Florentine lady, whom Sir Horace admired, and who was just dead: she was sister of Madame Grifoni.

LETTER CCLXXIII.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 5, 1756.

I THINK I can give you a little better account of your brother, who is so dear to both of us; I put myself on a foot with you, for nothing can love him better than I do. I have been a week at Strawberry-hill, in order to watch and see him every day. The Duke's physician, Dr. Pringle, who now attends him, has certainly relieved him much: his cough is in a manner gone, his fever much abated, his breath better. His strength is not yet increased, and his stitches, which they impute to wind, are not removed. But both his physicians swear that his lungs are not touched. His worst symptom is what they cannot, but *I* must and will remove: in short, his wife is killing him, I can scarce say slowly. Her temper is beyond imagination, her avarice monstrous, her madness about what she calls cleanliness, to a degree of distraction; if I had not first, and then made your brother Ned interpose in form, she would once or twice a week have the very closet *washed* in which your brother sleeps after dinner. It is certainly very impertinent to interfere in so delicate a case, but your brother's life makes me blind to every consideration: in short, we have made Dr. Pringle declare that the moment the weather is a little warmer, and he can be moved, change of air is absolutely necessary, and I am to take him to

Strawberry-hill, where you may imagine he will neither be teazed nor neglected: the physicians are strong for his going abroad, but I find that will be a very difficult point to carry even with himself. His affairs are so extensive, that as yet he will not hear of leaving them. Then the exclusion of correspondence by the war with France would be another great objection with him to going thither; and to send him to Naples by sea, if we could persuade him, would hardly be advisable in the heat of such hostilities. I think by this account you will judge perfectly of your brother's situation: you may depend upon it, it is not desperate, and yet it is what makes me very unhappy. Dr. Pringle says that in his life he never knew a person for whom so many people were concerned. I go to him again to-morrow.

The war is reckoned inevitable, nay begun, though France does not proceed to a formal declaration, but contents herself with Monsieur Rouillè's conditional declaration. All intercourse is stopped. We, who two months ago were in terrors about a war on the Continent, are now more frightened about having it at home. Hessians and Dutch are said to be, and I believe, are sent for. I have known the time when we were much less prepared and much less alarmed. Lord Ravensworth moved yesterday to send *par préférence* for Hanoverians, but nobody seconded him. The Opposition cavil, but are not strong enough to be said to oppose. This is exactly our situation.

I must beg, my dear Sir, that you will do a little for my sake, what I know and hear you have already done from natural goodness. Mr. Dick, the Consul at Leghorn, is particularly attached to my old and great friend Lady Harry Beauclerc, whom you have often heard me mention; she was Miss Lovelace: it will please me vastly if you will throw in a few civilities more at my request.

Adieu! Pray for your brother: I need not say talk him over and over with Dr. Cocchi, and hope the best of the war.

LETTER CCLXXIV.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 23, 1756.

I can tell you with as much truth as pleasure that your brother assuredly mends, and that his physician, Dr. Pringle, who is the Duke's, has told his Royal Highness, who expresses great concern, that he now will live. He goes out to take the air every day; that is not very bad: Mr. Chute and I went to see him yesterday, and saw a real and satisfactory alteration. I don't say this to flatter you; on the contrary I must bid you, my dear child, not be too sanguine, for Dr. Cocchi will tell you that there is nothing more fallacious than a consumptive case; don't mistake me, it is not a consumption, though it is a consumptive disposition. His spirits are evidently better.

You will have heard, before you receive this, that

the King of France and Madame Pompadour are gone into devotion. Some say, that D'Argenson, finding how much her inclinations for peace with us fell in with the monarch's humanity, (and which indeed is the only rational account one can give of their inactivity,) employed the Cardinal de la Rochefoucault and the Confessor to threaten the most Christian King with an earthquake if he did not communicate at Easter; and that his Majesty accordingly made over his mistress to his wife, by appointing the former *Dame du palais:* others, who refine more, pretend that Madame Pompadour, perceiving how much the King's disposition veered to devotion, artfully took the turn of humouring it, desired to be only his soul's concubine, and actually sent to ask pardon of her husband, and to offer to return to him, from which he begged to be excused—the point in dispute is whether she has or has not left off rouge. In our present hostile state we cannot arrive at any certainty on this important question; though our fate seems to depend on it!

We have had nothing in Parliament but most tedious and long debates on a West Indian regiment, to be partly composed of Swiss and Germans settled in Pennsylvania, with some Dutch officers. The Opposition neither increase in numbers or eloquence; the want of the former seems to have damped the fire of the latter. The reigning fashion is expectation of an invasion; I can't say I am

fashionable; nor do I expect the earthquake, though they say it is *landed* at Dover.

The most curious history that I have to tell you, is a malicious, pretty successful, and yet most clumsy plot executed by the Papists, in which number you will not be surprised at my including some Protestant divines, against the famous Bower,* author of the History of the Popes. Rumours were spread of his being discovered in correspondence with the Jesuits; some even said the correspondence was treasonable, and that he was actually in the hands of a messenger. I went to Sir George Lyttelton, his great friend, to learn the truth; he told me the story: that Sir Harry Bedingfield, whom I know for a most bigoted Papist in Norfolk, pretended to have six letters from Bower (signed A. B.) in his hands, addressed to one Father Sheldon, a Jesuit, under another name, in which A. B. affected great contrition and desires of reconciliation to that church, lamenting his living in fornication with a woman, by whom he had a child, and from whom he had got fifteen hundred pounds, which he had put into Sheldon's hands, and which he affirmed he must have again if he broke off the commerce, for that the woman insisted on having either him or her money; and offering all manner of submission to holy church, and to be sent wher-

* Bower was a man of very bad character, and it is now generally believed that he intended to cheat the Jesuits out of a sum of money. —D.

ever she should please; for *non mea voluntas sed tua fiat*:—the last letter grieved at not being able to get his money, and to be forced to continue in sin, and concluding with telling the Jesuit that something would happen soon which would put an end to their correspondence—this is supposed to allude to his history. The similitude of hands is very great—but you know how little that can weigh! I know that Mr. Conway and my Lady Ailesbury write so alike, that I never receive a letter from either of them that I am not forced to look at the name to see from which it comes; the only difference is that she writes legibly and he does not. These letters were shown about privately, and with injunctions of secrecy: it seems Hooke, the Roman historian, a convert to Popery, and who governs my Lord Bath and that family, is deep in this plot. At last it got to the ears of Dr. Birch, a zealous but simple man, and of Millar the bookseller, angry at Bower for not being his printer—they trumpeted the story all over the town. Lord Pultney was one who told it me, and added, "a popish gentleman and an English clergyman* are upon the scent;" he told me Sir H. Bedingfield's name, but would not the clergyman's. I replied, then your Lordship must give me leave to say, as I don't know his name, that I suppose our Doctor

* Dr. Douglas, an intimate friend of Lord Bath, (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. He had detected sundry errors in Bower's Lives of the Popes.—D.)

is as angry as Sir Harry at Bower for having written against the church of Rome. Sir G. Lyttelton went to Sir Harry, and demanded to see the letters, and asked for copies, which were promised. He soon observed twenty falsehoods and inconsistencies, particularly the mention of a patent for a place, which Sir George obtained for him, but never thought of asking till a year and a-half after the date of this letter; to say nothing of the inconsistence of his taking a place as a Protestant, at the same time he was offering to go whithersoever the Jesuits would send him; and the still more glaring improbability of his risking himself again under their power! Sir George desired the woman might be produced—Sir Harry shuffled, and at last said he believed it was a lie of Bower. When he was beaten out of every point, he said he would put it on this single fact, "Ask Mr. Bower if he was not reconciled to the Church of Rome in the year 44." The whole foundation proves to be this; Bower, who is a very child in worldly matters, was weak enough, for good interest, to put fifteen hundred pounds into the hands of one Brown a Jesuit here in London, and from that correspondence they have forged his hand; and finding the minds of men alarmed and foolish about the invasion and the earthquake, they thought the train would take like wildfire. I told Bower, that though this trusting a Jesuit did great honour to his simplicity, yet it certainly did none to his judgment. Sir George

begged I would advise them what to do—they were afraid to enter into a controversy, which Hooke might manage. I told him at once that their best way would be to advertise a great reward for discovery of the forgery, and to communicate their intention to Sir H. Bedingfield. Sir George was pleased with the thought—and indeed it succeeded beyond expectation. Sir Harry sent word that he approved the investigation of truth, be the persons concerned of what profession they would; that he was obliged to go out of town next day for his health, but hoped at his return Sir George would give him leave to cultivate an acquaintance which this *little affair* had renewed. Sir George answered with great propriety and spirit, that he should be very proud of his acquaintance, but must beg leave to differ with him in calling *a little affair* what tended to murder a man's character, but he was glad to see that it was the best way that Rome had of answering Mr. Bower's book. You see, Sir Harry is forced to let the forgery rest on himself, rather than put a Chancellor of the Exchequer upon the scent after priests! He has even hesitated upon giving Bower copies of the letters.

Since I began my letter, we hear that France is determined to try a numerous invasion in several places in England and Ireland, *coute qui coute*, and knowing how difficult it is. We are well prepared and strong; they have given us time. If it were easy to invade us, we should not have waited for

an attack till the year 1756. I hope to give you a good account both of England and your brother. Adieu!

LETTER CCLXXV.

Arlington Street, March 18, 1756.

I AM not surprised to find by your letters of 21st and 28th of February how much you have been alarmed for your brother. You have not felt more than I have: but I have the satisfaction of seeing him mend, while you undergo the terrible suspense of waiting for posts. He has been much pulled back by the operation of his quicksilver, which flung him into a severe looseness and kind of salivation; it weakened him much and kept him from the air; but it brought off a great load of black stuff from his stomach, and his spirits are exceedingly better. He is to go to the bath as soon as he is able. Would to heaven I could prevail for his going to Italy, but he will not listen to it. You may be confident that I do not stop at mere decency in checking his domestic torment—it is terrible; but when I saw him in so much danger, I kept no measures—I went lengths that would be inexcusable in any other situation. No description can paint the madness, (and when I call it madness, I know I flatter,) the preposterous unreasonableness and infernal temper of that little white

fiend! His temper, which is equal to yours, bears him up under it. I am with him two or three mornings every week, and think I shall yet preserve him for you. The physicians are positive that his lungs are not touched.

We proceed fiercely in armaments—yet in my own opinion, and I believe the ministry think so too, the great danger is for Portmahon. Admiral Byng sails directly for the Mediterranean. The Brest fleet that slipped away, is thought on its progress to Nova Scotia. The Dutch have excused sending us their troops on the imminence of their own danger. The parliamentary campaign is almost over; you know I persist in believing that we shall not have any other here.

Thank you much for your kindness to Mr. Dick; I will repay you on your brother, though I don't know how to place him to any account but my own. If I could be more anxious than I am about him, it would be, my dear child, on what you say to me on yourself; but be comforted, all will yet be well.

Mr. Chute's picture is not yet arrived; when it comes, he shall thank you himself. I must now give you a new commission, and for no less a Minister than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir George Lyttelton desires you will send him for his hall the jesses of the Venus, the dancing Faun, the Apollo Medicis, (I think there is a cast of it,) the Mercury, and some other female statue, at your

choice; he desires besides three pair of Volterra vases, of the size to place on tables, and different patterns. Consign the whole to me, and draw the bill of lading on me.

I have nothing more to tell you but a *naiveté* of my Lady Coventry:* the King asked her if she was not sorry that there are no masquerades this year—(for you must know we have sacrificed them to the idol earthquake,)—she said, no, she was tired of them; she was surfeited with most sights; there was but one left that she wanted to see—and that was a coronation! The old man told it himself at supper to his family with a great deal of good-humour. Adieu! my dear child.

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LETTER CCLXXVI.

Strawberry-Hill, April 18, 1756.

I WISH I could send you accounts of your brother's amendment in proportion to your impatience, and to my own: he does mend certainly, but it is slowly: he takes the air every day, and they talk of his riding, though I don't think him strong enough yet to sit a horse: when he has rid a little, he is to go to the bath. I wish it much, for though he is at Richmond, there is no keeping him from doing too much business. Dr. Cocchi has showed his usual sagacity; the case is pronounced entirely

* The celebrated beauty, Maria Gunning, Countess of Coventry.

asthmatic: as they have acquitted him of a consumption, I feel easy, though the complaint he has is so uneasy to himself. You must not be discouraged by my accounts, for I see your brother so very often, that it is not possible for me to discern the progress of alteration in him.

You will not believe how little we have thought of the French lately! We are engaged in a civil war—not between St. James's and Leicester-house, but between the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford,* about a new turnpike-road on the back of the town—as you may imagine, it grows politics; and if it is not compromised during the recess, the French may march deep into the kingdom, before *they* become greater politics.

We think them not ready for Minorca, and that we shall be prepared to receive them there. The Hessians are expected immediately, and soon after them, the Hanoverians; and soon after them, many jealousies and uneasinesses.

These are all the politics I can tell you; and I have as little else to tell you. Poor Lady Drumlanrig,† whose Lord perished so unfortunately about a year and half ago, is dead of a consumption from that shock; and Sir William Lowther, one of the

* Charles second Duke of Grafton, and John fourth Duke of Bedford. (The new road, which the Duke of Bedford opposed violently, and the Duke of Grafton supported, because it passed through and improved his estate.—D.)

† Daughter of the Earl of Hopton. Her Lord shot himself. (He was the eldest son of the eccentric Duchess of Queensberry.—D.)

two heirs of old Sir James, died two days ago, of a fever. He was not above six-and-twenty, master of above twenty thousand pounds a-year; sixteen of which comes to young Sir James, who was equally rich: think what a fortune is here assembled—will any Florentine believe this when reduced to sequins or scudi?

I receive such packets of thanks from Lady Harry Beauclerc, transmitted to her from Mr. Dick, that you must bear to have some of them returned to you. I know you enough to believe that you will be still better pleased with new trouble, than with my gratitude; therefore, I will immediately flounce into more recommendation; but while I do recommend, I must send a bill of discount at the same time: in short, I have been pressed to mention a Sir Robert Davers to you; but as I have never seen him, I will not desire much more than your usual civility for him; sure, he may be content with that! I remember Sir William Maynard,* and am cautious.

Since I began this, I receive your's of April 2nd, full of uneasiness for your brother's quicksilver and its effects. I did not mention it to you, because, though it put him back, his physicians were persuaded that he would not suffer, and he has not. As to reasoning with them, my dear child, it is impossible; I am more ignorant in physic than a

* Whom Mr. W. recommended to Sir H. Mann, to whom Sir William, who was a Jacobite, behaved very impertinently.

child of six years old; if it were not for reverence for Dr. Cocchi, and out of gratitude to Dr. Pringle, who has been of such service to your brother, I should say, I am as ignorant as a physician. I am really so sensible of the good your brother has received from this Doctor, that I myself am arrived so far towards being ill, that I now know, if I was to be ill, who should be my physician. The weather has been so wet and cold, that your brother has received very little benefit from it: he talked to me again this morning of riding, but I don't yet think him able; if you had seen him as I saw him the day I wrote my first letter to you, you would be as happy as I am now; without that, I fear you would be shocked to see how he is emaciated; but his eyes, his spirits, his attention, give me great hopes, though I absolutely think it a tedious asthmatic case. Adieu! my dear child; be in better spirits, and don't expect either sudden amendment or worse change.

LETTER CCLXXVII.

Strawberry-Hill, May 16, 1756.

You will hear with great satisfaction that your brother rides out every day, and bears it pretty well. I sent to him yesterday morning, and my Swiss boy told me with great joy at his return, that he saw your brother's servant cutting a plate of

bread and butter for him, big enough, said he, for you, Sir, and Mr. Bentley* and Mr. Muntz—who is a Swiss painter, that I keep in the house—you perceive I deal much in Swiss. I saw your brother this morning myself; he does not mend so fast as I wish, but I still attribute it to the weather. I mentioned to him Dr. Cocchi's desire of seeing his case and regimen in writing by Dr. Pringle, but I found he did not care for it; and you may imagine I would not press it. I sifted Dr. Pringle himself, but he would not give me a positive answer; I fear he still thinks that it is not totally an asthma. If you had seen him so much worse, as I have, you would be tolerably comforted now. Lord Malpas† saw him to-day for the first time, and told me alone that he found him much better than he expected. His spirits and attention to everything are just as good as ever, which was far from being the case three months ago.

I read the necessary part of your letter to Sir George Lyttelton, who thinks himself much obliged, and leaves the vases entirely to your taste, and will be fully content with the five jesses you name.

We have nothing new; the Parliament rises the 25th, all our attention is pointed to Minorca, of which you must be much better and sooner inform-

* Richard Bentley, son of the famous Dr. Bentley, lived much with Mr. W. at that time.

† George, eldest son of George third Earl of Cholmondeley, by Mary, daughter of Sir R. Walpole: he died before his father, and was father of George the fourth Earl.

ed than we can. Great dissatisfactions arise about the defenceless state in which it was left: it is said, some account arrived from Commodore Edgcumbe* the night before last, but it is kept very secret, which at least specifies the denomination of it. I hope to find Mr. Conway in town to-morrow night, whither he is just returned from Ireland; he has pacified that country to the standard of his own tranquillity.

I have read the poem you mention, the Pucelle, and am by no means popular, for I by no means like it—it is as tiresome as if it was really an heroic poem. The four first cantos are by much the best, and throughout there are many vivacities; but so absurd, perplexed a story is intolerable; the humour often missed, and even the parts that give most offence, I think very harmless.

P. S. We are to declare war this week; I suppose, in order to make peace, as we cannot make peace till we have made war.

LETTER CCLXXVIII.

Strawberry-Hill, May 27, 1756.

YOUR brother is determined to go to Bristol in ten days: our summer, which nobody but the

* George, second son of Richard Lord Edgcumbe, succeeded his brother in the title, and was by George III. created Viscount Mount Edgcumbe.

almanack has the confidence to say is not winter, is so cold that he does not advance at all. If his temper was at all in the power of accidents, it would be affected enough just now, to affect his health! What a figure he would make in a catalogue of philosophers or martyrs! His wife's aunt, Mrs. Forth, who has always promised him the half of her fortune, which is at least 30,000*l.* is dead, and has left him only two thousand pounds. He sent for your brother Ned this morning to talk to him upon some other business, and it was with such unaffected cheerfulness, that your eldest brother concluded he was reserving the notification of a legacy of at least 10,000*l.* for the *bonne bouche*—but he can bear his wife, and then what are disappointments? Pray, my dear child, be humble, and don't imagine that your's is the *only best* temper in the world. I pretend so little to a good one, that it is no merit in me to be out of all patience.

My uncle's ambition and dirt are crowned at last; he is a peer. Lord Chief Justice Ryder, who was to have kissed hands with him on Monday, was too ill, and died on Tuesday; but I believe his son will save the peerage.

We know nothing yet of Minorca, and seem to think so little of our war, that to pass away his time, Mars is turned Impresario — in short, the Duke has taken the Opera-house for the ensuing season. There has been a contest between the

manager Vanneschi and the singers Mingotti and Ricciarelli; the Duke patronizes the Mingotti, and lists under her standard. She is a fine singer, an admirable actress; I cannot say her temper is entirely so sweet as your brother's.

May 30th, Arlington-Street.

See what a country gentleman I am! One cannot stir ten miles from London, without beginning to believe what one hears, and without supposing that whatever *should* be done, will be done. The Opera-house is still in dispute between Signor Guglielmo and Signor Vanneschi—and Mr. Ryder* will not get the Peerage—for coronets are not forfeited by worthlessness, but by misfortune. My Lord Chief Justice misses one by only dying; my uncle gets one by living!

I this moment receive your letter of the 15th. We had picked up by scrambling accounts pretty much what you tell me of Minorca; but hitherto we only live on comparing dates.

I can add nothing to what I have said in the article of your brother. I am going to send the papers to Lord Macclesfield.† Adieu!

P. S. It is uncertain who will be Chief Justice; Murray could have no competitor; but the Duke of Newcastle cannot part with him from the House of Commons.

* Mr. Ryder did obtain a barony in the next reign.

† George Parker second Earl of Macclesfield, President of the Royal Society. He died in 1764.—D.

LETTER CCLXXIX.

Arlington-Street, June 14, 1756.

Our affairs have taken a strange turn, my dear Sir, since I wrote to you last at the end of May; we have been all confusion, consternation, and resentment! At this moment we are all perplexity! When we were expecting every instant that Byng would send home Marshal Richelieu's head to be placed upon Temple-bar, we were exceedingly astonished to hear that the Governor and garrison of Gibraltar had taken a panic for themselves, had called a council of war, and in direct disobedience to a positive command, had refused Byng a battalion from thence. This council was attended, and their resolution signed, by all the chief officers there, among whom are some particular favourites, and some men of the first quality. Instead of being shocked at this disappointment, Byng accompanied it with some wonderfully placid letters, in which he notified his intention of retiring under the cannon of Gibraltar, in case he found it dangerous to attempt the relief of Minorca! These letters had scarce struck their damp here, before D'Abreu, the Spanish Minister, received an account from France, that Galissoniere had sent word that the English fleet had been peeping about him, with exceeding caution, for two or three days; that on the 20th of May they had scuffled for about three hours, that night had separated them, and that to his great asto-

nishment, the English fleet, of which he had not taken one vessel, had disappeared in the morning. If the world was scandalized at this history, it was nothing to the exasperation of the Court, who, on no other foundation than an enemy's report, immediately ordered Admiral Hawke and Sanders [created an admiral on purpose] to bridle and saddle the first ship at hand, and post away to Gibraltar, and to hang and drown Byng and West, and then to send them home to be tried for their lives: and not to be too partial to the land, and to be as severe upon good grounds as they were upon scarce any, they dispatched Lord Tyrawley and Lord Panmure upon the like errand over the Generals Fowke and Stuart. This expedition had so far a good effect, that the mob itself could not accuse the ministry of want of rashness; and luckily for the latter, in three days more the same canal confirmed the disappearance of the English fleet for four days after the engagement—but behold, we had scarce had time to jumble together our sorrow for our situation, and our satisfaction for the dispatch we had used to repair it, when yesterday threw us into a new puzzle. Our spies, the French, have sent us intelligence that Galissoniere is disgraced, recalled, and La Motte sent to replace him, and that Byng has reinforced the garrison of St. Philip's* with—150 men! You, who are

* In the month of June 1756, the Marshal de Richelieu, at the head of sixteen thousand men, landed in Minorca, and almost immediately

nearer the spot, may be able, perhaps, to unriddle or unravel all this confusion; but you have no notion how it has put all our politics a-ground!

This is not our only quandary! A message of 40,000*l.* a-year, with an intention of an establishment for a court, and an invitation of coming to live at Kensington, has been sent to Leicester-fields. The money was very kindly received—the proposal of leaving our Lady mother refused in most submissive terms. It is not easy to enforce obedience; yet it is not pleasant to part with our money for nothing—and yet it is thought that will be the consequence of this ill-judged step of authority. My dear child, I pity you who are to represent and to palliate all the follies of your country!

My uncle has got his peerage; but just when the patent was ready, my Lord Privy Seal Gower went out of town, on which the old baby wrote him quite an abusive letter, which my Lord Gower answered with a great deal of wit and severity. Lord Ilchester* and Lord Falconberg† are created Earls.

General Isemberg of the Hessians has already

obtained possession of the whole island, as well as of the fortress of St. Philip and Port Mahon, the population joining him, and the garrison, commanded by General Blakeney, being very weak, and not having received the expected succours from Admiral Byng.—D.

* Stephen first Earl of Ilchester, eldest surviving son of Sir Stephen Fox. His titles were given him, with remainder, in failure of issue male of himself, to his younger brother Henry Fox.—D.

† Thomas Belasyse, fourth Viscount and first Earl of Fauconberg; died in 1774.—D.

diverted us; he never saw the tide till he came to Southampton; he was alarmed, and seeing the vessel leaning on the shore, he sent for his Master of the Horse, and swore at him for overturning the ship in landing the horses. Another of them has challenged a Hampshire justice, for committing one of his soldiers; but hitherto both Hessians and Hanoverians are rather popular.

Your brother, whom, if anything, I think better, is set out this morning for Bristol. You cannot pray more for its restoring his health than I do. I have just received your's of May 28th, to which I make no answer, as all the events I have mentioned are posterior to your accounts. Adieu! my dear Sir.

LETTER CCLXXX.

Strawberry-Hill, July 11, 1756.

I RECEIVE with great satisfaction all your thanks for my anxiety about your brother: I love you both so much, that nothing can flatter me more, than to find I please the one by having behaved as I ought to the other—oh, yes, I could be much more rejoiced, if this other ceased to want my attentions. Bristol began to be of service to him, but he has caught cold there, and been out of order again: he assures me it is over. I will give you a kind of happiness: since he was there, he tells me, that if

he does not find all the benefit he expects, he thinks of going abroad. I press this most eagerly, and shall drive it on, for I own if he stays another winter in England, I shall fear his disorder will fix irremoveably. I will give you a commission, which, for his sake, I am sure, you will be attentive to execute in the perfectest manner. Mr. Fox wants four vases of the Volterra alabaster, of four feet high each. I choose to make over any merit in it to you, and though I hate putting you to expense, at which you always catch so greedily, when it is to oblige, yet you shall present these. Choose the most beautiful patterns, look to the execution, and send them with rapidity, with such a letter as your turn for doing civil things immediately dictates.

There is no describing the rage against Byng; for one day we believed him a real Mediterranean Byng.* He has not escaped a sentence of abuse, by having involved so many officers in his disgrace and his councils of war: one talks coolly of their being broke, and that is all. If we may believe report, the siege is cooled into a blockade, and we may still save Minorca, and, what I think still more of, dear old Blakeney.† What else we shall save or lose I know not. The French, we hear, are embarked at Dunkirk—rashly, if to come hither; if

* His father, Lord Torrington, had made a great figure there against the Spaniards.

† It was at that time believed that General Blakeney had acted with great spirit; but it appeared afterwards that he had been confined to his bed, and not been able to do anything.

to Jersey or Guernsey, uncertain of success—if to Ireland, *ora pro nobis!* The Guards are going to encamp. I am sorry to say, that with so much serious war about our ears, we can't help playing with crackers. Well, if the French do come, we shall at least have something for all the money we have laid out on Hanoverians and Hessians! The latter, on their arrival, asked *bonnement,* where the French camp was. They could not conceive being sent for if it was no nearer than Calais.

The difficulties in settling the Prince's family are far from surmounted; the council met on Wednesday night to put the last hand to it, but left it as unsettled as ever.

Pray do dare to tell me what French and Austrians say of their treaty: we are angry—but when did subsidies purchase gratitude? I don't think we have always found that they even purchased temporary assistance. France declared, Sweden and Denmark allied to France, Holland and Austria neuter, Spain not quite to be depended on, Prussia—how sincerely reconciled! Would not one think we were menaced with a league of Cambray? When this kind of situation was new to me, I did not like it—I have lived long enough, and have seen enough, to consider all political events as mere history, and shall go and see the camps with as unthinking curiosity as if I were a simpleton or a new General. Adieu!

LETTER CCLXXXI.

Strawberry-Hill, July 24, 1756.

BECAUSE you desire it, I begin a letter to-day, but I don't think I shall be able to fill to the bottom of this side. It is in answer to your long one of the 3rd—in answer?—no; you must have patience till next Session before your queries can be resolved, and then I believe you will not be very communicative of the solutions. In short, all your questions of, Why was not Byng sent sooner? Why not with more ships? Why was Minorca not supported earlier? All these are questions which all the world is asking as well as you, and to which all the world does not make such civil answers as you must, and to which I shall make none, as I really know none. The clamour is extreme, and I believe how to reply in Parliament will be the chief business that will employ our Ministry for the rest of the summer—perhaps some such home and personal considerations were occupying their thoughts in the winter, when they ought to have been thinking of the Mediterranean. We are still in the dark; we have nothing but the French accounts of the surrender of St. Philip's: we are humbled, disgraced, angry. We know as little of Byng, but hear that he sailed with the reinforcement before his successor reached Gibraltar. If shame, despair, or any human considerations can give courage, he will surely contrive to achieve some great action,

or to be knocked on the head—a cannon ball must be a pleasant quietus, compared to being torn to pieces by an English mob or a House of Commons. I know no other alternative, but withdrawing to the Queen of Hungary, who would fare little better if she were obliged to come hither—we are extremely disposed to massacre somebody or other, to show we have any courage left. You will be pleased with a cool sensible speech of Lord Granville to Coloredo, the Austrian Minister, who went to make a visit of excuses. My Lord Granville interrupted him, and said, "Sir, this is not necessary; I understand that the treaty is only of neutrality; but what grieves me is, that our people will not understand it so; and the prejudice will be so great, that when it shall become necessary again, as it will do, for us to support your mistress, nobody will then dare to be a Lord Granville."

I think all our present hopes lie in Admiral Boscawen's intercepting the great Martinico fleet of a hundred and fifty sail, convoyed by five men-of-war; Boscawen has twenty. I see our old friend Prince Beauvau behaved well at Mahon. Our old diversion, the Countess,* has exhibited herself lately to the public exactly in a style you would guess. Having purchased and given her Lord's collection of statues to the University of Oxford, she has been there at the public act to receive adoration. A box was built for her near the Vice-

* Of Pomfret.

Chancellor, where she sat three days together for four hours at a time to hear verses and speeches, to hear herself called Minerva; nay, the public orator had prepared an encomium on her beauty, but being struck with her appearance, had enough presence of mind to whisk his compliments to the beauties of her mind. Do but figure her; her dress had all the tawdry poverty and frippery with which you remember her, and I dare swear her tympany, scarce covered with ticking, produced itself through the slit of her scowered damask robe. It is amazing that she did not mash a few words of Latin, as she used to fricasée French and Italian! or that she did not torture some learned simile, like her comparing the tour of Sicily, the surrounding the triangle, to squaring the circle; or as when she said it was as difficult to get into an Italian coach, as for Cæsar to take Attica, which she meant for Utica. Adieu! I trust by his and other accounts that your brother mends.

P.S. The letters I mentioned to you, pretended to be Bower's, are published, together with a most virulent pamphlet, but containing affidavits, and such strong assertions of facts, as have staggered a great many people. His escape and account of himself in Italy is strongly questioned. I own I am very impatient for the answer he has promised. I admire his book so much, and see such malice in his accusers, that I am strongly disposed to wish

and think him a good man. Do, for my private satisfaction, inquire and pick up all the anecdotes you can relating to him, and what is said and thought of him in Italy. One accusation I am sure is false, his being a plagiary; there is no author from whom he could steal that ever wrote a quarter so well.

LETTER CCLXXXII.

Arlington-Street, Aug. 29, 1756.

A JOURNEY of amusement into Yorkshire would excuse my not having writ to you above this month, my dear Sir, but I have a better reason,—nothing has happened worth telling you. Since the conquest of Minorca, France seems to have taken the wisest way for herself, and a sure one too of ruining us, by sitting still, and yet keeping us upon our guard, at an outrageous expense. Gazettes of all countries announce, as you say, almost a League of Cambray against us; but the best heads think, that after all Europe has profited of our profusion, they will have the sense only to look on, while France and we contend, which shall hereafter be the Universal Merchant of Venal Princes. If *we* reckon at all upon the internal commotions in France, *they* have still a better prospect from ours: we ripen to faction fast. The dearness of corn has even occasioned insurrections: some of these the Chief Justice Willes has quashed stoutly. The

rains have been excessive just now, and must occasion more inconveniencies. But the warmth on the loss of Minorca has opened every sluice of opposition that has been so long dammed up. Even Jacobitism perks up those fragments of asses' ears which were not quite cut to the quick. The City of London and some counties have addressed the King and their Members on our miscarriages. Sir J. Barnard, who endeavoured to stem the torrent of the former, is grown almost as unpopular as Byng. That poor simpleton, confined at Greenwich, is ridiculously easy and secure, and has even summoned on his behalf a Captain Young, his warmest accuser. Fowke, who of two contradictory orders chose to obey the least spirited, is broke. Pamphlets and satirical prints teem; the Courts are divided; the Ministers quarrel — indeed, if they agreed, one should not have much more to expect from them! the fair situation!

I do not wonder that you are impertinenced by Richcourt;* there is nothing so catching as the insolence of a great proud woman† by a little upstart Minister: the reflection of the sun from brass makes the latter the more troublesome of the two.

Your dear brother returns from Bristol this week; as I fear not much recovered, I shall have good reason to press his going abroad, though I

* Count Richcourt, a Lorrainer, Prime Minister at Florence for the Great Duke.

† The Empress Queen, wife of the Great Duke.

fear in vain. I will tell you faithfully after I have seen him a few days, what I think of him.

I never doubt your zeal in executing any commission I give you. The bill shall be paid directly; it will encourage me to employ you; but you are generally so dilatory in that part of the commission, that I have a thousand times declined asking your assistance. Adieu! my dear Sir.

LETTER CCLXXXIII.

Strawberry-Hill, Sept. 19, 1756.

I PROMISED you an account of your brother as soon as he should return from Bristol, but I deferred it for a week, till I could see him reposed and refreshed; and could judge more fairly. I do think him much mended; I do not say recovered. He looks with colour again, and has got a little flesh, and is able to do much more than before he went. My Lord Radnor * thinks he has a great appetite; I did not perceive it when he dined with me. His breath is better, though sometimes troublesome, and he brought back a great cough, which, however, is much abated. I think him so much better, that I ventured to talk very freely to him upon his own state, and though I allowed him mended, I told him plainly that I was convinced

* John Bodville Robartes, last Earl of Radnor of that family. He lived at Twickenham, and was a friend of Mr. Mann.

his case would be irrecoverable, if he did not go abroad. At times he swears he will, if he falls back at all; at others he will not listen to it, but pleads the confusion of his affairs. I wish there is not another more insurmountable cause, the fury, who not only torments him in this world, but is hurrying him into the next. I have not been able to prevail with him to pass one day or two here with me in tranquillity. I see his life at stake, I feel for him, for you, for myself; I am desperate about it, and yet know no remedy! I can only assure you that I will not see it quietly; nor would any thing check me from going the greatest lengths with your sister, whom I think effectually, though perhaps not maliciously, a most wicked being, but that I always find it recoils upon your brother. Alas! what signifies whether she murders him from a bad heart or a bad temper?

Poor Mr. Chute, too, has been grievously ill with the gout—he is laid up at his own house,* whither I am going to see him.

I feel a little satisfaction that you have an opportunity of returning Richcourt's insults: who thought that the King of Prussia would ever be a rod in our hands? For my part, I feel quite pleasant, for whether he demolishes the Queen, or the Queen him, can one but find a loophole to let out joy? Lord Stormont's† *valet de chambre* arrived

* At the Vine in Hampshire.
† Minister at Vienna.

three days ago with an account of his being within four leagues of Dresden.* He laughs at the King of Poland with so much good breeding, and abuses Count Bruhl † with so much contempt, that one reconciles to him very fast: however, I don't know what to think of his stopping in Saxony. He assures us, that the Queen has not 55,000 men, nor magazines, nor money; but why give her time to get away? As the chance upon the long run must be so much against him, and as he has three times repeated his offers of desisting if the Empress-Queen will pawn her honour (counters to which I wonder he of all Kings would trust) that she will not attack him, one must believe that he thinks himself reduced to this step: but I don't see how he is reduced to involve the Russian Empress in the quarrel too. He affirms that both intended to demolish him — but I think I would not accuse both till at least I had humbled one. We are much pleased with this expedition, but at best it ensures the duration of the war—and I wish we don't attend more to that on the Continent than to that on our element, especially as we are discouraged a little on the latter. You reproach me for not telling you more of Byng—what can I tell you, my dear child, of a poor simpleton, who behaves arrogantly and ridiculously in the most calamitous

* This was the King of Prussia's irruption into Saxony, which was the commencement of the terrible Seven Years' War.—D.

† Prime Minister to Augustus King of Poland, and Elector of Saxony.

of all situations? He quarrels with the Admiralty and Ministry every day, though he is trying all he can to defer his trial. After he had asked for and had had granted a great number of witnesses, he demanded another large set: this has been refused him: he is under close confinement, but it will be scarce possible to try him before the Parliament meets.

The rage of addresses did not go far: at present every thing is quiet. Whatever Ministerial politics there are, are in suspense. The rains are begun, and I suppose will soon disperse our camps. The Parliament does not meet till the middle of November. Admiral Martin, whom I think you knew in Italy, died here yesterday, unemployed. This is a complete abridgement of all I know, except, that since Colonel Jefferies arrived, we think still worse of the land-officers on board the fleet, as Boyd passed from St. Philip's to the fleet easily and back again. Jefferies (strange that Lord Tyrawley should not tell him) did not know till he landed here what succour had been intended—he could not refrain from tears. Byng's* brother did die immediately on his arrival. I shall like to send you Prussian Journals, but am much more intent on what relates to your brother. Adieu!

* Edward Byng, youngest brother of the Admiral.

LETTER CCLXXXIV.

Strawberry-Hill, Oct. 17, 1756.

LENTULUS (I am going to tell you no old Roman tale; he is the King of Prussia's aid-de-camp) arrived yesterday, with ample confirmation of the victory in Bohemia*—Are not you glad that we have got a victory that we can at least call *Cousin!* Between six and seven thousand Austrians were killed: eight Prussian squadrons sustained the *acharnément,* which is said to have been extreme, of thirty-two squadrons of Austrians: the pursuit lasted from Friday noon till Monday morning; both our countrymen Brown and Keith† performed wonders—we seem to flourish much when transplanted to Germany—but Germans don't make good manure here! The Prussian King writes that both Brown and Piccolomini are too strongly intrenched to be attacked. His Majesty ran *to* this victory; not *à la* Molwitz.‡ He affirms having found in the King of Poland's cabinet ample justification of his treatment of Saxony—should not one quere whether he had not those proofs § in his hands antecedent to the cabinet? The Dauphi-

* This was the battle of Lowositz, gained by the King of Prussia over the Austrians, commanded by Marshal Brown, on the first of October, 1756.—D.

† Brother of the Earl Marechal.

‡ The King of Prussia was said to have fled from his first battle, though it proved a victory.

§ He had procured copies of all Count Bruhl's dispatches by bribing a Secretary.

ness* is said to have flung herself at the King of France's feet and begged his protection for her father; that he promised "*qu'il le rendroit au centuple au Roi de Prusse.*"

Peace is made between the courts of Kensington and Kew: Lord Bute,† who had no visible employment at the latter, and yet whose office was certainly no *sinecure,* is to be Groom of the Stole to the Prince of Wales; which satisfies. The rest of the family will be named before the birth-day—but I don't know how, as soon as one wound is closed, another breaks out! Mr. Fox, extremely discontent at having no power, no confidence, no favour, (all entirely engrossed by the old Monopolist ‡) has asked leave to resign. It is not yet granted. If Mr. Pitt will—or can, accept the seals, probably Mr. Fox will be indulged,—if Mr. Pitt will not—why then, it is impossible to tell you what will happen. Whatever happens on such an emergency, with the Parliament so near, with no time for considering measures, with so bad a past, and so much worse a future, there certainly is no duration or good in prospect. Unless the King of Prussia will take our affairs at home as well as abroad to nurse, I see no possible recovery for us—and you may believe, when a doctor like him is necessary, I should be full as willing to die of the distemper.

* The second wife of the Dauphin was daughter of Augustus King of Poland.

† John Stuart Earl of Bute, who played so conspicuous a part in the succeeding reign.—D.

‡ The Duke of Newcastle.]

Well! and so you think we are undone!—not at all; if folly and extravagance are symptoms of a nation's being at the height of their glory, as after-observers pretend that they are forerunners of its ruin, we never were in a more flourishing situation. My Lord Rockingham* and my nephew Lord Orford have made a match of five hundred pounds, between five turkeys and five geese, to run from Norwich to London. Don't you believe in the transmigration of souls? And are not you convinced that this race is between Marquis Sardanapalus and Earl Heliogabalus? And don't you pity the poor Asiatics and Italians who comforted themselves on their resurrection with being geese and turkeys?

Here's another symptom of our glory! The Irish Speaker Mr. Ponsonby† has been *reposing* himself at *Newmarket:* George Selwyn seeing him toss about bank-bills at the hazard-table, said, "How easily the Speaker passes the money-bills!"

You, who live at Florence among vulgar vices and tame slavery, will stare at these accounts. Pray be acquainted with your own country, while it is in its lustre. In a regular monarchy the folly of the Prince gives the tone; in a downright tyranny, folly dares give itself no airs; it is in a wanton overgrown Commonwealth that whim and debauchery intrigue best together. Ask me which

* Charles Wentworth, second Marquis of Rockingham.

† The Right Hon. John Ponsonby, brother of Lord Bessborough.—D.

of these governments I prefer—oh! the last—only I fear it is the least durable.

I have not yet thanked you for your letter of Sept. 18th, with the accounts of the Genoese treaty and of the Pretender's quarrel with the Pope—it is a squabble worthy a Stuart. Were he here, as absolute as any Stuart ever wished to be, who knows with all his bigotry but he might favour us with a reformation and the downfall of the Mass? The ambition of making a Duke of York Vice-chancellor of Holy Church would be as good a reason for breaking with Holy Church, as Harry the Eighth's was for quarrelling with it, because it would not excuse him from going to bed to his sister, after it had given him leave.

I wish I could tell you that your brother mends! indeed I don't think he does; nor do I know what to say to him; I have exhausted both arguments and entreaties, and yet if I thought either would avail, I would gladly recommence them. Adieu!

LETTER CCLXXXV.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 4, 1756.

I DESIRED your brother last week to tell you that it was in vain for me to write while every thing was in such confusion. The chaos is just as far from being dispersed now; I only write to tell you what has been its motions. One of the Popes,

I think, said soon after his accession, he did not think it had been so easy to govern. What would he have thought of such a nation as this, engaged in a formidable war, without any government at all, literally, for above a fortnight!—The foreign ministers have not attempted to transact any business since yesterday fortnight.—For God's sake, what do other countries say of us?—but hear the progress of our inter-ministerium.

When Mr. Fox had declared his determination of resigning, great offers were sent to Mr. Pitt; his demands were much greater, accompanied with a total exclusion of the Duke of Newcastle. Some of the latter's friends would have persuaded him, as the House of Commons is at his devotion, to have undertaken the government against both Pitt and Fox; but fears preponderated. Yesterday sen'night his Grace declared his resolution of retiring, with all that satisfaction of mind which must attend a man whom not one man of sense will trust any longer. The King sent for Mr. Fox, and bid him try if Mr. Pitt would join him. The latter without any hesitation refused. In this perplexity the King ordered the Duke of Devonshire to try to compose some Ministry for him, and sent him to Pitt, to try to accommodate with Fox. Pitt with a list of terms, a little modified, was ready to engage, but on condition that Fox should have no employment in the Cabinet. Upon this plan negotiations have been carrying on for this week. Mr.

Pitt and Mr. Legge, whose whole party consists of from twelve to sixteen persons, exclusive of Leicester-house, (of that presently) concluded they were entering on the Government as Secretary of State and Chancellor of the Exchequer; but there is so great unwillingness to give it up totally into their hands, that all manner of expedients have been projected to get rid of their proposals, or to limit their power. Thus the case stands at this instant: the Parliament has been put off for a fortnight, to gain time—the Lord knows whether that will suffice to bring on any sort of temper! In the mean time the Government stands still; pray Heaven the war may too! You will wonder how fifteen or sixteen persons can be of such importance. In the first place their importance has been conferred on them, and has been notified to the nation by these concessions and messages: next, Minorca is gone, Oswego gone, the nation is in a ferment, some very great indiscretions in delivering a Hanoverian soldier from prison by a warrant from the Secretary of State have raised great difficulties; instructions from counties, boroughs, especially from the City of London, in the style of 1641, and really in the spirit of 1715* and 1745, have raised a great flame; and lastly, the countenance of Leicester-house, which Mr. Pitt is supposed to have, and which Mr. Legge thinks he has, all these tell Pitt that he may command such numbers without doors,

* Meaning that the Jacobites excited the clamour.

as may make the majorities within the house tremble.

Leicester-house is by some thought inclined to more pacific measures. Lord Bute's being established Groom of the Stole has satisfied.—They seem more occupied in disobliging all their new Court, than in disturbing the King's. Lord Huntingdon, the new Master of the Horse to the Prince, and Lord Pembroke, one of his Lords, have not been spoken to—Alas! if the present storms should blow over, what seeds for new! You must guess at the sense of this paragraph, which it is difficult, at least improper to explain to you; though you could not go into a coffee-house here, where it would not be interpreted to you. One would think all those little politicians had been reading the memoirs of the minority of Louis XIV.

There has been another great difficulty: the season obliging all camps to break up, the poor Hanoverians have been forced to continue soaking in theirs. The country magistrates have been advised that they are not obliged by law to billet foreigners on public houses, and have refused. Transports were yesterday ordered to carry away the Hanoverians!—there are eight thousand men taken from America! for I am sure we can spare none from hence. The negligence and dilatoriness of the Ministers at home, the wickedness of our West Indian Governors, and the little-minded quarrels of the regulars and irregular forces, have

reduced our affairs in that part of the world to a most deplorable state. Oswego, of ten times more importance even than Minorca, is so annihilated that we cannot learn the particulars!

My dear Sir, what a present and future picture have I given you! The details are infinite, and what I have neither time, nor, for many reasons, the imprudence to send by the post: your good sense will but too well lead you to develope them. The crisis is most melancholy and alarming. I remember two or three years ago I wished for more active times, and for events to furnish our correspondence. I think I could write you a letter almost as big as my Lord Clarendon's History. What a bold man is he who shall undertake the Administration! How much shall we be obliged to him! How mad is he, whoever is ambitious of it! Adieu!

P.S. Mention the receipt of this, and of what letters of mine you have had lately.

LETTER CCLXXXVI.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 13, 1756.

YOUR brother has told you that Mr. Pitt accepts your southern province, yielding to leave Lord Holderness in the northern. I don't know what calm you at this distance may suppose this will

produce; I should think little; for though the Duke of Newcastle resigned on Thursday, and Mr. Fox resigns to-day, the chief friends of each remain in place; and Mr. Pitt accedes with so little strength, that his success seems very precarious. If he Hanoverizes, or checks any inquiries, he loses his popularity, and falls that way; if he humours the present rage of the people, he provokes two powerful factions. His only chance seems to depend on joining with the Duke of Newcastle, who is most offended with Fox: but after Pitt's personal exclusion of his Grace, and considering Pitt's small force, it may not be easy for him to be accepted there. I foresee nothing but confusion: the new system is composed of such discordant parts, that it can produce no harmony. Though the Duke of Newcastle, the Chancellor,* Lord Anson, and Fox quit, yet scarce one of their friends is discarded. The very cement seems disjunctive; I mean the Duke of Devonshire,† who takes the Treasury. If he acts cordially, he disobliges his intimate friend Mr. Fox; if he does not, he offends Pitt. These little reasonings will give you light, though very insufficient for giving you a clear idea of the most perplexed and complicate situation that ever was. Mr. Legge returns to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir George Lyttelton is indemnified with a peerage. The Duke of Newcastle has

* Lord Hardwicke.

† William Cavendish, fourth Duke of Devonshire.

got his dukedom entailed on Lord Lincoln.* The seals are to be in commission, if not given to a Lord Keeper. Your friend Mr. Doddington† is out again for about the hundred and fiftieth time. The rest of the list is pretty near settled; you shall have it as soon as it takes place. I should tell you that Lord Temple is First Lord of the Admiralty.

Being much too busy to attend to such trifles as a war and America, we know mighty little of either. The massacre at Oswego happily proves a romance: part of the two regiments that were made prisoners there are actually arrived at Plymouth, the provisions at Quebec being too scanty to admit additional numbers. The King of Prussia is gone into winter quarters, but disposed in immediate readiness. One hears that he has assured us, that if we will keep our fleet in good order, he will find employment for the rest of our enemies. Two days ago, in the midst of all the ferment at Court, Coloredo, the Austrian Minister, abruptly demanded an audience, in which he demanded our Quotas—I suppose the King told him that whenever he should have a Ministry again, he would consult them. I will tell you my comment on this: the Empress Queen, who is scrupulous on the ceremonial of mischief, though she so easily

* Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, nephew of the Duke of Newcastle, and married to his cousin, eldest daughter and coheiress of Mr. Henry Pelham, the Duke's brother.

† George Bubb Doddington, created Lord Melcombe in the following reign.

passes over the reality and ingratitude, proposes, I imagine, on a refusal which she deserves and has drawn upon her, to think herself justified in assisting France in some attempts on us from the coast of Flanders. I have received yours of October 23rd, and am glad the English showed a proper disregard of Richcourt. Thank you a thousand times for your goodness to Mr. and Mrs. Dick: it obliges me exceedingly, and I am sure will be most grateful to Lady Henry Beauclerc.

I don't know what to answer to that part about your brother: you think and argue exactly as I have done; would I had not found it in vain—but, my dear child, you and I have never been married, and are sad judges! As to your elder brother's interposition, I wish he had tenderness enough to make him arbitrary! I beg your pardon, but he is fitter to marry your sister than to govern her. Your brother Gal. certainly looks better; yet I think of him just as you do, and by no means trust to so fallacious a distemper. Indeed I teaze him to death to take a resolution, but to no purpose! In short, my dear Sir, they are melancholy words, but I can neither flatter you publicly nor privately; England is undone, and your brother is not to be persuaded. Yet I hope the former will not be quite given up; and I shall certainly neglect nothing possible with regard to the latter. Adieu!

LETTER CCLXXXVII.

Strawberry-Hill, Nov. 29, 1756.

No material event has yet happened under the new Administration; indeed it has scarce happened itself: your new master, Mr. Pitt, has been confined in the country with the gout, and came to town but within these two days. The world, who love to descry policy in every thing, and who have always loved to find it in Mr. Pitt's illnesses, were persuaded that his success was not perfect enough, and that he even hesitated whether he should *consummate*. He is still so lame that he cannot go to Court—to be sure the King must go to him! He takes the seals on Saturday; the Parliament meets on Thursday, but will adjourn for about ten days for the re-elections. The new Ministers are so little provided with interest in boroughs, that it is almost an administration out of Parliament. Mr. Fox has already attacked their seats, and has undermined Dr. Hay, one of the new Admiralty in Stockbridge: this angers extremely. The Duke of Newcastle is already hanging out a white flag to Pitt; but there is so little disposition in that quarter to treat, that they have employed one Evans, a lawyer, to draw up articles of impeachment against Lord Anson. On the other hand they show great tenderness to Byng, who has certainly been most inhumanly and spitefully treated by Anson. Byng's trial is not yet appointed. Lord

Effingham, Cornwallis, and Stuart are arrived, and are to have their conduct examined this day se'nnight by three General Officers. In the mean time the King, of his own motion, has given a red riband and an Irish barony to old Blakeney, who has been at Court, in a hackney coach with a foot-soldier behind it. As he has not only lost his government, but as he was bed-rid while it was losing, these honours are a little ridiculed: we have too many governors that will expect titles, if losses are pretensions! Mr. Obrien is made Earl of Thomond:§ my Lady Townshend‖ rejoices; she says he has family enough to re-establish the dignity of the Irish peerage, to which of late nothing but brewers and poulterers have been raised; that she expected every day to receive a bill from her fishmonger, signed Lord Mount-Shrimp!

I promised you a list of the changes when they should be complete. They are very conveniently ready to fill the rest of my letter.

		In the room of
Duke of Devonshire,		Duke of Newcastle.
Treasury. †Mr. Legge,	Chancellor of Exchequer,	*Sir G. Lyttelton, a Peer.
*Mr. Nugent,	Of the Old Treasury,	
Lord Duncannon,		Mr. Furnese, dead.
†Mr. J. Grenville,		*Mr. Obrien, Irish Earl.

§ Percy Windham Obrien, second son of Sir William Windham by a daughter of Charles Duke of Somerset. The Earl of Thomond, who had married another daughter, left his estate to this Mr. Windham, his wife's nephew, on condition of his taking the name of Obrien.

‖ Ethelreda Harrison, mother of George Lord Townshend and the famous Charles Townshend. She was a celebrated wit.

Mr. W. Pitt,	Secretary of State.	Mr. Fox.
Lord Buckingham.	Lord of Bedchamber.	Lord Fitzwilliam, dead.
¶Mr. Edgcumbe,	Comptroller of Household.	Lord Buckingham.
¶Lord Berkeley of Stratton,	Captain of Pensioners.	Late Lord Buckingham.
¶Lord Bateman,	Treasurer of Household.	Lord Berkeley.
†Mr. George Grenville,	Treasurer of the Navy.	¶Mr. Doddington.
†Mr. Potter,	Joint Paymaster.	*Lord Darlington.
†Mr. Martin,	Secretary of Treasury.	*Mr. West.
†Sir Richard Lyttelton,	Master of Jewel Office.	*Lord Breadalbane.
*Lord Breadalbane,	Justice in Eyre.	*Lord Sandys.
*Lord Sandys,	Speaker of House of Lords.	*Lord Chancellor.
Lord Chief Justice Willes, †Judge Wilmot, Baron Smyth,	Commissioners of the Great Seal.	Lord Chancellor.
Admiralty.	†Lord Temple, Admiral Boscawen, before.	*Lord Anson.
	†Admiral West,	*Admiral Rowley.
	†Dr. Hay,	Lord Duncannon.
	†Mr. Elliott,	¶Lord Bateman.
	†Mr. Hunter,	Lord Hyde.
	†John Pitt,	¶Mr. Edgcumbe.

But John Pitt is to resign again, and be made Paymaster of the Marines, to make room for Admiral Forbes.

†Charles Townshend,	Treasurer of the Chambers.	¶Lord Hilsborough, English Baron.

This last is not done; as Mr. Townshend cannot be re-chosen at Yarmouth, he only consents to accept, provided another borough can be found for him—this does not appear very easy.

The Duke of Newcastle has advertised in all the newspapers, that he retires without place or pension: here is a list of his disinterestedness. The reversion of his dukedom for Lord Lincoln: this is

the only duchy bestowed by the present King: on my father's resignation, the new Ministers did prevail to have dukedoms offered to Lord Northampton and Lord Ailesbury; but both declined, having no sons. Mr. Shelley, the Duke's nephew, has the reversion of Arundel's place: Mr. West has a great reversion for himself and his son: your little waxen friend, Tommy Pelham, has another reversion in the Customs. Jones, the Duke's favourite Secretary, and nephew of the late Chancellor, has another. Not to mention the English barony for Sir George Lyttelton, and the Irish earldom for Mr. Obrien.

The Garters are given to the Duke of Devonshire, to Lord Carlisle,|| Lord Northumberland, and (to my great satisfaction) to Lord Hertford.

Oh! I should explain the marks: the * signifies of the Newcastle and Hardwick faction; the † of Pitt's; the ¶ of Fox's. You will be able by these to judge a little of how strange a medley the new government is composed! consequently, how durable!

I was with your brother this morning at Richmond; he thinks himself better; I do not think him worse; but judge by your own feeling if that is enough to content me. Pray that your brother and your country may mend a little faster; I dread the winter for him, and the summer for England! Adieu!

|| Henry Howard fourth Earl of Carlisle.—D.

P. S. Since I have finished this, I receive your's of Nov. 13th, with the account of Richcourt's illness. What! you are forced to have recourse to apoplexies and deaths for revolutions! We make nothing of changing our Ministers at every fall of the leaf.

My Lord Huntingdon (who, by the way, loves you, and does you justice,) has told me one or two very good *bon-mots* of the Pope:* I have always had a great partiality for the good old man: I desire you will tell me any anecdotes or stories of him that you know: I remember some of his sayings with great humour and wit. You can never oblige me more than by anecdotes of particular people—but you are indeed always good in that and every other way.

LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

Strawberry-Hill, Dec. 8, 1756.

YOUR poor brother desires me to write to you to-day, as he is in bed and not able. He went to town last week, caught cold, and returned with a fever. He has been drinking tar-water since the middle of November, at the persuasion of your elder brother and his Richmond friends. Indeed he had gone through the whole course of drugs to

* Prospero Lambertini, called Benedict the Fourteenth.

no purpose. There is a great eruption to-day in most parts of his body, which they think will be of great service to him. In my own opinion, he is so weak, that I am in great apprehensions for him. He is very low-spirited, and yet thinks himself much better to-day. Your brother Ned was surprised at my being so alarmed, as they had considered this as a most fortunate crisis—but I have much difficulty in persuading myself to be so sanguine. As we have a recess for a few days, I shall stay here till Saturday, and see your brother again, and will tell you my opinion again. You see I don't deceive you: if that is any satisfaction, be assured that nobody else would give you so bad an account, as I find all his family have new hopes of him: would to God I had!

Our first day of Parliament passed off harmoniously; but in the House of Lords there was an event. A clause of thanks for having sent for the Hanoverians had crept into the address of the Peers—by Mr. Fox's means, as the world thinks: Lord Temple came out of a sick-bed to oppose it. Next day there was an alarm of an intention of instating the same clause in our address. Mr. Pitt went angry to court, protesting that he would not take the Seals, if any such motion passed: it was sunk. Next day he accepted—and the day after, Mr. Fox, extremely disgusted with the Duke of Devonshire for preferences shown to Mr. Pitt, retired into the country. The Parliament is adjourn-

ed for the re-elections; and Mr. Pitt, who has pleased in the closet, is again laid up with the gout. We meet on Monday, when one shall be able to judge a little better of the temper of the winter. The Duke of Bedford is to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—no measure of peace! Not to mention his natural warmth, everybody is sensible that he is only placed* there to traverse Pitt.

Your brother and I are uneasy about your situation: when we are treated insolently at Leghorn, to what are we sunk! Can Mr. Pitt or the King of Prussia find a panacea for all our disgraces? Have you seen Voltaire's epigram?

Rivaux du Vainqueur de l'Euphrate,
L'Oncle† and le Neveu;‡
L'un fait la guerre en pirate,
L'autre en partie bleue.

It is very insipid! It seems to *me*§ as if *Uncle and Nephew* could furnish a better epigram; unless their reconciliation deadens wit. Besides, I don't believe that *the Uncle* of these lines means at all to be like Alexander, who never was introduced more pompously for the pitiful end of supplying a rhyme.

Is it true what we see in the gazettes, that the Pantheon is tumbled down? Am not I a very Goth, who always thought it a dismal clumsy per-

* At the instigation of Fox.

† George II.

‡ The King of Prussia.

§ Mr. Walpole had had a great quarrel with his Uncle Horatio.

formance, and could never discover any beauty in a strange mass of light poured perpendicularly into a circle of obscurity?

Adieu! I wish you may hope more with your elder brother, than tremble with me!

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

Arlington-Street, Dec. 16, 1756.

It will be easier for you, I fear, to guess, than for me to describe what I have felt for these last six days! Your dear brother is still alive; it is scarce possible he should be so, when you receive this. I wrote to you this day se'nnight, the day after I saw him last. On that day and Friday I received favourable messages. I went myself on Saturday as I had promised him—how shocked I was at seeing your brother Ned and a lawyer come to the chaise: the former told me that poor Gal. had desired the lawyer to settle his affairs, which were then in agitation: you may imagine I did not choose to add the tender sensations of seeing me, to what he was then feeling! I saw our doom too plainly, though your brother Ned still had hopes. Every day confirmed my fears: however, I could not bear my anxiety, and went to Richmond to-day, with as much horror as persons must go to execution, yet determined to see Gal. if I found that he had expressed the least desire of it.—Alas!

he has scarce had moments of sense since Sunday morning—how can I bring myself to say of so dreadful a situation, that it is my greatest consolation! But I could not support the thought of his remaining sensible of death with all those anxious attentions about him which have composed his whole life! Oh! my dear child, what rash wretches are heroes, compared to this brother of yours! Nothing ever equalled his cool solicitude for his family and friends. What an instance am I going to repeat to you! His most unhappy life was poisoned by the dread of leaving his children and fortune to be torn to pieces by his frantic wife, whose settlements entitled her to thirds. On Friday, perceiving her alarmed by his danger, he had the amazing presence of mind and fortitude to seize that only moment of tenderness, and prevailed on her to accept a jointure. He instantly dispatched your brother Ned to London for his lawyer, and by five o'clock on Saturday, after repeated struggles of passion on her side, the whole was finished.—Dear Gal, he could not speak, but he lifted up his hands in thanks! While he had any sense, it was employed in repeated kindnesses, particularly to your brother James—he had ordered a codicil, but they have not found a sufficient interval to get it signed!

My dearest Sir, what an afflicting letter am I forced to write to you! but I flatter myself, you will bear it better from me, than from any other person:

and affectionate as I know you, could I deprive you or myself of the melancholy pleasure of relating such virtues? My poorest, yet best consolation is, that, though I think his obstinacy in not going abroad, and ill management, may have hurried his end, yet nothing could have saved him; his lungs are entirely gone. But how will you be amazed at what I am going to tell you! His wretched wife is gone mad—at least your brother Ned and the physician are persuaded so—I cannot think so well of her.—I see her in so diabolic a light, that I cannot help throwing falsehood into the account—but let us never mention her more. What little more I would say, for I spare your grief rather than indulge my own, is, that I beseech you to consider me as more and more your friend: I adored Gal. and will heap affection on that I already have for you. I feel your situation, and beg of you to manage me with no delicacy, but confide all your fears and wishes and wants to me—if I could be capable of neglecting you, write to Gal.'s image that will for ever live in a memory most grateful to him.

You will be little disposed or curious to hear politics; yet it must import you always to know the situation of your country, and it never was less settled. Mr. Pitt is not yet able to attend the House, therefore no inquiries are yet commenced. The only thing like business has been the affair of preparing quarters for the Hessians, who are soon

to depart; but the Tories have shown such attachment to Mr. Pitt on this occasion, that it is almost become a Whig point to detain them. The breach is so much widened between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, and the latter is so warm, that we must expect great violences. The Duke of Newcastle's party lies quiet; one of the others must join it. The new Ministers have so little weight, that they seem determined at least not to part with their popularity: the new Secretary of State* is to attack the other, Lord Holderness, on a famous letter of his sent to the Mayor of Maidstone, for releasing a Hanoverian soldier, committed for theft. You may judge what harmony there is!

Adieu, my dear Sir! How much I pity you, and how much you ought to pity me! Imitate your brother's firmness of mind, and bear his loss as well as you can. You have too much merit not to be sensible of his, and then it will be impossible for you to be soon comforted.

LETTER CCXC.

Arlington Street, Dec. 23, 1756.

I KNOW I can no more add to your concern than to my own, by giving you the last account of your dear brother, who put a period to our anxious suspense in the night between the 20th and 21st.

* Pitt.

For the five last days he had little glimmerings of amendment, that gave hopes to some of his friends, terror to me, who dreaded his sensibility coming to itself! When I had given up his life, I could not bear the return of his tenderness! Sure he had felt enough for his friends—yet he would have been anxious for them if he had recovered his senses. He has left your brothers Edward, James, and Foote,* his executors; to his daughters 7500*l.* a-piece, and the entail of his estate in succession —to a name I beg we may never mention, 700*l.* a-year, 4000*l.* and his furniture, &c. Your brother James, a very worthy man, though you never can have two Gals. desired me to give you this account — how sad a return for the two letters I have received from you this week! Be assured, my dear Sir, that nothing could have saved his life. For your sake and my own I hurry from this dreadful subject — not for the amusement of either, or that I have any thing to tell you: my letter shall be very short, for I am stabbing you with a dagger used on myself!

Mr. Pitt has not been able to return to Parliament for the gout, which has prevented our having one long day; we adjourn to-morrow for a fortnight; yet scarce to meet then for business, as a call of the House is not appointed till the 20th of January; very late indeed, were any in-

* Mr. Foote married the second sister of Mr. Mann, as his brother, a clergyman, afterwards did the third.

quiries probable: this advantage I hope will be gained, that our new ministers will have a month's time to think on their country.

Adieu! my dear Sir, this letter was necessary for me to write—I find it as necessary to finish it.

LETTER CCXCI.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 6, 1757.

I LIVE in dread of receiving your unhappy letters! I am sensible how many, many reasons you have to lament your dear brother: yet your long absence will prevent the loss of him from leaving so sharp a sting as it would have done had you seen as much of him as I have of late years! When I wrote to you, I did not know his last instance of love to you;* may you never have occasion to use it!

I wish I could tell you any politics to abstract your thoughts from your concern; but just at present all political conversation centres in such a magazine of abuse, as was scarce ever paralleled. Two papers, called *the Test* and *Contest*, appear every Saturday, the former against Mr. Pitt, the latter against Mr. Fox, which make me recollect *Fogs* and *Craftsmen* as harmless libels. The authors are not known; Doddington† is believed to

* Mr. Gal. Mann left an annuity to his brother Sir Horace, in case he were recalled from Florence.

† George Bubb Doddington, Esq. This report was not confirmed.

have the chief hand in the Test, which is much the best, unless virulence is to bestow the laurel. He has been turned out by the opposite faction, and has a new opportunity of revenge, being just become a widower. The best part of his fortune is entailed on Lord Temple if he has no son; but I suppose he would rather marry a female hawker than not propagate children and lampoons. There is another paper, called *the Monitor*, written by one Dr. Shebbear, who made a pious resolution of writing himself into a place or the pillory, but having miscarried* in both views, is wreaking his resentment on the late Chancellor, who might have gratified him in either of his objects. The Parliament meets to-morrow, but as Mr. Pitt cannot yet walk, we are not likely soon to have any business. Admiral Byng's trial has been in agitation above these ten days, and is supposed an affair of length: I think the reports are rather unfavourable to him, though I do not find that it is believed he will be capitally punished. I will tell you my sentiments, I don't know whether judicious or not: it may perhaps take a great deal of time to prove he was not a coward; I should think it would not take half an hour to prove he had behaved bravely.

Your old royal guest King Theodore is gone to the place which it is said levels kings and beggars;

* He did write himself into a pillory before the conclusion of that reign, and into a pension at the beginning of the next, for one and the same kind of merit, writing against King William and the Revolution.

an unnecessary journey for him, who had already fallen from the one to the other: I think he died somewhere in the liberties of the Fleet.*

Lord Lyttelton has received his things, and is much content with them: this leads me to trouble you with another, I hope trifling, commission; will you send me a case of the best drams for Lord Hertford, and let me know the charge?

You must take this short letter only as an instance of my attention to you; I would write, though I knew nothing to tell you.

LETTER CCXCII.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 17, 1757.

I AM still, my dear Sir, waiting for your melancholy letters, not one of which has yet reached me. I am impatient to know how you bear your misfortune, though I tremble at what I shall feel from your expressing it! Except good Dr. Cocchi, what sensible friend have you at Florence to share and moderate your unhappiness?—but I will not renew it; I will hurry to tell you any thing that may amuse it—and yet what is that any thing? Mr. Pitt, as George Selwyn says, has again taken to his *Lit de Justice;* he has been once with the King, but not at the House; the day before yes-

* See an account of his death, and the monument and epitaph erected for him, in Mr. W's fugitive pieces.

terday the gout flew into his arm, and has again laid him up: I am so particular in this, because all our transactions, or rather our inactivity, hang upon the progress of his distemper. Mr. Pitt and every thing else have been forgot for these five days, obscured by the news of the assassination of the King of France. I don't pretend to tell you any circumstances of it, who must know them better than, at least as well as I can; war and the sea don't contribute to dispel the clouds of lies that involve such a business. The letters of the foreign ministers, and ours from Brussels, say he has been at council; in the city he is believed dead: I hope not! We should make a bad exchange in the Dauphin. Though the King is weak and irresolute, I believe he does not want sense: weakness, bigotry, and some sense, are the properest materials for keeping alive the disturbances in that country, to which this blow, if the man was any thing but a madman, will contribute. The despotic and holy stupidity* of the successor would quash the Parliament at once. He told his father about a year ago, that if he was king the next day, and the Pope should bid him lay down his crown, he would. They tell or make a good answer for the father, "And if he was to bid you take the crown from *me*, would you?" We have particular cause to say masses for the

* The Dauphin, son of Louis XV., had been bred a bigot, but as he by no means wanted sense, he got over the prejudices of his education, and before he died had far more liberal sentiments.

father; there is invincible aversion between him and the young Pretender, whom, it is believed, nothing could make him assist. You may judge what would make the Dauphin assist him! he was one day reading the reign of Nero; he said, "*Ma foi, c'étoit le plus grand scélérat qui fût jamais; il ne lui manquoit que d'être Janseniste.*" I am grieving for my favourite* the Pope, whom we suppose dead, at least I trust he was superannuated when they drew from him the late Bull enjoining the admission of the Unigenitus on pain of damnation; a step how unlike all the amiable moderation of his life! In my last I told you the death of another monarch, for whom in our time you and I have interested ourselves, King Theodore. He had just taken the benefit of the act of insolvency, and went to the Old Bailey for that purpose: in order to it, the person applying gives up all his effects to his creditors: His Majesty was asked what effects he had? He replied nothing but the kingdom of Corsica—and it is actually registered for the benefit of the creditors. You may get it intimated to the Pretender, that if he has a mind to heap titles upon the two or three medals that he coins, he has nothing to do but to pay King Theodore's debts, and he may have very good pretensions to Corsica. As soon as Theodore was at liberty, he took a chair and went to the Portuguese minister, but did

* Prospero Lambertini, by the name of Benedict XIV. See Mr. Walpole's inscription on his picture.

not find him at home: not having sixpence to pay, he prevailed on the chairmen to carry him to a tailor he knew in Soho, whom he prevailed upon to harbour him; but he fell sick the next day, and died in three more.

Byng's trial continues; it has gone ill for him, but mends; it is the general opinion that he will come off for some severe censure.

Bower's first part of his reply is published: he has pinned a most notorious falsehood about a Dr. Aspinwall on his enemies, which must destroy their credit, and will do him more service than what he has yet been able to prove about himself. They have published another pamphlet against his history, but so impertinent and scurrilous and malicious, that it will serve him more than his own defence: they may keep the old man's life so employed, as to prevent the prosecution of his work, but nothing can destroy the merit of the three volumes already published, which in every respect is the best written history I know: the language is the purest, the compilation the most judicious, and the argumentation the soundest.

The famous Miss Elizabeth Villiers Pitt* is in England; the only public place in which she has been seen, is the Popish Chapel; her only exploit, endeavours to wreak her malice on her brother William, whose kindness to her has been excessive. She applies to all his enemies, and, as Mr. Fox told

* Sister of William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham.

me, has even gone so far as to send a bundle of his letters to the author of the Test, to prove that Mr. Pitt has cheated her, as she calls it, of a hundred a year, and which only prove that he once allowed her two, and after all her wickedness still allows her one. How she must be vexed that she has no way of setting the gout more against him! Adieu! tell me if you receive all my letters.

LETTER CCXCIII.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 30, 1757.

LAST night I received your most melancholy letter of the 8th of this month, in which you seem to feel all or more than I apprehended. As I trust to time and the necessary avocation of your thoughts, rather than to any arguments I could use for your consolation, I choose to say as little more as possible on the subject of your loss. Your not receiving letters from your brothers as early as mine was the consequence of their desiring me to take that most unwelcome office upon me: I believe they have both written since, though your eldest brother has had a severe fit of the gout: they are both exceedingly busied in the details necessarily fallen upon them. That would be no reason for their neglecting you, nor I am persuaded will they: they shall certainly want no incitements from me, who wish and will endeavour as much as possible to

repair your loss, alas! how inadequately! Your brother James has found great favour from the Duke.* Your brother Ned, who is but just come to town from his confinement, tells me that your nephew will be in vast circumstances; above an hundred thousand pounds, besides the landed estate and debts! These little details related, I had rather try to amuse you, than indulge your grief and my own; your dear brother's memory will never be separated from mine; but the way in which I shall show it, shall be in increased attention to you: he and you will make me perpetually think on both of you!

All England is again occupied with Admiral Byng; he and his friends were quite persuaded of his acquittal. The court martial, after the trial was finished, kept the whole world in suspense for a week; after great debates and divisions amongst themselves, and despatching messengers hither to consult lawyers whether they could not mitigate the article of war, to which a negative was returned, they pronounced this extraordinary sentence on Thursday: they condemn him to death for *negligence*, but acquit him of *disaffection* and *cowardice* (the other heads of the article) specifying the testimony of Lord Robert Bertie in his favour, and unanimously recommending him to mercy; and accompanying their sentence with a most

* From the Duke of Cumberland, commander-in-chief of the army. Mr. Gal. and James Mann were clothiers to many regiments.

earnest letter to the Lords of the Admiralty to intercede for his pardon, saying, that finding themselves tied up from moderating the article of war, and not being able in conscience to pronounce that he had done all he could, they had been forced to bring him in guilty, but beg he may be spared. The discussions, and difference of opinions on this sentence is incredible. The Cabinet Council, I believe, will be to determine whether the King shall pardon him or not: some who wish to make him the scape-goat for their own neglects, I fear, will try to complete his fate, but I should think the new Administration will not be biassed to blood by such interested attempts. He bore well his unexpected sentence, as he has all the outrageous indignities and cruelties heaped upon him. Last week happened an odd event, I can scarce say in his favour, as the world seems to think it the effect of the arts of some of his friends: Voltaire sent him from Switzerland an accidental letter of the Duc de Richelieu, bearing witness to the Admiral's good behaviour in the engagement.* A letter of a very different cast, and of great humour, is showed about, said to be written to Admiral Boscawen from an old tar, to this effect:

* It is now generally believed that Byng was brave but incapable. He might have done more than he did; but this was occasioned not by his want of courage, but by his want of ability. He was cruelly sacrificed to the fury of the people, and to the popularity of the Ministry.—D.

"SIR, I had the honour of being at the taking of Port Mahon, for which one gentleman* was made a Lord; I was also at the losing of Mahon, for which another gentleman† has been made a Lord: each of those gentlemen performed but one of those services; surely I, who performed both, ought at least to be made a Lieutenant.

Which is all from your honour's humble servant, &c."

Did you hear that after their conquest, the French ladies wore little towers for *pompons*, and called them *Des Mahonnoises?* I suppose, since the attempt on the King, all their fashions will be *à l'assassin*. We are quite in the dark still about that history: it is one of the bad effects of living in one's own time, that one never knows the truth of it till one is dead!

Old Fontenelle is dead at last; they asked him as he was dying, *s'il sentoit quelque mal?* He replied, *Oui, je sens le mal d'être*. My uncle, a young creature compared to Fontenelle, is grown something between childish and mad, and raves about the melancholy situation of politics: one should think he did not much despair of his country, when at seventy-eight he could practise such dirty arts to intercept his brother's estate from his brother's grandchildren! A conclusion how unlike that of

* Byng, Viscount Torrington.

† Lord Blakeney.

the honest good-humoured Pope! I am charmed with his *bon-mot* that you sent me. *Apropos!* Mr. Chute has received a present of a diamond mourning-ring from a cousin; he calls it *l'anello del Piscatore.**

Mr. Pitt is still confined, and the House of Commons little better than a coffee-house. I was diverted the other day with Père Brumoy's translation of Aristophanes: the Harangueses, or female orators, who take the government upon themselves instead of their husbands, might be well applied to our politics: Lady Hester Pitt,† Lady Caroline Fox, and the Duchess of Newcastle, should be the heroines of the piece; and with this advantage, that as Lysistrata is forced to put on a beard, the Duchess has one ready grown.

Sir Charles Williams is returning, on the bad success of our dealings with Russia. The French were so determined to secure the Czarina, that they chose about seven of their handsomest young men to accompany their Ambassador. How unlucky for us, that Sir Charles was embroiled with Sir Edward Hussey Montagu, who could alone have outweighed all the seven! Sir Charles's daughter, Lady Essex, has engaged the attentions of Prince Edward,‡ who has got his liberty, and seems

* The Pope's seal with a ring, which is called *the Fisherman's ring*. Mr. Chute, who was unmarried, meant that his cousin was *fishing* for his estate.

† Lady Hester Temple, wife of the Right Hon. William Pitt.—D.

‡ Brother of George the Third. Afterwards created Duke of York. He died while still a young man.—D.

extremely disposed to use it, and has great life and good humour. She has already made a ball for him. Sir Richard Lyttelton* was so wise as to make her a visit, and advise her not to meddle with politics; that the Princess would conclude it was a plan laid for bringing together Prince Edward and Mr. Fox!† As Mr. Fox was not just the person my Lady Essex was thinking of *bringing together* with Prince Edward, she replied very cleverly, "And my dear Sir Richard, let me advise you not to meddle with politics neither." Adieu!

LETTER CCXCIV.

Strawberry-Hill, Feb. 13, 1757.

I AM not surprised to find you still lamenting your dear brother; but you are to blame, and perhaps I shall be so, for asking and giving any more accounts of his last hours. Indeed, after the fatal Saturday, on which I told you I was prevented seeing him by his being occupied with his lawyer, he had scarce an interval of sense—and no wonder! His lawyer has since told me, that nothing ever equalled the horrid indecencies of your sister-in-law on that day. Having yielded to the settlement for which he so earnestly begged, she was determined to make him purchase it, and in transports of

* Brother of George Lord Lyttelton.

† Sir Charles Williams was a particular friend of Mr. Fox.

passion and avarice, kept traversing his chamber from the lawyer to the bed, whispering her husband, and then telling the lawyer, who was drawing the will, "Sir, Mr. Mann says I am to have this, I am to have that!" The lawyer at last, offended to the greatest degree, said, "Madam, it is Mr. Mann's will I am making, not your's!"—but here let me break it off; I have told you all I know, and too much. It was a very different sensation I felt, when your brother Ned told me that he had found seven thousand pounds in the Stocks in your name. As Mr. Chute and I know how little it is possible for you to lay up, we conclude that this sum is amassed for you by dear Gal.'s industry and kindness, and by a silent way of serving you, without a possibility of his wife or any one else calling it in question.

What a dreadful catastrophe is that of Richcourt's family! What a lesson for human grandeur! Florence, the scene of all his triumphs and haughtiness, is now the theatre of his misery and misfortunes!

After a fortnight of the greatest variety of opinions, Byng's fate is still in suspense. The court and the late ministry have been most bitter against him; the new Admiralty most good-natured; the King would not pardon him. They would not execute the sentence, as many lawyers are clear that it is not a legal one. At last the council has referred it to the twelve judges to give their opi-

nion: if not a favourable one, he dies! He has had many fortunate chances; had the late Admiralty continued, one knows how little any would have availed him. Their bitterness will always be recorded against themselves: it will be difficult to persuade posterity that all the shame of last summer was the fault of Byng! Exact evidence of whose fault it was, I believe posterity will never have: the long-expected inquiries are begun, that is, some papers have been moved for, but so coldly, that it is plain George Townshend* and the Tories are unwilling to push researches that must necessarily re-unite Newcastle and Fox. In the mean time, Mr. Pitt stays at home, and holds the House of Commons in *commendam*. I do not augur very well of the ensuing summer; a detachment is going to America under a Commander, whom a child might outwit, or terrify with a pop-gun! The confusions in France seem to thicken with our mismanagements: we hear of a total change in the ministry there, and of the disgrace both of Machault and D'Argenson, the chiefs of the Parliamentary and Ecclesiastic factions. That the King should be struck with the violence of their parties, I don't wonder: it is said, that as he went to hold the *lit de Justice*, no mortal cried *Vive le Roi!* but one old woman, for which the mob knocked her down, and trampled her to death.

My uncle died yesterday was se'nnight; his death

* Afterwards Viscount Townshend.

I really believe hastened by the mortification of the money vainly spent at Norwich. I neither intend to spend money, nor to die of it, but, to my mortification, am forced to stand for Lynn, in the room of his son. The Corporation still reverence my father's memory so much, that they will not bear distant relations, while he has sons living. I was reading the other day a foolish book called *L'Histoire des quatre Ciceros:* the author, who has taken Tully's son for his hero, says, he piqued himself on out-drinking Antony, his father's great enemy. Do you think I shall ever pique myself on being richer than my Lord Bath!

Prince Edward's pleasures continue to furnish conversation: he has been rather forbid by the Signora Madre to make himself so common; and he has been rather encouraged by his grandfather to disregard the prohibition. The other night the Duke and he were at a ball at Lady Rochford's:* she and Lady Essex were singing in an inner chamber, when the Princes entered, who insisting on a repetition of the song, my Lady Essex, instead of continuing the same, addressed herself to Prince Edward in this ballad of Lord Dorset—

False friends I have as well as you,
Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving Thee—

It won't be unamusing, I hope it will be no more

* Lucy Young, wife of William Henry Earl of Rochford.

than amusing, when all the Johns of Gaunt, and Clarences, and Humphrys, of Gloucester, are old enough to be running about town, and furnishing histories. Adieu!

LETTER CCXCV.

Arlington Street, March 3, 1757.

I HAVE deferred writing to you, till I could tell you something certain of the fate of Admiral Byng: no history was ever so extraordinary, or produced such variety of surprising turns. In my last I told you that his sentence was referred to the twelve judges. They have made law of that, of which no man else could make sense. The Admiralty immediately signed the warrant for his execution on the last of February—that is, three signed: Admiral Forbes positively refused, and would have resigned sooner. The Speaker would have had Byng expelled the House, but his tigers were pitiful. Sir Francis Dashwood tried to call for the Court-martial's letter; but the tigers were not so tender as that came to. Some of the Court-martial grew to feel, as the execution advanced: the City grew impatient for it. Mr. Fox tried to represent the new ministry as compassionate, and has damaged their popularity. Three of the Court-martial applied on Wednesday last to Lord Temple to renew their solicitation for mercy. Sir Francis Dashwood

moved a repeal of the bloody twelfth article: the House was savage enough; yet Mr. Doddington softened them, and not one man spoke directly against mercy. They had nothing to fear: the man,* who, of all defects, hates cowardice and avarice most, and who has some little objection to a mob in St. James's-street, has magnanimously forgot all the services of the great Lord Torrington. On Thursday seven of the Court-martial applied for mercy; they were rejected. On Friday a most strange event happened. I was told at the House that Captain Keppel and Admiral Norris desired a bill to absolve them from their Oath of Secrecy, that they might unfold something very material towards saving the prisoner's life. I was out of Parliament myself during my re-election, but I ran to Keppel; he said he had never spoken in public, and could not, but would give authority to anybody else. The Speaker was putting the question for the orders of the day, after which no motion could be made; it was Friday, the House would not sit on Saturday, the execution was fixed for Monday. I felt all this in an instant, dragged Mr. Keppel to Sir Francis Dashwood, and he on the floor before he had taken his place, called out to the Speaker, and though the orders were passed, Sir Francis was suffered to speak. The House was wonderously softened: pains were taken to prove to Mr. Keppel that he

* The King.

might speak, notwithstanding his oath, but he adhering to it, he had time given him till next morning to consider and consult some of his brethren, who had commissioned him to desire the bill. The next day the King sent a message to our House, that he had respited Mr. Byng for a fortnight, till the bill could be passed, and he should know whether the Admiral was unjustly condemned. The bill was read twice in our House that day, and went through the Committee; Mr. Keppel affirming that he had something, in his opinion, of weight, to tell, and which it was material his Majesty should know, and naming four of his associates, who desired to be empowered to speak. On Sunday all was confusion again, on news that the four disclaimed what Mr. Keppel had said for them. On Monday, he told the House, that in one he had been mistaken; that another did not declare off, but wished all were to be compelled to speak; and from the two others he produced a letter upholding him in what he had said. The bill passed by 153 to 23. On Tuesday it was treated very differently by the Lords. The new Chief Justice* and the late Chancellor† pleaded against Byng like little attorneys, and did all they could to stifle truth. That all was a good deal. They prevailed to have the whole Court-martial at their bar. Lord Hardwicke urged for the intervention of a day,

* W. Murray, Lord Mansfield.
† Philip Yorke Earl of Hardwicke.

on the pretence of a trifling cause of an Irish bankruptcy then depending before the Lords, though Lord Temple showed them that some of the Captains and Admirals were under sailing orders for America. But Lord Hardwicke and Lord Anson were expeditious enough to do what they wanted in one night's time; for the next day, yesterday, every one of the Court-martial defended their sentence, and even the three conscientious said not one syllable of their desire of the bill, which was accordingly unanimously rejected, and with great marks of contempt for the House of Commons.

This is as brief and as clear an abstract as I can give you of a most complicated affair, in which I have been a most unfortunate actor, having to my infinite grief, which I shall feel till the man is at peace, been instrumental in protracting his misery a fortnight, by what I meant as the kindest thing I could do. I never knew poor Byng enough to bow to—but the great doubtfulness of his crime, and the extraordinariness of his sentence, the persecution of his enemies, who sacrifice him for their own guilt, and the rage of a blinded nation, have called forth all my pity for him. His enemies triumph, but who can envy the triumph of murder?

Nothing else material has happened, but Mr. Pitt's having moved for a German subsidy, which is another matter of triumph to the late ministry.

He and Mr. Fox have the warmest altercations every day in the House.

We have had a few French symptoms; papers were fixed on the Exchange, with these words, *Shoot Byng, or take care of your King* — but this storm, which Lord Anson's creatures and protectors have conjured up, may choose itself employment, when Byng is dead.

Your last was of Jan. 29th, in which I thank you for what you say of my commissions — sure you could not imagine that I thought you neglected them? Adieu!

LETTER CCXCVI.

Arlington-Street, March 17, 1757.

ADMIRAL BYNG'S tragedy was completed on Monday — a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents, villainy, murder, and a hero. His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of his fate had not in the least unhinged his mind; his whole behaviour was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said, "Which of us is tallest?" He replied, "Why this ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin." He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act

so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are. Came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted, gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus? Can that man want spirit, who only fears to terrify his executioners? Has the aspen Duke of Newcastle lived thus? Would my Lord Hardwicke die thus, even supposing he had nothing on his conscience?

This scene is over! what will be the next is matter of great uncertainty. The new Ministers are well weary of their situation; without credit at Court, without influence in the House of Commons, undermined everywhere, I believe they are too sensible not to desire to be delivered of their burthen, which those who increase, yet dread to take on themselves. Mr. Pitt's health is as bad as his situation; confidence between the other factions almost impossible — yet I believe their impatience will prevail over their distrust. The nation expects a change every day; and being a nation, I believe, desires it; and being the English nation, will condemn it the moment it is made. We are trembling for Hanover, and the Duke is going to command the army of observation.

These are the politics of the week: the diversions are balls, and the two Princes frequent them; but the eldest nephew* remains shut up in a room, where, as desirous as they are of keeping him, I believe he is now and then incommode. The Duke of Richmond has made two balls on his approaching wedding with Lady Mary Bruce, Mr. Conway's † daughter-in-law: it is the perfectest match in the world; youth, beauty, riches, alliances, and all the blood of all the Kings from Robert Bruce to Charles the Second. They are the prettiest couple in England, except the father-in-law and mother.

As I write so often to you, you must be content with shorter letters, which, however, are always as long as I can make them. *This* summer will not contract our correspondence. Adieu! my dear Sir.

LETTER CCXCVII.

Arlington-Street, April 7, 1757.

You will receive letters by this post that will surprise you; I will try to give you a comment to them; an exact explication I don't know who could

* George Prince of Wales, afterwards George III.

† Lady Mary Bruce was only daughter of Charles, last Earl of Ailesbury, by Caroline, his third wife, daughter of General John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll. Lady Ailesbury married to her second husband Colonel Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Francis Earl of Hertford. This match proved a barren one.

give you. You will receive the orders of a new master, Lord Egremont*—I was going on to say that the Ministry is again changed—but I cannot say *changed*; it is only dismissed — and here is another Inter-Ministerium.

The King has never borne Lord Temple, and soon grew displeased with Mr. Pitt: on Byng's affair it came to aversion. It is now given out that both I have mentioned have personally affronted the King. On the execution, he would not suffer Dr. Hay of the Admiralty to be brought into Parliament, though he had lost his seat on coming into his service. During this squabble negociations were set on foot between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Fox, and would have been concluded, if either of them would have risked being hanged for the other. The one most afraid broke off the treaty; need I say it was the Duke? While this was in agitation, it grew necessary for the Duke† to go abroad and take the command of the army of observation. He did not care to be checked there by a hostile Ministry at home: his father was as unwilling to be left in their hands. The drum was beat for forces; none would list. However, the change must be made. The day before yesterday Lord Temple was dismissed, with all his Admiralty but Boscawen, who was of the former, and with an offer to Mr. Elliot to stay, which he has declined.

* Sir Charles Wyndham, first Earl of Egremont.

† William Duke of Cumberland.

The new Admirals are Lord Winchelsea, Rowley again, Moyston, Lord Carysfort, Mr. Sandys, and young Hamilton of the Board of Trade.* It was hoped that this disgrace would drive Mr. Pitt and the rest of his friends to resign—for that very reason they would not. The time pressed; to-day was fixed for the Duke's departure, and for the recess of Parliament during the holidays. Mr. Pitt was dismissed, and Lord Egremont has received the seals to-day. Mr. Fox has always adhered to being only Paymaster, but the impossibility of finding a Chancellor of the Exchequer, which Lord Duplin of the Newcastle faction, and Doddington of Mr. Fox's, have refused, has, I think, forced Mr. Fox to resolve to take that post himself. However, that and every thing else is unsettled, and Mr. Fox is to take nothing till the Inquiries are over. The Duke of Devonshire remains in the Treasury, declaring that it is only for a short time, and till they can fix on somebody else. The Duke of Newcastle keeps aloof, professing no connexion with Mr. Pitt; Lord Hardwicke is gone into the country for a fortnight. The stocks fall, the foreign Ministers stare; Leicester-house is going to be very angry, and I fear we are going into great confusion. As I wish Mr.

* The new Admiralty *actually* consisted of the following—Lord Winchilsea, Admiral Sir W. Rowley, K.B., Hon. Edward Boscawen, Gilbert Elliott, Esq., John Proby first Lord Carysfort, Savage Mostyn, Esq., and the Hon. Edward Sandys, afterwards second Lord Sandys.—D.

Fox so well, I cannot but lament the undigested rashness of this measure!

Having lost three packet-boats lately, I fear I have missed a letter or two of your's: I hope this will have better fortune; for, almost unintelligible as it is, you will want even so awkward a key.

Mr. Fox was very desirous of bargaining for a peerage for Lady Caroline; the King has positively refused it, but has given him the reversion for three lives of Clerk of the Pells in Ireland, which Doddington has now. Mr. Conway is made Groom of the Bedchamber to the King.

A volume on all I have told you, would only perplex you more; you will have time to study what I send you now: I go to Strawberry-hill to-morrow for the holidays; and till they are over, certainly nothing more will be done. You did not expect this new confusion, just when you was preparing to tremble for the campaign. Adieu!

LETTER CCXCVIII.

Arlington-Street, April 20, 1757.

You will wonder that I should so long have announced my Lord Egremont to you for a master, without his announcing himself to you—it was no fault of mine; everything here is a riddle or an absurdity. Instead of coming forth Secretary of State, he went out of town, declaring he knew

nothing of the matter. On that, it was affirmed that he had refused the Seals. The truth is, they have never been offered to him in form. He had been sounded, and I believe was not averse, but made excuses that were not thought invincible. As we are in profound peace with all the world, and can do without any government, it is thought proper to wait a little, till what are called *the Inquiries* are over; what they are, I will tell you presently. *A man** who has hated and loved the Duke of Newcastle pretty heartily in the course of some years, is willing to wait, in hopes of prevailing on him to resume the Seals—that Duke is the arbiter of England! Both the other parties are trying to unite with him. The King pulls him, the next reign (for you know his grace is very young,) pulls him back. Present power tempts; Mr. Fox's unpopularity terrifies—he will reconcile all, by immediate duty to the King, with a salvo to the intention of betraying him to the Prince, to make his peace with the latter, as soon as he has made up with the former. Unless his Grace takes Mr. Fox by the hand, the latter is in an ugly situation—if he does, is he in a beautiful one?

Yesterday began the famous and long-expected *Inquiries*. The House of Commons in person undertakes to examine all the intelligence, letters, and orders, of the administration that lost Minorca. In order to this, they pass over a whole winter;

* The King.

then they send for cart-loads of papers from all the offices, leaving it to the discretion of the clerks to transcribe, insert, omit, whatever they please; and without inquiring what the accused ministers had left or secreted. Before it was possible for people to examine these with any attention, supposing they were worth any, the whole House goes to work, sets the clerk to reading such bushels of letters, that the very dates fill three-and-twenty sheets of paper; he reads as fast as he can, nobody attends, everybody goes away, and to-night they determined that the whole should be read through on to-morrow and Friday, that one may have time to digest on Saturday and Sunday what one had scarce heard, cannot remember, nor is it worth the while; and then on Monday, without asking any questions, examining any witnesses, authority, or authenticity, the Tories are to affirm that the Ministers were very negligent; the Whigs, that they were wonderfully informed, discreet, provident, and active; and Mr. Pitt and his friends are to affect great zeal for justice, are to avoid provoking the Duke of Newcastle, and are to endeavour to extract from all the nothings they have not heard, something that is to lay all the guilt at Mr. Fox's door. Now you know very exactly what the Inquiries are—and this wise nation is gaping to see the chick which their old brood-hen the House of Commons will produce from an egg laid in November, neglected till April, and then hatched in a quicksand!

The Common Council have presented gold boxes with the freedom of their city to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge—no gracious compliment to St. James's. It is expected that the example will catch, but as yet, I hear of no imitations. Pamphlets, cards, and prints swarm again: George Townshend* has published one of the latter, which is so admirable in its kind, that I cannot help sending it to you. His genius for likenesses in caricatura is astonishing—indeed, Lord Winchelsea's figure is not heightened—your friends Doddington and Lord Sandwich are like; the former made me laugh till I cried. The Hanoverian drummer, Ellis, is the least like, though it has much of his air. I need say nothing of the lump of fat† crowned with laurel on the altar. As Townshend's parts lie entirely in his pencil, his pen has no share in them; the labels are very dull, except the inscription on the altar, which I believe is his brother Charles's. This print which has so diverted the town, has produced to-day a most bitter pamphlet against George Townshend, called The Art of Political Lying. Indeed, it is strong.

The Duke who has taken no English with him but Lord Albemarle, Lord Frederick Cavendish,‡ Lord George Lennox,§ Colonel Keppel, Mr. West

* Afterwards Viscount Townshend.

† The Duke of Cumberland.

‡ Third son of William third Duke of Devonshire. He was made a Field-Marshal in 1796, and died in 1803.—D.

§ Second son of Charles second Duke of Richmond. Died in 1805.—D.

and Colonel Carlton, all his own servants, was well persuaded to go by Stade; there were French parties laid to intercept him on the other road.—It might have saved him an unpleasant campaign.—We have no favourable events, but that Russia, who had neither men, money, nor magazines, is much softened, and halts her troops.

The Duke of Grafton* still languishes: the Duke of Newcastle has so pestered him with political visits, that the physicians ordered him to be excluded: yet he forced himself into the house. The Duke's gentlemen would not admit him into the bedchamber, saying his Grace was asleep. Newcastle protested he would go in on tip-toe and only look at him—he rushed in, clattered his heels to waken him, and then fell upon the bed, kissing and hugging him. Grafton waked; "God! what's here?"—"Only I, my dear Lord"—Buss, buss, buss, buss!—"God! how can you be such a beast to kiss such a creature as I am, all over plaisters! get along, get along!" and turned about and went to sleep. Newcastle hurries home, tells the mad Duchess that the Duke of Grafton was certainly light-headed, for he had not known him, frightens her into fits, and then was forced to send for Dr. Shaw—for this Lepidus are struggling Octavius and Anthony! †

* Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain.

† Lepidus, Duke of Newcastle—Octavius and Anthony, Pitt and Fox.—D.

I have received three letters from you, one of March 25th, one of the second of this month inclosing that which had journeyed back to you unopened. I wish it lay in my way to send you early news of the destination of fleets, but I rather avoid secrets than hunt them. I must give you much the same answer with regard to Mr. Dick, whom I should be most glad to serve; but when I tell you that in the various revolutions of ministries I have seen, I have never asked a single favour for myself or any friend I have; that whatever friendships I have with the man, I avoid all connexions with the minister; that I abhor courts and levee-rooms and flattery; that I have done with all parties and only sit by and smile—(you would weep)—when I tell you all this, think what my interest must be! I can better answer your desiring me to countenance your brother James, and telling me it will cost me nothing.—My God! if you don't believe my affection for you, at least believe in the adoration I have for dear Gal's memory—that, alas! cannot now be counterfeited! If ever I had a friend, if ever there was a friend, he was one to me; if ever there were love and gratitude, I have both for him—before I received your letter, James was convinced of all this—but my dear child, you let slip an expression which sure I never deserved—but I will say no more of it.—Thank you for the verses on Buondelmonti*—I did not know he was dead—

* A Florentine Abbé and wit.

for the prayer for Richecourt, for the Pope's letter, and for the bills of lading for the liqueurs.

You will have heard all the torments exercised on that poor wretch Damien, for attempting the least bad of all murders, that of a King. They copied with a scrupulous exactness horrid precedents, and the dastardly monarch permitted them! I don't tell you any particulars, for in time of war and at this distance, how to depend on the truth of them?

This is a very long letter, but I will not make excuses for long ones and short ones too—I fear you forgive the long ones most easily!

LETTER CCXCIX.

Arlington-Street, May 5, 1757.

You may expect what you please of new ministries, and revolutions, and establishments; we are a grave people, and don't go so rashly to work—at least when we have demolished any thing rashly, we take due time before we repair it. At a distance you may be impatient. We, the most concerned, wait very tranquilly to see the event of chaos. It was given out, that nothing would be settled till the Inquiries were at an end.—The world very obediently stayed for the time appointed. The Inquiries are at an end, yet nothing is in more forwardness. Foreign nations may imagine (but they

must be at a great distance!) that we are so wise and upright a people, that every man performs his part, and thence everything goes on in its proper order without any government — but I fear, our case is like what astronomers tell us, that if a star was to be annihilated, it would still shine for two months. The Inquiries have been a most important and dull farce, and very fatiguing; we sat six days till past midnight. If you have received my last letter, you have already had a description of what passed just as I foresaw. Mr. Pitt broke out a little the second day, and threatened to secede, and tell the world the iniquity of the majority; but recollecting that the majority might be as useful as the world, he recomposed himself, professed meaning no personalties, swallowed all candour as fast as it was proposed to him, swallowed camels and haggled about gnats, and in a manner let the friends of the old ministry state and vote what resolutions they pleased. They were not modest, but stated away; yet on the last day of the committee, on their moving that no greater force could have been sent to the Mediterranean than was under Byng, the triumphant majority shrank to one of seventy-eight, many absenting themselves, and many of the independent sort voting with the minority. This alarmed so much, that the predetermined vote of acquittal or approbation was forced to be dropped, and to their great astonishment the late cabinet is not thanked parliamentarily

for having lost Minorca. You may judge what Mr. Pitt might have done, if he had pleased; when, though he starved his own cause, so slender an advantage was obtained against him. I retired before the vote I have mentioned; as Mr. Fox was complicated in it, I would not appear against him, and I could not range myself with a squadron who I think must be the jest of Europe and posterity.

It now remains to settle some ministry: Mr. Pitt's friends are earnest, and some of them trafficking for an union with Newcastle. He himself, I believe, maintains his dignity, and will be sued to, not sue. The Duke of Newcastle, who cannot bear to resign the last twilight of the *old sun*, would join with Fox, but the Chancellor, who hates him, and is alarmed at his unpopularity, and at the power of Pitt with the people, holds back. Bath, Exeter, Yarmouth, and Worcester, have followed the example of London, and sent their freedoms to Pitt and Legge: I suppose Edinburgh will, but instead of giving, will ask for a gold box in return. Here are some new epigrams on the present politics:

To the Nymph of Bath.

"Mistaken Nymph, thy gifts withhold;
Pitt's virtuous soul despises gold;
Grant him thy boon peculiar, health;
He'll guard, not covet, Britain's wealth.

ANOTHER.

The two great rivals London might content,
If what he values most to each she sent;
Ill was the franchise coupled with the box;
Give Pitt the freedom, and the gold to Fox.

ON DR. SHEBBEAR ABUSING HUME CAMPBELL FOR BEING A PROSTITUTE ADVOCATE.

'Tis below you, dear Doctor, to worry an elf,
Who you know will defend anything, but himself.

The two first are but middling, and I am bound to think the last so, as it is my own. Shebbear is a broken Jacobite physician, who has threatened to write himself into a place or the pillory: he has just published a bitter letter to the Duke of Newcastle, which occasioned the above two lines.

The French have seized in their own name the country of Bentheim, a purchase of the King's, after having offered him the most insulting neutrality for Hanover, in the world; they proposed putting a garrison into the strongest post* he has, with twenty other concessions. We have rumours of the Prince of Bevern having beaten the Austrians considerably.

I believe, upon review, that this is a mighty indefinite letter; I would have waited for certainties, but not knowing how long that might be, I thought you would prefer this parenthesis of politics.

Lord Northumberland's great gallery is finished and opened; it is a sumptuous chamber, but might

* Hamelen.

have been in a better taste. He is wonderfully content with his pictures, and gave me leave to repeat it to you. I rejoiced, as you had been the negotiator— as you was not the painter, you will allow me not to be so profuse of my applause. Indeed I have yet only seen them by candle-light. Mengs's school of Athens pleased me: Pompeio's two are black and hard; Mazucci's Apollo, *fade* and without beauty; Costanza's piece is abominable. Adieu! till a ministry.

LETTER CCC.

Arlington-Street, May 19, 1757.

We are not yet arrived at having a ministry, but we have had two or three alarms of one. On Monday, the Duke of Devonshire, impatient for a plaything, took the Chamberlain's staff and key— these were reckoned certain prognostics; but they were only symptoms of his childishness. Yesterday it was published that Mr. Pitt's terms were so extravagant, that the Duke of Newcastle could not comply with them—and would take the whole himself—perhaps leave some little trifle for Mr. Fox— to-day all is afloat again, and all negotiations to re-commence. Pitt's demands were, that his Grace should not meddle in the House of Commons, nor in the province of Secretary of State, but stick to the Treasury, and even there to be controlled by a

majority of Mr. Pitt's friends—they were certainly great terms, but he has been taught not to trust to less. But it is tautology to dwell on these variations; the inclosed* is an exact picture of our situation—and is perhaps the only political paper ever written, in which no man of any party can dislike or deny a single fact. I wrote it in an hour and half, and you will perceive, that it must be the effect of a single thought.

We had big letters yesterday of a total victory of the King of Prussia over the Austrians,† with their army dispersed and their General wounded and prisoner—I don't know how, but it is not confirmed yet. You must excuse the brevity of my English letter, in consideration of my Chinese one.

Adieu! Xo Ho.

LETTER CCCI.

Arlington-Street, June 1, 1757.

After a vacancy of full two months, we are at last likely to have a ministry again—I do not promise you a very lasting one. Last Wednesday the conferences broke off between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt; the latter demanding a full restoration of his friends, with the Admiralty and a

* Letter from Xo Ho to Lien Chi.

† This was the battle of Prague, gained by the King of Prussia on the 6th of May 1757, over the forces of the Empress Queen, commanded by Prince Charles of Lorraine.—D.

peerage for Mr. Legge, the blue riband, and I believe, Ireland, for Lord Temple, and Mr. Grenville for Chancellor of the Exchequer, with stipulations that no more money should be sent this year to Germany. The last article, the Admiralty, and especially the Exchequer, were positively refused; and on Friday the Duke went to the King, and consented to be sole Minister, insisting that Mr. Fox should be nothing but Paymaster, not Cabinet-counsellor, and have no power; Sir Thomas Robinson to be again Secretary of State, and Sir George Lee Chancellor of Exchequer. For form, he was to retire to Claremont for a few days, to take advice of his oracle, whose answer he had already dictated. Lord Hardwicke refuses the Seals; says, he desires nobody should be dismissed for him; if President or Privy Seal should by any means be vacant, he will accept either, but nothing till Lord Anson is satisfied, for whom he asks Treasurer of the Navy. The Duke goes to Kensington to-morrow, when all this is to be declared—however, till it is, I shall doubt it. Lord Lincoln* and his principal friends are vehement against it; and indeed his Grace seems to be precipitating his own ruin. If Mr. Fox could forgive all that is past, which he by no means intends, here are new provocations added — will they invite Mr. Fox's support? Not to mention what unpopular Ger-

* Henry Clinton Earl of Lincoln, favourite nephew of the Duke of Newcastle, and his successor in the dukedom.

man steps the Duke must take to recover the King's favour, who is now entirely Fox's; the latter is answerable for nothing, and I believe would not manage inquiries against his Grace as Mr. Pitt has—leniently. In short, I think the month of October will terminate the fortune of the House of Pelham for ever—his supporters are ridiculous; his followers will every day desert to one or other of the two Princes* of the blood, who head the other factions. Two parts in three of the Cabinet, at least half, are attached to Mr. Fox; there the Duke will be overborne; in parliament will be deserted. Never was a plan concerted with more weakness!

I inclose a most extraordinary print. Mr. Fox has found some caricaturist† equal to George Townshend, and who manages royal personages with at least as little ceremony. I have written *Lord Lincoln* over the blue riband, because some people take it for him—likeness there is none: it is certain Lord Lincoln's mother was no whore; she never recovered the death of her husband. The line that follows *son of a whore* seems but too much connected with it; and at least the "*could say more*"

* The Prince of Wales, who espoused Mr. Pitt; and the Duke of Cumberland, Mr. Fox.

† This relates to a print that made much noise, called *The Turnstile.* The uncertain figure pretended to be Lord Lincoln, but was generally thought to mean the Prince of Wales, whom it resembled; but in the second impression a little demon was inserted to imply *The Devil over Lincoln.* Yet that evasion did not efface the first idea.

is not very merciful. The person of Lord Bute, not his face, is ridiculously like; Newcastle, Pitt, and Lord Temple are the very men. It came out but to-day, and shows how cordial the new union is. Since the Ligue against Henry III. of France, there never was such intemperate freedom with velvet and ermine; never, I believe, where religion was not concerned.

I cannot find by the dates you send me that I have received your's of Jan. 1, and Feb. 12, and I keep all your letters very orderly. Mine of this year to you have been of Jan 6, 17, 30; Feb. 14; March 3, 17; April 7, 20; May 5, 19. Tell me if you have received them.

What a King is our Prussian! how his victories come out doubled and trebled above their very fame! My Lady Townshend says, "Lord! how all the Queens will go to see this Solomon! and how they will be disappointed!" How she of Hungary is disappointed! We hear that the French have recalled their green troops, which had advanced for show, and have sent their oldest regiments against the Duke.* Our foreign affairs are very serious, but I don't know whether I do not think that our domestic tend to be more so! Adieu!

* The Duke of Cumberland.

LETTER CCCII.

Arlington-Street, June 9, 1757.

I MUST write you a very different story from my last. The day before yesterday the Duke of Newcastle, who had resumed conferences with Mr. Pitt by the intervention of Lord Bute, though they could not agree on particulars, went to Kensington, and told the King he could not act without Mr. Pitt and a great plan of that connexion. The King reproached him with his breach of promise; it seems the King is in the wrong, for Lord Lincoln and that court reckon his Grace as white as snow, and as steady as Virtue itself. Mr. Fox went to court and consented to undertake the whole — but it is madness! Lord Waldegrave,* a worthy man as ever was born, and sensible, is to be the First Lord of his Treasury. Who is to be his anything else I don't know, for by to-morrow it will rain resignations as it did in the year 46. Lord Holderness has begun, and gave up to-day; the Dukes of Rutland and Leeds and all the Pelhamites are to follow immediately: the standard of opposition is, I believe, ready painted, and is to be hung out at Leicester-house by the beginning of the week. I grieve for Mr. Fox, and have told him so; I see how desperate his game is, but I shall not desert him, though I mean nor meant to profit of his friend-

* James, second Earl Waldegrave, and first husband of Maria Duchess of Gloucester.

ship. So many places will be vacant, that I cannot yet guess who will be to fill them. Mr. Fox will be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, I think, Lord Egremont one of the Secretaries of State. What is certain, great clamour, and I fear, great confusion, will follow. You shall know more particulars in a few days, but at present I have neither time for, nor knowledge of, more. Adieu!

LETTER CCCIII.

Arlington-Street, June 14, 1757.

This is Tuesday; I wrote to you but on Thursday, and promised to write again in a few days—a week cannot pass without a new revolution. On Friday Mr. Fox found that his kissing hands was to be a signal for the resignations: Lord Rockingham and Lord Coventry were the most eager to give up. The Duke of Newcastle, transported that his breach of promise and ingratitude to the King produced such noble mischief, endeavoured to spread the flame as wide as possible. On Saturday, Mr. Fox and Lord Waldegrave represented the ugly situation of their affairs, and advised against persisting, yet offering to proceed if commanded. The Chief Justice, who was to carry the Exchequer-Seal that morning, enforced this—"Well," said the King, "go tell the others to make what ministry they can; I only insist on two things, that

Lord Winchilsea remain where he is, and that Fox be Paymaster." These two preliminaries would be enough to prevent the whole, if there were no other obstacles. Lord Winchilsea, indeed, would not act with Newcastle and Pitt, if they would consent; but there are twenty other impediments: Leicester-house can never forgive or endure Fox; and if they could, his and Winchilsea's remaining, would keep their friends from resigning, and then how would there be room for Newcastle's zealots, or Pitt's martyrs? But what I take to be most difficult of all, is the accommodation between the chiefs themselves: his Grace's head and heart seem to be just as young and as old as ever they were; this triumph will intoxicate him; if he could not agree with Pitt, when his prospect was worst, he will not be more firm or more sincere when all his doublings have been rewarded. If his vain glory turns his head, it will make no impression on Pitt, who is as little likely to be awed by another's pageant, as to be depressed by his own slender train. They can't agree—but what becomes of us? There are three factions, just strong enough to make everything impracticable.

The willing victim, Lord Holderness,* is likely to be the most real victim. His situation was exactly parallel to Lord Harrington's,† with the addi-

* Robert Darcy, last Earl of Holderness.

† William Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, who, though a younger brother, had been raised to an earldom, to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Secretary of State, had been the first man to resign his place in 1746,

tion of the latter's experience. Both, the children of fortune, unsupported by talents, fostered by the King's favour, without connections or interest, deserted him to please this wayward Duke, who, to recover a little favour in the Cabinet, sacrificed the first to the King's resentment, and has prepared to treat the other in the same manner, by protesting that he did not ask the compliment. But no matter for him! I have already told you, and I repeat, that I see no end to these struggles without great convulsions. The provocations, and consequently the resentments, increase with every revolution. Blood royal is mixed in the quarrels: two factions might cease by the victory of either; here is always a third ready to turn the scale. Happily the people care or interest themselves very little about all this—but they will be listed soon, as the chiefs grow so much in earnest, and as there are men of such vast property engaged on every side—there is not a public pretence on any. The scramble is avowedly for power—whoever remains master of the field at last, I fear, will have power to use it!

This is not the sole uneasiness at Kensington; they know the proximity of the French army to the Duke, and think that by this time there may

when the King, his master and benefactor, had a mind to remove the Pelhams and make Lord Granville Prime Minister. He was afterwards sacrificed by the Pelhams to please the King. Lord Holderness was born to an Earldom, but having little fortune or parts, had been promoted by the Duke of Newcastle to great posts.

have been an action: the suspense is not pleasant: the event may have great consequences even on these broils at home. For the King of Prussia, he is left to the coffee-houses. Adieu! I can scarce steal a day for Strawberry; if one leaves London to itself for four and twenty hours, one finds it topsy-turvy.

LETTER CCCIV.

Strawberry-Hill, June 20, 1757.

I RENOUNCE all prophesying; I will never suppose that I can foresee politically; I can foresee nothing, whatever I may foretell. Here is a Ministry formed of *all* the people who for these ten weeks have been giving each other exclusion! I will now not venture even to pronounce that they cannot agree together. On Saturday last, the 18th, Lord Hardwicke carried to Kensington the result of the last negotiations between Newcastle and Pitt, and the latter followed and actually kissed hands again for the seals. Here is the arrangement as far as I know it, the most extraordinary part of which is, that they suffer Mr. Fox to be Paymaster—oh! no, it is more extraordinary that he will submit to be so. His Grace returns to the treasury, and replaces there his singular good friend Mr. Legge. Lord Holderness comes to life again

as Secretary of State: Lord Anson reassumes the Admiralty, not with the present board, nor with his own, but with Mr. Pitt's, and this by Mr. Pitt's own desire. The Duke of Dorset retires with a pension of 4000*l.* a-year, to make room for Lord Gower, that he may make room for Lord Temple. Lord George Sackville forces out Lord Barrington from Secretary at War, who was going to resign with the rest, for fear Mr. Fox should, and that this plan should not, take place. Lord Hardwicke, *young disinterested creature!* waits till something drops. Thus far all was smooth; but even this perfection of harmony and wisdom meets with rubs. Lord Halifax had often and lately been promised to be erected into a Secretary of State for the West Indies. Mr. Pitt says, "No, I will not part with so much power." Lord Halifax* resigned on Saturday, and Lord Duplin† succeeds him. The two Townshends‡ are gone into the country in a rage; Lord Anson is made the pretence; Mr. Fox is the real sore to George, Lord G. Sackville to Charles. Sir George Lee, who resigned his Treasurership to the Princess against Mr. Pitt, and as the world says, wanting to bring Lord Bute into Doctors' Commons,§ is succeeded by Lord Bute's brother M'Kinsy; but to be sure, all this, in which there is

* George Montagu, third and last Earl of Halifax.

† Afterwards Earl of Kinnoul.

‡ George and Charles, sons of Charles Lord Viscount Townshend.

§ Meaning the offence he took at Lord Bute's favour. Sir George Lee was a civilian.

no intrigue, no change, no policy, no hatred, no jealousy, no disappointment, no resentment, no mortification, no ambition, will produce the utmost concord! It is a system formed to last; and to be sure it will! In the mean time, I shall bid adieu to politics; my curiosity is satisfied for some months, and I shall betake myself to employments I love better, and to this place which I love best of all. Here is the first fruit of my retirement; behind a bas-relief in wax of the present Pope I have writ the following inscription:

Prospero Lambertini
Bishop of Rome
by the name of Benedict XIV.
Who, though an absolute Prince,
reigned as harmlessly
as a Doge of Venice.
He restored the lustre of the Tiara
by those arts alone,
by which alone He obtained it,
his Virtues.
Beloved by Papists,
esteemed by Protestants:
A Priest without insolence or interest;
A Prince without favourites;
A Pope without nepotism;
An Author without vanity;
In short, a Man
whom neither Wit nor Power
could spoil.
The Son of a favourite Minister,
but One, who never courted a Prince,
nor worshipped a Churchman,

offers, in a free Protestant Country,
this deserved Incense
to the Best of the Roman Pontiffs.

If the good old soul is still alive, and you could do it unaffectedly and easily, you may convey it to him; it must be a satisfaction to a good heart to know that in so distant a country, so detached from his, his merit is acknowledged, without a possibility of interest entering into the consideration. His death-bed does not want comfort or cheerfulness, but it may be capable of an expansion of heart that may still sweeten it. Adieu!

LETTER CCCV.

Strawberry-Hill, July 3, 1757.

I HAVE been under great uneasiness about you; Coloredo, the Austrian Minister, is recalled precipitately, with orders not to take leave: our papers joined Pucci* with him in this recall, but I do not find with any foundation. However, I cannot be easy, while your situation is precarious. One should conceive that the advantages of the English trade to Tuscany would induce the Emperor to preserve a neutrality; but what are good reasons against his wife's vengeance and obstinacy, and

* Resident from Florence. He was here for fifty years, and said he had seen London twice built. This meant, that houses are run up so slightly, that they last but few years.

haughtiness? Tell me immediately what you think or hear on this head; what steps you would take, whither you would retire if this should happen, whether you would not come home to watch over your own interest and return, or whether you would be more in the way by remaining in Italy. I know not what to advise; I don't even know how this letter is to get to you, and how our correspondence will continue; at least, it must be very irregular, now all communication is cut off through the Empress's dominions. I am in great solicitude!

Had this recall happened a week later, I should not have wondered; it was haughty, indeed, at the time it was dictated; but two days ago we heard of the reversal of all the King of Prussia's triumphs; of his being beat by Count Daun, of the siege of Prague being raised, of Prince Charles falling on their retreat and cutting off two thousand—we would willingly not believe to the extent of all this.* Yet—we have known what it is to have our allies or ourselves beaten! The Duke has been forced to pass the Weser, but writes that the French are so distressed for provisions that he hopes to repass it.

* The King of Prussia had been completely beaten at Kolin by the Austrians, commanded by Count Daun, on the 17th of June. He was in consequence obliged to retreat from Bohemia, and soon found himself, surrounded as he was by increasing and advancing enemies, in one of the most critical positions of his whole military life. From this he at length extricated himself, by means of the victories of Rosbach and Lissa.—D.

I notified to you the settlement of the ministry, and, contrary to late custom, have not to unnotify it again. However, it took ten days to complete, after an *Inter Ministerium* of exactly three months. I have often called this *the age of abortions;* for the present, the struggles of the three factions that threatened such disturbances, have gone off like other forebodings. I think I told you in my last the chief alterations; the King would not absolutely give the Secretary at War to Lord George Sackville; Lord Barrington remains: the Duke of Dorset would not take a pension *eo nomine;* his cinque ports are given to him for life with a salary of 4000*l.* a-year. Lord Cholmondeley, who is removed for Potter, has a pension equal to his place. Mr. M'Kinsy is not Treasurer to the Princess, as I told you. One of the most extraordinary parts of the new system is the advancement of Sir Robert Henley. He was made Attorney-General by Mr. Fox at the end of last year, and made as bad a figure as might be: Mr. Pitt insisting upon an Attorney-General of his own, Sir Robert Henley is made Lord Keeper!* The first mortification to Lord Holderness has been, that having been promised a Garter as well as Lord Waldegrave, and but one being vacant, that one, contrary to custom, has been given to the latter, with peculiar marks of grace. I now come to

* Afterwards created Lord Henley, and made Lord Chancellor, and finally elevated to be Earl of Northington.—D.

your letter of June 18th, and attribute to your distance, or to my imperfect representations of our actors and affairs, that you suppose our dissensions owing to French intrigues—we want no foreign causes—but in so precarious a letter as this I cannot enter into farther explanations—indeed the French need not be at any trouble to distract or weaken our councils!

I cannot be at peace while your fate is in suspense; I shall watch every step that relates to it, but I fear absolutely impotent to be of any service to you: from Pucci's not being recalled, I would hope that he will not be! Adieu!

P.S. Lord Duplin is not yet First Lord of Trade; there are negotiations for recovering Lord Halifax.

July 5th.

As I was sending this to London, I received the newspapers of yesterday, and see that old Pucci is just dead. I cannot help flattering myself that this is a favourable event: they cannot recall no minister; and when they do not, I think we shall not.

LETTER CCCVI.

Strawberry-Hill, July 25, 1757.

THE Empress Queen has not yet hurt my particular; I have received two letters from you within this week, dated July 2nd and 9th. Yet she has

given up Ostend and Nieuport, and, I think, Furnes and Yprés, to the French. We are in a piteous way! The French have passed the Weser, and a courier yesterday brought word that the Duke was marching towards them, and within five miles: by this time his fate is decided. The world here is very inquisitive about a secret expedition * which we are fitting out: a letter is not a proper place to talk about it; I can only tell you that be it whither it will, I do not augur well about it, and what makes me dislike it infinitely more, Mr. Conway is of it. I am more easy about your situation than I was, though I do not like the rejoicings ordered at Leghorn for the victory over the Prussians.

I have so little to say to-day, that I should not have writ, but for one particular reason. The Mediterranean trade being arrived, I concluded the vases for Mr. Fox were on board it, but we cannot discover them. Unluckily it happens that the bill of lading is lost, and I have forgot in what ship they were embarked. In short, my dear Sir, I think that, as I always used to do, I gave the bill to your dearest brother, by which means it is lost. I imagine you have a duplicate; send it as soon as you can.

I thank you for what you have given to Mr. Phelps. I don't call this billet part of the acknowledgment. All the world is dispersed: the Ministers are at their several villas — one day in a week

* The expedition to Rochfort.

serves to take care of a nation, let it be in as bad a plight as it will! We have a sort of Jewish superstition, and would not come to town on a Saturday or Sunday, though it were to defend the Holy of Holies. Adieu!

LETTER CCCVII

Strawberry-Hill, Aug. 4, 1757.

Mr. Phelps (who is Mr. Phelps?) has brought me the packet safe, for which I thank you. I would fain have persuaded him to stay and dine, that I might ask him more questions about you. He told me how low your ministerial spirits are: I fear the news that came last night will not exalt them. The French attacked the Duke for three days together, and at last defeated him. I find it is called at Kensington an encounter * of fourteen squadrons; but any defeat must be fatal to Hanover. I know few particulars, and those only by a messenger dispatched to me by Mr. Conway on the first tidings: the Duke exposed himself extremely, but is unhurt, as they say all his small family are. In what a situation is our Prussian hero, surrounded by Austrians, French, and Muscovites — even impertinent Sweden is stealing in to pull a feather out of his tail. What devout plunderers will every little Catholic Prince of the em-

* The battle of Hastenbeck.

pire become! The only good I hope to extract out of this mischief is, that it will stifle our secret expedition, and preserve Mr. Conway from going on it. I have so ill an opinion of our secret expeditions, that I hope they will for ever remain so. What a melancholy picture is there of an old monarch at Kensington, who has lived to see such inglorious and fatal days! Admiral Boscawen is disgraced. I know not the cause exactly, as ten miles out of town are a thousand out of politics. He is said to have refused to serve under Sir Edward Hawke in this armament. Shall I tell you what, more than distance, has thrown me out of attention to news? A little packet which I shall give your brother for you, will explain it. In short, I am turned printer, and have converted a little cottage here into a printing-office. My abbey is a perfect college or academy. I keep a painter in the house and a printer — not to mention Mr. Bentley,* who is an academy himself. I send you two copies (one for Dr. Cocchi) of a very honourable opening of my press — two amazing odes of Mr. Gray — they are Greek, they are Pindaric, they are sublime, consequently I fear a little obscure; the second particularly by the confinement of the measure, and the nature of prophetic vision is mysterious; I could not persuade him to add more notes; he says whatever wants to be explain-

* Richard Bentley, only son of Dr. Bentley, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

ed, don't deserve to be: I shall venture to place some in Dr. Cocchi's copy, who need not be supposed to understand Greek and English together, though he is so much master of both separately. To divert you in the mean time I send you the following copy of a letter written by my printer * to a friend in Ireland. I should tell you that he has the most sensible look in the world; Garrick said he would give any money for four actors with such eyes—they are more Richard the Third's than Garrick's own; but whatever his eyes are, his head is Irish. Looking for something I wanted in a drawer, I perceived a parcel of strange romantic words in a large hand beginning a letter; he saw me see it, yet left it, which convinces me it was left on purpose: it is the grossest flattery to me couched in most ridiculous scraps of poetry which he has retained from things he has printed; but it will best describe itself.

"SIR,

"I DATE this from shady bowers, nodding groves, and amaranthine shades,—close by old Father Thames's silver side—fair Twickenham's luxurious shades—Richmond's near neighbour, where great George the King resides. You will wonder at my prolixity—in my last I informed you that I was going into the country to transact business for a private gentleman—This gentleman is

* William Robinson, first printer to the press at Strawberry-hill.

the Hon. Horatio Walpole, son to the late great Sir Robert Walpole, who is very studious, and an admirer of all the liberal arts and sciences, amongst the rest he admires printing. He has fitted out a complete printing-house at this his country seat, and has done me the favour to make me sole manager and operator (there being no one but myself.) All men of genius resorts his house, courts his company, and admires his understanding—what with his own and their writings, I believe I shall be pretty well employed. I have pleased him, and I hope to continue so to do. Nothing can be more warm than the weather has been here this time past; they have in London, by the help of glasses, roasted in the Artillery-ground fowls and quarters of lamb. The coolest days that I have felt since May last are equal to, nay, far exceed the warmest I ever felt in Ireland. The place I am in now is all my comfort from the heat—the situation of it is close to the Thames, and is Richmond Gardens, (if you were ever in them) in miniature, surrounded by bowers, groves, cascades, and ponds, and on a rising ground, not very common in this part of the country—the building elegant, and the furniture of a peculiar taste, magnificent, and superb. He is a bachelor, and spends his time in the studious rural taste—not like his father, lost in the weather-beaten vessel of state—many people censured, but his conduct was far better than our late pilots at the helm, and more to the interest of England—

they follow his advice now, and court the assistance of Spain, instead of provoking a war, for that was ever against England's interest."

I laughed for an hour at this picture of myself, which is much more like to the studious magician in the enchanted opera of Rinaldo—not but Twickenham has a romantic genteelness that would figure in a more luxurious climate. It was but yesterday that we had a new kind of auction—it was of the orange-trees and plants of your old acquaintance, Admiral Martin.. It was one of the warm days of this jubilee summer, which appears only once in fifty years — the plants were disposed in little clumps about the lawn; the company walked to bid from one to the other, and the auctioneer knocked down the lots on the orange tubs. Within three doors was an auction of china. You did not imagine that we were such a metropolis! Adieu!

LETTER CCCVIII.

Strawberry-Hill, Sept. 3, 1757.

HAVING intended a journey into Warwickshire to see Lady Hertford* while my Lord is in Ireland, and having accordingly ordered my letters thither,

* Lady Isabella Fitzroy, youngest daughter of Charles second Duke of Grafton, and wife of Francis Seymour Conway, Earl of Hertford, first cousin of Mr. W.

though without going, I did not receive yours of the 22nd till last week; and though you desired an immediate acknowledgment of it, I own I did defer till I could tell you that I had been at Linton,* from whence I returned yesterday. I had long promised your brother a visit; the immediate cause was very melancholy, and I must pass over it rapidly—in short, I am going to place an urn in the church there to our dear Gal! If I could have divested myself of that thought, I should have passed my time very happily; the house is fine, and stands like the citadel of Kent; the whole county is its garden. So rich a prospect scarce wants my Thames. Mr. and Mrs. Foote† are settled there, two of the most agreeable and sensible people I ever met. Their eldest boy has the finest countenance in the world; your nephew Hory‡ was there too, and has a sweetness of temper as if begot between your brother and you, and not between him and his Tisiphone. Your eldest brother has not only established your sister Foote there, which looks well, but dropped very agreeable hints about Hory.

Your letter has confirmed my satisfaction about your situation, about which indeed I am easy. I am persuaded you will remain at Florence, as long as King *George* has any Minister there. I do not

* In Kent, seat of Edward Louisa Mann, brother of Sir Horace.

† Sister of Sir Horace.

‡ Horace, only son of Galfridus Mann.

imagine that a recall obliges you to return home; whether you could get your appointments continued is very different. It is certainly far from unprecedented: nay, more than one have received them at home—but that is a favour far beyond my reach to obtain. Should there be occasion, you must try all your friends, and all that have professed themselves so: young Mr. Pelham* might do something. In the mean time neglect none of the Ministers. If you could wind into a correspondence with Colonel Yorke† at the Hague, he may be of great service to you. That family is very powerful: the eldest brother, Lord Royston,‡ is historically curious and political: if, without its appearing too forced, you could at any time send him uncommon letters, papers, manifestoes, and things of that sort, it might do you good service. My dear child, I can give you better advice than assistance: I believe I have told you before, that I should rather hurt you than serve you by acting openly for you.

I told you in my last Admiral Boscawen's affair too strongly: he is not disgraced nor dismissed, but seems to reckon himself both. The story is far from exactly known: what I can sift out is, that he indulged himself in a great latitude in a most profitable station, was recalled against his inclination for the present expedition; not being

* Thomas, afterwards Lord Pelham.

† Afterwards second Earl of Hardwicke.—D.

‡ Sir Joseph Yorke, K.B. third son of the Chancellor Hardwicke—created Lord Dover in 1788,—and died without issue in 1792.—D.

easily met, a second commander was appointed, whom it seems he did not much care to serve under at first. He does not serve at all, and his Boscawenhood is much more Boscawened; that is, surly in the deepest shade. The wind has blown so constantly west for near three weeks, that we have not only received no mails from the Continent, but the transports have been detained in the Downs, and the secret expedition has remained at anchor. I have prayed it might continue, but the wind has got to the east to-day. Having never been prejudiced in favour of this exploit, what must I think of it when the French have had such long notice?

We had a torrent of bad news yesterday from America. Lord Loudon has found an army of 21,000 French, gives over the design on Louisbourg, and retires to Halifax. Admiral Holbourn writes that they have nineteen ships to his seventeen, and he cannot attack them. It is time for England to slip her own cables, and float away into some unknown ocean!

Between disgraces and an inflammation in my eyes, it is time to conclude my letter. My eyes I have certainly weakened with using them too much at night. I went the other day to Scarlet's to buy green spectacles; he was mighty assiduous to give me a pair that would not tumble my hair. "Lord, Sir," said I, "when one is come to wear spectacles, what signifies how one looks?"

I hope soon to add another volume to your packet from my press. I shall now only print for presents; or to talk in a higher style, I shall only give my Louvre editions to Privy-Counsellors and foreign Ministers. *Apropos!* there is a book of this sacred sort, which I wish I could by your means procure: it is the account with plates of what has been found at Herculaneum. You may promise the King of Naples in return all my editions. Adieu! my dear Sir.

Sept. 4.

I had sealed this up, and was just sending it to London, when I received yours of the 13th of this month. I am charmed with the success of your campaign at Leghorn—a few such Generals or Ministers would give a little revulsion to our affairs.

You frighten me with telling me of innumerable copies taken of my inscription on the Pope's picture: some of our bear-leaders will pick it up, send it over, and I shall have the horror of seeing it in a Magazine. Though I had no scruple of sending the good old man a cordial, I should hate to have it published at the tail of a newspaper, like a testimonial from one of Dr. Rock's patients! You talk of the Pope's enemies; who are they? I thought at most he could have none but at our bonfires on the fifth of November.

LETTER CCCIX.

Strawberry-Hill, Sept. 29, 1757.

For how many years have I been telling you that your country was mad, that your country was undone? It does not grow wiser; it does not grow more prosperous! You can scarce have recovered your astonishment at the suspension of arms* concluded near Stade. How do you behave on these lamentable occasions? Oh! believe me, it is comfortable to have an island to hide one's head in! You will be more surprised when you hear that it is totally disavowed here. The clamour is going to be extreme—no wonder, when Kensington is the head-quarters of murmur. The Commander-in-chief is recalled—the *late* Elector† is outrageous. On such an occasion you may imagine that every old store of malice and hatred is ransacked: but you would not think that the *General* is now accused of cowardice! As improbable as that is, I do not know whether it may not grow your duty as a Minister to believe it—and if it does, you must be sure *not* to believe, that with all this tempest the suspension was dictated from hence. Be that as it may, the *General* is to be the

* Known by the appellation of the Convention of Closter-Seven, concluded by the Duke of Cumberland with Marshal Richelieu, (by which he agreed for himself and army not to serve again against the French during the war.—D.)

† George II.; he had ordered his son to make the capitulation, and then disavowed him.

sacrifice. The difficulty will be extreme with regard to the Hessians, for they are in English pay. The King of Prussia will be another victim: he says we have undone him, without mending our own situation. He expected to beat the Prince de Soubize by surprise, but he, like the Austrians, declined a battle, and now will be reinforced by Richelieu's army, who is doomed to be a hero by our absurdities. Austrians, French, Russians, Swedes, can the King of Prussia not sink under all these?

This suspension has made our secret expedition forgot by all but us who feel for particulars. It is the fashion now to believe that it is not against the coast of France; I wish I *could* believe so!

As if all these disgraces were foreign objects not worth attending to, we have a civil war at home; literally so in many counties. The wise Lords, to defeat it, have made the Militia Bill so preposterous that it has raised a rebellion. George Townshend, the promoter of it for popularity, sees it not only most unpopular in his own county, but his father, my Lord Townshend,* who is not the least mad of your countrymen, attended by a parson, a barber, and his own servants, and in his own long hair, which he has let grow, raised a mob against the execution of the bill, and has written a paper against it, which he has pasted up on the doors of four churches near him. It is a good

* Charles, third Viscount Townshend, son of the Secretary of State.

name that a Dr. Stevens has given to our present situation, (for one cannot call it a Government) a Mobocracy.

I come to your letters, which are much more agreeable subjects. I think I must not wish you joy of the termination of the Lorrain reign, you have lately taken to them, but I congratulate the Tuscans. Thank you extremely for the trouble you have given yourself in translating my inscription, and for the Pope's letter: I am charmed with his beautiful humility, and his delightful way of expressing it. For his ignorance about my father, I impute it to some failure of his memory. I should like to tell him that were my father still Minister, I trust we should not make the figure we do—at least he and England fell together! If it is ignorance, Mr. Chute says it is a confirmation of the Pope's deserving the inscription, as he troubles his head so little about disturbing the peace of others. But our enemies need not disturb us—we do their business ourselves. I have one, and that not a little comfort, in my politics; this suspension will at least prevent farther hostilities between us and the Empress Queen, and that secures my dear you.

When I have done thinking of politics, and that is always in an instant, unless such as you and Mr. Conway are involved in them, I am far from passing my time disagreeably. My mind is of no gloomy turn, and I have a thousand ways of amusing myself. Indeed of late I have been terribly

frightened lest I must give them all up; my fears have gone to extravagance; do not wonder; my life is not quite irrational, and I trembled to think that I was growing fit only to consort with dowagers. What an exchange, books and drawings, and every thing of that sort, for cards! In short, for ten weeks I had such pains in my eyes with the least application, that I thought I should lose them, at least that they would be useless. I was told that with reading and writing at night I had strained and relaxed the nerves. However, I am convinced that though this is partly the case, the immediate uneasiness came from a cold, which I caught in the hot weather by giving myself Florentine airs, by lying with my windows open, and by lying on the ground without my waistcoat. After trying forty *you should do this's.** Mr. Chute has cured me with a very simple medicine: I will tell it you, that you may talk to Dr. Cocchi and about my eyes too. It is to bathe and rub the outsides all round, especially on the temples, with half a teaspoonful of white spirit of lavender (not lavender-water,) and half of Hungary water. I do this night and morning, and sometimes in the day: in ten days it has taken off all the uneasiness; I can now read in a chaise, which I had totally lost, and for five or six hours by candle-light, without spectacles or candle-skreen. In short, the difference is incredible. Observe that they watered but little,

* Sic, in MS.—D.

and were less inflamed; only a few veins appeared red, whereas my eyes were remarkably clear. I do not know whether this would do with any humour, but that I never had. It is certain that a young man who for above twelve years had studied the law by being read to, from vast relaxation of the nerves, totally recovered the use of his eyes. I should think I tired you with this detail, if I was not sure that you cannot be tired with learning anything for the good of others. As the medicine is so hot, it must not be let *into* the eyes, nor I should think be continued too long.

I approve much your letter to Mr. Fox; I will give it to him at his return, but at present he is on a tour. How scrupulous you are in giving yourself the trouble to send me a copy—was that needful? or are not you always full of attentions that speak kindness? Your brother will take care to procure the vases when they come, and is inquiring for the liqueurs.

I am putting up a stone in St. Ann's churchyard for your old friend King Theodore; in short, his history is too remarkable to be let perish. Mr. Bentley says that I am not only an antiquarian, but prepare materials for future antiquarians. You will laugh to hear that when I sent the inscription to the vestry for the approbation of the minister and churchwardens, they demurred, and took some days to consider whether they should suffer him to be called King of Corsica. Happily they have

acknowledged his title! Here is the inscription; over it is a crown exactly copied from his coin:

Near this place is interred
Theodore King of Corsica,
Who died in this parish Dec. 11, 1756,
Immediately after leaving the King's-Bench Prison,
By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency,
In consequence of which he registered
His Kingdom of Corsica
For the use of his Creditors.

The Grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings.
But Theodore this lesson learn'd, ere dead;
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom and denied him bread.

I think that at least it cannot be said of me as it was of the Duke of Buckingham entombing Dryden,

And help'd to bury him he help'd to starve.

I would have served him, if a King, even in a gaol, could he have been an honest man. Our papers say, that we are bustling about Corsica; I wish if we throw away our own liberty, that we may at least help others to theirs! Adieu! my dear Sir.

LETTER CCCX.

Strawberry-Hill, Oct. 12, 1757.

I SHALL write you but a short letter for more reasons than one—there are you blushing again for

your country! We have often behaved extravagantly, and often shamefully—this time we have united both. I think I will not read a newspaper this month, till the French have vented all their mirth. If I had told you two months ago that this magnificent expedition was designed against Rochfort, would you have believed me? Yet we are strangely angry that we have not taken it! The clamour against Sir John Mordaunt is at high-water-mark: but as I was the dupe of clamour last year against one of the bravest of men,* I shall suspend my belief till all is explained. Explained it will be somehow or other: it seems to me that we do nothing but expose ourselves in summer, in order to furnish *Inquiries* for the winter; and then those Inquiries expose us again. My great satisfaction is, that Mr. Conway is not only returned safe, but that all the world agrees that it is not his fault that he is so. He is still at Portsmouth to see the troops disembark. Hawke is come and was graciously received—poor Sir John Mordaunt, who was sent for, was received as ill. I tell you no particulars of their campaign, for I know it slightly, and will wait till I know it exactly.

The Duke came last night. You will not hear much more of his affair: he will not do himself justice, and it proves too gross, to be possible to do him injustice.

I think all the comfort we extract from a thou-

* Admiral Byng.

sand bitter herbs, is, that the Russians are gone back, gone precipitately, and as yet we don't know why.

I have received your's of the 17th of last month, and you may quiet your fears about posts: we have received all that each has written, except my last, which could not be arrived at Florence, when your's came away. Mine was of the 29th of last month, and had many particulars, I hope not too many to stop its journey!

To add to the ill-humour, our papers are filled with the new loss of Fort William-Henry, which covered New York. That opulent and proud colony between their own factions and our folly is in imminent danger; but I will have done—nay, if we lose another dominion, I think I will have done writing to you. I cannot bear to chronicle so many disgraces. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXI.

Arlington-Street, Oct. 24, 1757.

It is impossible not to write to you upon the great event* that has happened, and yet it is difficult to know how to write to *you* upon it. Considering your situation, it is improper to make harsh comments: Europe, I suppose, will not be so deli-

* The Duke of Cumberland's resignation of the command of the army.

cate. Our ministers have kept the article out of our own papers, but they have as little power over foreign Gazettes, as weight with foreign powers. In short, the Duke is arrived, was very ill received, and without that, would have done, what he did immediately, resign all his commissions. He does not, like his brother,* go into Opposition. He is even to make his usual appearances. He treated Munchausen,† who had taken great liberties with his name, with proper severity — I measure my words extremely, not for my own sake, but your's.

General Mordaunt has demanded an inquiry. The form is not settled yet; nor can it be soon, as Sir Edward Hawke is gone upon a cruise with the fleet. I put a quick end to this letter; I have no more facts to tell you; reflections you will make yourself. In the uncertainty of this reaching you, it is better to say no more. Adieu!

P. S. I wrote to you on the 13th last.

LETTER CCCXII.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 20, 1757.

I DO not like to find that our correspondence is certainly deranged. I have received but one letter from you for a great while, it is of Oct. 8th, and

* Frederick Prince of Wales.
† The Minister for Hanover.

complaining on your side too. You say my last was of Sept. 3rd. Since that I wrote on the 29th, on the 13th, and 24th of last month. I have omitted a month, waiting to see if you got my letters, and to have something decisive to tell you. Neither has happened, and yet I know you will be unhappy not to hear from me, which makes me write now. Our Parliament was suddenly put off to the first of next month, on news that the King of Prussia had made a separate peace with France; as *the Speech* was prepared to ask money for him, it was necessary to set it to a new tune; but we have been agreeably surprised with his gaining a great victory over the Prince de Soubize;* but of this we have only the first imperfect account, the wind detaining his courier or aid-de-camp on the other side still. It is prodigious how we want all the good news we can amass together! Our fleet dispersed by a tempest in America, where, into the bargain, we had done nothing, the uneasiness on the Convention at Stade, which, by this time, I believe we have broken, and on the disappointment about Rochfort, added to the wretched state of our internal affairs; all this has reduced us to a most contemptible figure. The people are dissatisfied, mutinous, and ripe for insurrections, which indeed have already appeared on the militia and on the dearness of corn, which is believed to be owing to much villainy in the dealers. But the other day I

* The battle of Rosbach.—D.

saw a strange sight, a man crying corn, "Do you want any corn?" as they cry knives and scissors. To add to the confusion, the troubles in Ireland, which Mr. Conway had pacified, are broke out afresh, by the imprudence of the Duke of Bedford and the ambition of the Primate.* The latter had offered himself to the former, who rejected him, meaning to balance the parties, but was insensibly hurried into Lord Kildare's,† to please Mr. Fox. The Primate's faction have passed eleven resolutions on pensions and grievances, equal to any in 1641, and the Duke of Bedford's friends dared not say a word against them. The day before yesterday a messenger arrived from him for help; the Council here will try to mollify; but Ireland is no tractable country. About what you will be more inquisitive, is the disappointment at Rochfort, and its consequences. Sir J. Mordaunt demanded an inquiry which the City was going to demand. The Duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, and General Waldegrave have held a public inquest, with the fairness of which people are satisfied; the report is not to be made to the King till to-morrow, for which I shall reserve my letter. You may easily imagine, that with all my satisfaction in Mr. Conway's behaviour, I am very unhappy about him; he is still more so; having guarded and gained the most perfect character in the world by

* Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh.

† Lady Kildare was sister of Lady Caroline Fox.

the severest attention to it, you may guess what he feels under anything that looks like a trial. You will see him more like himself, in a story his aid-de-camp, Captain Hamilton,* tells of him. While they were on the isle of Aix, Mr. Conway was so careless and so fearless, as to be trying a burning-glass on a bomb—yes, a bomb, the match of which had been cut short to prevent its being fired by any accidental sparks of tobacco. Hamilton snatched the glass out of Mr. Conway's hand before he had at all thought what he was about. I can tell you another story of him, that describes all his thought for others, while so indifferent about himself. Being with my Lady Ailesbury in his absence, I missed a favourite groom they used to have; she told me this story. The fellow refused to accompany Mr. Conway on the expedition, unless he would provide for his widow, in case of accidents. Mr. C. who had just made his will and settled his affairs, replied coolly, "I have provided for her." The man instead of being struck, had the command of himself to ask how? He was told, she would have two hundred pounds—still uncharmed, he said it was too little! Mr. Conway replied he was sorry he was not content; he could not do more; but would only desire him to go to Portsmouth and see his horses embarked. He refused. If such goodness would make one adore

*. Afterwards Sir William Hamilton and Envoy to Naples: he was a younger son of Lord Archibald Hamilton.

human nature, such ingratitude would soon cure one!

Mr. Fox was going to write to you, but I took all the compliments upon myself, as I think it is better for you to be on easy than ceremonious terms. To promote this, I have established a correspondence between you; he will be glad if you will send him two chests of the best Florence wine every year. The perpetuity destroys all possibility of your making him presents of it. I have compounded for the vases, but he would not hear, nor must you think of giving him the wine, which you must transact with your brother and me. The chest of Florence which puzzled James and me so much, proves to be Lord Hertford's drams. We have got something else from Florence, not your brother James and I, but the public: here is arrived a Countess Rena, of whom my Lord Pembroke bought such quantities of Florence, &c. I shall wonder if he deals with her any more, as he has the sweetest wife* in the world, and it seems to be some time since La Comtessa was so. Tell me more of her history; antique as she is, she is since my time—alas! everything makes me think myself old, since I have worn out my eyes, which, notwithstanding the cure I thought Mr. Chute had made upon them, are of very little use to me. You have no notion how it mortifies me: when I am wishing to withdraw more and more from a world

* Elizabeth sister of the Duke of Marlborough.

of which I have had satiety, and which I suppose is as tired of me, how vexatious not to be able to indulge a happiness that depends only on oneself, and consequently the only happiness proper for people past their youth! I have often deluded you with promises of returning to Florence for pleasure; I now threaten you with it for your plague; for if I am to become a tiresome old fool, at least, it shall not be in my own country. In the mean time, I must give you a commission for my press; I have printed one book (of which two copies are ready for you and Dr. Cocchi,) and I have written another; it is a Catalogue of the royal and noble Authors of England. Richard I. it seems was, or had a mind to pass for, a Provençal poet; nay, some of those compositions are extant, and you must procure them for me; Crescimbeni says there are some in the library of San Lorenzo at Florence, in *uno de' Codici Provenzali,* and others *nel* 3204 *della Vaticana.* You will oblige and serve me highly if you can get me copies. Dr. Cocchi certainly knows Crescimbeni's Commentary on the Lives of the Provençal Poets.

I shall wind up this letter, which is pretty long for a blind man without spectacles, with an admirable *bon-mot.* Somebody asked me at the play the other night what was become of Mrs. Woffington; I replied, she is taken off by Colonel Cæsar. Lord Tyrawley said, "I suppose she was reduced to *aut Cæsar aut Nullus.*"

The monument about which you ask, you shall see in a drawing, when finished; it is a simple Gothic arch, something in the manner of the Columbaria; a Gothic Columbarium is a new thought of my own, of which I am fond, and going* to execute one at Strawberry. That at Linton is to have a beautiful urn, designed by Mr. Bentley, as the whole is, with this plain, very true inscription, *Galfrido Mann, amicissimo, optimo, qui obiit—— H. W. P.*

Thank you for the King of Prussia's letter, though I had seen it before. It is lively and odd. He seems to write as well without Voltaire, as he fights as well without the French—or without us.

Monday night.

The report is made, but I have not yet seen it, and this letter must go away this minute. I hear it names no names, says no reason appears why they did not land on the 25th, and gives no merit to all Mr. Conway's subsequent proposals for landing. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXIII.

Arlington-Street, Jan. 11, 1758.

You express so much concern and tenderness for Mr. Conway and me in your letter of Dec. 17th, which I received two days ago, that I am impatient

* It was not executed.

and happy to tell you, that after keeping the report of the Court-martial a week, the King yesterday approved the sentence, which is a full acquittal of Sir John Mordaunt, and was unanimous. If the Commander-in-Chief is so fully cleared, what must the subordinate Generals be? There are still flying whispers of its being brought into Parliament in some shape or other, though every public and private *reason*, I say *reason*, forbid it. Sure this is not a season to relume heats, when tranquillity is so essential and so established! In a private light who can wish to raise such a cloud of enemies as the whole army who murmur grievously at hearing that an acquittal is not an acquittal, who hold it tyranny, if they are not to be as safe by their juries as the rest of their fellow subjects, and who think a judgment of twenty-one general officers not to be trifled with. I shall tremble if any rashness drives the army to distinguish or think themselves distinguished from the civil government.

You are by this time, I suppose, in weepers for Princess Caroline;* though her state of health has been so dangerous for years, and her absolute confinement for many of them, her disorder was in a manner new and sudden, and her death unexpected by herself, though earnestly her wish. Her goodness was constant and uniform, her generosity immense, her charities most extensive—in short I, no Royalist, could be lavish in her praise. What will

* Third daughter of King George the Second.

divert you is, that the Duke of Norfolk's and Lord Northumberland's upper servants have asked leave to put themselves in mourning, not out of regard for this admirable Princess, but to be more *sur le bon ton*. I told the Duchess I supposed they would expect her to mourn hereafter for their relations.

Well, it seems I guessed better about Sir James Grey than he knew about himself. Sir Benjamin Keene is dead; I dined to-day where Colonel Grey did; he told me it is a year and a half since the King named his brother for Spain, and that he himself was told but yesterday that Sir James was too well at Naples to be removed, and that reasons of state called for somebody else. Would they called for you! and why not? You are attached to nobody; your dear brother had as much reason to flatter himself with Mr. Pitt's favour, as he was marked by *not* having Mr. Fox's. Your not having the least connexion with the latter cannot hurt you. Such a change, for so great an object, would overrule all my prudence; but I do not know whether it were safe to hint it, especially as by this time, at least before your application could come, it must be disposed of. Lord Rochford wishes it, Lord Huntingdon has asked it; Lord Tyrawley and Lord Bristol* are talked of. I am so afraid of ticklish situations for you, that in case of the latter's removal, I should scarce wish you Turin. I

* George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol, eldest son of the celebrated John Lord Hervey. Died 1775.—D.

cannot quit this chapter without lamenting Keene! my father had the highest opinion of his abilities, and indeed his late negotiations have been crowned with proportionate success. He had great wit, agreeableness, and an indolent good humour that was very pleasing: he loved our dearest Gal!

The King of Prussia is quite idle; I think he has done nothing this fortnight but take Breslau, and Schweidnitz, and ten or a dozen Generals, and from thirty to fifty thousand prisoners—in this respect he contradicts the *omne majus continet in se minus*. I trust he is galloping somewhere or other with only a groom to get a victory. Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick has galloped a little *from* one: when we were expecting that he would drive the French army into the sea, and were preparing to go to Harwich and see it, he turned back, as if he wanted to speak with the King of Prussia. In a street very near me they do not care to own this, but as my side* of Arlington-street is not Ministerial, we plain dealing houses speak our mind about it. Pray, do not you about that or anything else; remember you are an envoy, and though you must not presume to be as false as an Ambassador, yet not a grain of truth is consistent with your character. Truth is very well for such simple people as me, with my *Fari quæ sentiat*, which my father left me, and which I value more than all he left me; but I am errantly wicked enough to desire

* Earl Granville and Mr. Pelham lived on the opposite side.

you should lie and prosper. I know you don't like my doctrine, and therefore I will compound with you for holding your tongue. Adieu! my dear child—shall we never meet? Are we always to love one another at the discretion of a sheet of paper? I would tell you in another manner that I am

Ever yours.

P.S. I will not plague you with more than a postscript on my eyes; I write this after midnight quite at my ease; I think the greatest benefit I have found lies between old rum and elder-flower water, (three spoonfuls of the latter to one of the former,) and dipping my head in a pail of cold water every morning the moment I am out of bed. This I am told may affect my hearing, but I have too constant a passion for my eyes to throw away a thought on any rival.

LETTER CCCXIV.

Arlington Street, Feb. 9, 1758.

One would not have believed that I could so long have wanted something to form a letter; but I think politics are gone into winter-quarters: Mr. Pitt is in bed with the gout, and the King of Prussia writing sonnets to Voltaire; but his Majesty's lyre is not half so charming as his sword: if he

does not take care, Alexander will ride home upon his verses. All England has kept his birth-day; it has taken its place in our calendar next to Admiral Vernon's* and my Lord Blakeney's; and the people, I believe, begin to think that Prussia is some part of *Old England*. We had bonfires and processions, illuminations and French horns playing out of windows all night. In the mean time there have been some distant grumblings of a war with Spain, which seem blown over; a new Russian army in march has taken its place. The Duke of Richelieu is said to be banished for appropriating some contributions† to his own use: if he does not take care to prove that he meant to make as extravagant use of them as ever Marquis Catiline did, it will be a very bourgeois termination of such a gallant life! By the rage of expense in our pleasures, in the midst of such dearness and distress, one would think we had opportunities of contributions too! The simple Duke of St. Albans,‡ who is retired to Brussels for debt, has made a most sumptuous funeral in public for a dab of five months old that he had by his cookmaid. But our glaring extravagance is the constant high price

* On Admiral Vernon's taking Porto Bello in 1740, the populace of London celebrated his birth-day, and some doubts arising on the specific day, they celebrated it again, and I think continued to do so for two or three subsequent years.

† He plundered the Electorate so indecently, that on his return to Paris having built a pavilion in his garden, it was nicknamed *le Pavillon d'Hanovre*.

‡ The third Duke of that title.

given for pictures: the other day at Mr. Furnese's* auction a very small Gaspar sold for seventy-six guineas; and a Carlo Maratti, which too I am persuaded was a Giuseppe Chiari, Lord Egremont bought at the rate of 260*l.* Mr. Spenser† gave no less than 2200*l.* for the Andrea Sacchi and the Guido from the same collection. The latter is of very dubious originality: my father, I think, preferred the Andrea Sacchi to his own Guido, and once offered 700*l.* for it, but Furnese said, "Damn him, it is for him; *he* shall pay a thousand." There is a pewterer, one Cleeve, who some time ago gave 1000*l.* for four very small Dutch pictures. I know but one dear picture not sold, Cooper's head of Oliver Cromwell, an unfinished miniature; they asked me 400*l.* for it! But pictures do not monopolize extravagance; I have seen a little ugly shell called a Ventle-trap sold for twenty-seven guineas. However, to do us justice, we have magnificence too that is well judged. The Palmyra and Balbec are noble works to be undertaken and executed by private men. There is now established a society for the encouragement of arts, sciences, and commerce, that is likely to be very serviceable; and I was pleased yesterday with a very grand seigneurial design of the Duke of Richmond,‡ who has collected

* Henry Furnese had been a Lord of the Treasury. He was a friend of Lord Bath, and personally an enemy to Sir Robert Walpole.

† John, first Earl Spencer.

‡ Charles Lenox, third Duke of Richmond.

a great many fine casts of the best antique statues, has placed them in a large room in his garden, and designs to throw it open to encourage drawing. I have offered him to let my eagle be cast.

Adieu! If anything happens, I will not, nor ever do wait for a regular interval of writing to you.

LETTER CCCXV.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 10, 1758.

THIS campaign does not open with the vivacity of the last; the *hero of the age* has only taken Schweidnitz yet—he had fought a battle or two by this time last year. But this is the case of Fame. A man that astonishes at first, soon makes people impatient if he does not continue in the same andante key. I have heard a good answer of one of the Duke of Marlborough's Generals, who dining with him at a city feast, and being teazed by a stupid alderman, who said to him, "Sir, your's must be a very laborious employment!" replied, "Oh, no; we fight about four hours in a morning, and two or three after dinner, and then we have all the rest of the day to ourselves." I shall not be quite so impatient about our own campaign as I was last year, though we have another secret expedition on foot—they say, to conquer France, but I believe we must compound for taking

the Isle of Wight, whither we are sending 14,000 men. The Hero's uncle* reviewed them yesterday in Hyde Park on their setting out. The Duke of Marlborough commands, and is, in reality, commanded by Lord George Sackville. We shall now see how much greater Generals we have than Mr. Conway, who has pressed to go *in any capacity,* and is not suffered!

Mr. Pitt is again laid up with the gout, as the Duke of Bedford is confined in Ireland by it. His Grace, like other kings I have known, is grown wonderfully popular there since he was taken prisoner and tied hand and foot. To do faction justice, it is of no cowardly nature; it abuses, while it attacks, and loads with panegyric those it defeats.

We have nothing in Parliament but a quiet struggle for an extension of the Habeas Corpus. It passed our House swimmingly, but will be drowned with the same ease in the House of Lords. On the new taxes we had an entertaining piece of pomp from the Speaker: Lord Strange† (it was in a committee,) said, "I will bring him down from the gallery," and proposed that the Speaker should be exempted from the place tax. He came down, and besought not to be excepted—Lord Strange persisted—so did the Speaker. After the debate, Lord Strange going out, said, "Well, did not I

* George II. uncle of the King of Prussia.
† Son of the Earl of Derby.

show my dromedary well?" I should tell you that one of the fashionable sights of the winter has been a dromedary and camel, the proprietor of which has entertained the town with a droll variety of advertisements.

You would have been amazed, had you been here at Sir Luke Schaub's auction of pictures. He had picked up some good old copies cheap when he was in Spain during the contentions there between the houses of Austria and Bourbon, and when many Grandees being confiscated, the rest piqued themselves on not profiting of their spoils. With these Sir Luke had some fine small ones, and a parcel of Flemish, good in their way. The late Prince offered him 12,000*l.* for the whole, leaving him the enjoyment for his life. As he knew the twelve thousand would not be forthcoming, he artfully excused himself by saying he loved pictures so much that he knew he should fling away the money. Indeed could he have touched it, it had been well; the collection was indubitably not worth 4000*l.* It has sold for near eight! A copy* of the King of France's Raphael, went for 700*l.* A Segismonda, called by Corregio, but certainly by Furoni his scholar, was bought in at upwards of 400*l.* In short, there is Sir James Lowther, Mr. Spenser, Sir Richard Grosvenor,† boys with twenty and thirty

* It was purchased by the Duchess Dowager of Portland.

† Afterwards the first Lord and Earl Grosvenor. Died 1802.—D.

thousand a-year, and the Duchess of Portland,* Lord Ashburnham, Lord Egremont, and others with near as much, who care not what they give. I want to paint my coat and sell it off my back—there never was such a season. I am mad to have the Houghton pictures sold now; what injury to the creditors to have them postponed, till half of these vast estates are spent, and the other half grown ten years older!

Lord Corke is not the editor of Swift's History, but one Dr. Lucas, a physicianed apothecary, who some years ago made much factious noise in Ireland—the book is already fallen into the lowest contempt. I wish you joy of the success of the Cocchi family; but how three hundred crowns a year sound after Sir Luke Schaub's auction! Adieu! my dear Sir.

LETTER CCCXVI.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 23, 1758.

THOUGH the inactivity of our parliamentary winter has let me be an idle correspondent, I am far from having been so remiss as the posts have made me seem. I remember to have thought that I had no letter on board the packet that was taken; but

* Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, only daughter of Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford, and heiress of the vast possessions of the Newcastle branch of the Cavendishes. She married William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland.—D.

since the 20th of Nov. I have writ to you on Dec. 14, Jan. 11, Feb. 9. The acquittal of General Mordaunt would, I thought, make you entirely easy about Mr. Conway. The paper war on their subject is still kept up; but all inquiries are at an end. When Mr. Pitt, who is laid up with the gout, is a little cool again, I think he has too much eagerness to perform something of *éclat*, to let the public have to reproach him with not employing so brave a man and so able as Mr. Conway. Though your brothers do not satisfy your impatience *to know*, you must a little excuse them; the eldest lives out of the world, and James not in that world from whence he can learn or inform *you*. Besides our dear Gal.'s warmth of friendship, he had innumerable opportunities of intelligence. He, who lent all the world money for nothing, had at least a right to know something.

I shall be sorry on my own account if one particular* letter has miscarried in which I mentioned some trifles that I wished to purchase from Stosch's collection. As you do not mention any approaching sale, I will stay to repeat them till you tell me that you have received no such letter.

Thank you for the eloge on your friend poor Cocchi; you had not told me of his death, but I was prepared for it, and heard it from Lord Huntingdon. I am still more obliged to you for the trouble you have given yourself about King Richard.

* The letter of Dec. 17th, which was lost.

You have convinced me of Crescimbeni's blunder as to Rome. For Florence, I must intreat you to send me another copy, for your copyist or his original have made undecypherable mistakes; particularly in the last line; *La Mere Lovis* is impossible to be sense: I should wish, as I am to print it, to have every letter of the whole sonnet more distinct and certain than most of them are. I don't know how to repay you for all the fatigue I give you. Mr. Fox's urns are arrived, but not yet delivered from the Custom-house. You tell me no more of Botta;* is he invisible in dignity like Richcourt, or sunk to nothing like our poor old friend the Prince?† Here is a good epigram on the Prince de Soubize, with which I must conclude, writing without anything to tell you, and merely to show you that I do by no means neglect you;

Soubize, après ses grands exploits,
Peut bâtir un palais qui ne lui coûte guère;
Sa Femme lui fournit le bois,
Et chacun lui jette la pierre.

LETTER CCCXVII.

Arlington-Street, March 21, 1758.

BETWEEN my letters of Nov. 20th and Jan. 11th, which you say you have received, was one of Dec.

* Marshal Botta, commander at Florence for the Emperor Francis.

† The Prince de Craon, chief of the Council, superseded by the Comte de Richcourt.

11th, lost, I suppose, in the packet: what it contained, it is impossible for me to recollect; but I conclude the very notices about the expedition, the want of which troubled you so much. I have nothing now to tell you of any moment; writing only to keep up the chain of our correspondence, and to satisfy you that there is nothing particular.

I forgot in my last to say a word of our East Indian hero, Clive, and his victories—but we are growing accustomed to success again! There is Hanover retaken!—if to have *Hanover*-again is to have success! We have no news, but what is military; Parliaments are grown idle things, or busy like quarter-sessions. Mr. Pitt has been in the House of Commons but twice this winter; yet we have some grumblings: a Navy-bill of Mr. George Grenville, rejected last year by the Lords; and passed again by us, has by Mr. Fox's underhand management been made an affair by the Lords; yet it will pass. An extension of the Habeas corpus, of forty times the consequence, is impeded by the same dealings, and is not likely to have so prosperous an issue. Yet these things scarce make a heat within doors, and scarce conversation without.

Our new Archbishop* died yesterday; but the church loses its head with as little noise, as a question is now carried or lost in Parliament.

Poor Sir Charles Williams is returned from

* (I think) Archbishop Hutton. (It was Hutton. He was succeeded by Secker.—D.)

Russia, having lost his senses upon the road. This is imputed to a lady at Hamburgh, who gave him, or for whom he took *some assistance* to his passion; but we hope he will soon recover.

The most particular thing I know is what happened the other day: a frantic Earl of Ferrers* has for this twelvemonth supplied conversation by attempting to murder his wife, a pretty, harmless young woman, and everybody that took her part. Having broken the peace, to which the House of Lords tied him last year, the cause was trying again there on Friday last. Instead of attending it, he went to the assizes at Hertford, to appear against a highwayman, one Page, of extraordinary parts and escapes. The Earl had pulled out a pistol, but trembled so, that the robber laughed, took it out of his hand quietly, and said, "My Lord, I know you always carry more pistols about you; give me the rest." At the trial, Page pleaded that my Lord was excommunicated, consequently could not give evidence, and got acquitted.

There is just published Swift's history of the four last years of Queen Anne: Pope and Lord Bolingbroke always told him it would disgrace him, and persuaded him to burn it. Disgrace him indeed it does, being a weak libel, ill-written for style, uninformed, and adopting the most errant mob-stories. He makes the Duke of Marlborough

* Laurence Shirley Earl Ferrers, (afterwards hanged for the murder of his steward.—D.)

a coward, Prince Eugene an assassin, my father remarkable for nothing but impudence, and would make my Lord Somers anything but the most amiable character in the world, if unfortunately he did not praise him while he tries to abuse.

Trevor * of Durham is likely to go to Canterbury. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXVIII.

Arlington-Street, April 14, 1758.

As you was disappointed of any intelligence that might be in it (I don't know what was,) I am sorry my letter of Dec. 14th miscarried; but with regard to my commissions in Stosch's collection, it did not signify, since they propose to sell it in such great morsels. If they are forced to relent, and separate it, what I wish to have and had mentioned to you, were, "his sculptured gems that have vases on them, of which he had a large ring box:" the following modern medals, "Anglia resurges," I think, of Julius III.; "the Capitol; the Hugonotorum Strages; the Ganymede, a reverse of a Pope's medal, by Michael Angelo; the first medal of Julius III." all these were in silver, and very fine; then the little Florentine coin in silver, with *Jesus Rex noster* on the reverse: he had, besides, a fine collection of drawings after nudities and prints in

* Dr. Richard Trevor. This did not happen.

the same style, but you may believe I am not *old* enough to give much for these. I am not very anxious about any; consequently am not tempted to purchase wholesale.

Thank you for the second copy of King Richard: my book is finished; I shall send it you by the first opportunity. I did receive the bill of lading for Mr. Fox's wine; and my reason for not telling you how he liked his vases, was, because I did not, nor do yet know, nor does he; they are at Holland House, and will not be unpacked till he settles there: I own *I* have a little more impatience about new things.

My letters will grow more interesting to you, I suppose, as the summer opens: we have had no winter campaign, I mean, no parliamentary war. You have been much misinformed about the King's health—and had he been ill, do you think that the recovery of Hanover would not cure him? Yesterday the new convention with the King of Prussia was laid before the Houses, and is to be considered next week: I have not yet read it, and only know that he is to receive from us two millions in three years, and to make no peace without us. I hope he will make one for us before these three years are expired. A great camp is forming in the Isle of Wight, reckoned the best spot for defence or attack. I suppose both will be tried reciprocally.

Sir Charles Williams's disorder appears to have

been light-headedness from a fever; he goes about again; but the world, especially a world of enemies, never care to give up their title to a man's madness, and will consequently not believe that he is yet in his senses.

Lord Bristol* certainly goes to Spain: no successor is named for Turin. You know how much I love a prescriptive situation for you, and how I should fear a more eminent one—and yet you see I notify Turin being open, if you should care to push for it. It is not to recommend it to you, that I tell you of it, but I think it my duty as your friend not to take upon me to decide for you without acquainting you.

I rejoice at Admiral Osborn's success. I am not patriot enough to deny but that there are captains and admirals whose glory would have little charms for me; but Osborn was a steady friend of murdered Byng!

The Earl† and Countess of Northumberland have diverted the town with a supper, which they intended should make their court to my Lady Yarmouth;‡ the dessert was a chasse at Herenhausen, the rear of which was brought up by a chaise and six containing a man with a blue riband and a lady sitting by him! Did you ever hear such a

* George William Hervey, second Earl of Bristol.

† Hugh and Elizabeth Percy, Earl and Countess of Northumberland. He was afterwards created a Duke.

‡ Madame de Walmoden, Countess of Yarmouth, mistress of George II.

vulgarism? The person complimented is not half so German, and consequently suffered martyrdom at this clumsy apotheosis of her concubinage. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXIX.

Arlington-Street, May 31, 1758.

THIS is rather a letter of thanks than of course, though I have received, I verily believe, three from you since my last. Well, then, this is to thank you for them too—chiefly for that of to-day, with the account of the medals you have purchased for me from Stosch, and those your own munificence bestows on me. I am ashamed to receive the latter; I must positively know what you paid for the former; and beg they may all be reserved till a very safe opportunity. The price for the Ganymede is so monstrous that I must not regret not having it—yet if ever he should lower, I should still have a hankering, as it is one of the finest medals I ever saw. Are any of the others in silver? old Stosch had them so. When any of the other things I mentioned descend to more mortal rates, I would be sorry to lose them.

Should not you, if you had not so much experienced the contrary, imagine that services begot gratitude? You know they don't—shall I tell you what they do beget?—at best, expectations of more

services. This is my very case now—you have just been delivered of one trouble for me—I am going to get you with twins—two more troubles. In the first place, I shall beg you to send me a case of liqueurs; in the next, all the medals in copper of my poor departed friend the Pope,* for whom I am as much concerned as his subjects have reason to be. I don't know whether I don't want samples of his coins, and the little pieces struck during the *sede vacante*. I know what I shall want, any authentic anecdotes of the conclave. There! are there commissions enough? I did receive the Pope's letter on my inscription, and the translation of the epitaph on Theodore, and liked both much, and thought I had thanked you for them—but I perceive I am not half so grateful as troublesome.

Here is the state of our news and politics. We thought *our foreign King*† on the road to Vienna; he is now said to be prevented by Daun, and to be reduced to besiege Olmutz, which has received considerable supplies. Accounts make Louisbourgh reduced to wait for being taken by us as the easiest way of avoiding being starved—in short, we are to be those unnatural fowl, *ravens* that *carry* bread. But our biggest of all expectations is from our own invasion of France, which took post last Sunday; fourteen thousand landmen, eighteen ships of the line, frigates, sloops, bombs,

* Benedict XIV. on whose portrait Mr. W. wrote the inscription, which is in a former letter.

† The King of Prussia.

and four volunteers, Lord Downe, Sir James Lowther, Sir John Armitage, and Mr. Delaval — the latter so ridiculous a character, that it has put a stop to the mode which was spreading. All this commanded by Lord Anson, who has beat the French, by the Duke of Marlborough,* whose name has beaten them, and by Lord George Sackville, who is to beat them. Every port and town on the coast of Flanders and France have been guessed for the object. It is a vast armament, whether it succeeds or is lost.

At home there are seeds of quarrels. Pratt† the Attorney General has fallen on a necessary extension of the Habeas Corpus to private cases. The interpreting world ascribes his motive to a want of affection for my Lord Mansfield, who unexpectedly is supported by the late Chancellor, the Duke of Newcastle, and that part of the Ministry; and very expectedly by Mr. Fox, as this is likely to make a breach between the united powers. The Bill passed almost unanimously through our House —It will have a very different fate in the other, where Lord Temple is almost single in its defence, and where Mr. Pitt seems to have little influence. If this should produce a new revolution, you will not be surprised. I don't know that it will; but it has already shown how little cordiality subsists since the last.

* Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough.

† Afterwards the celebrated Lord Chancellor Camden.—D.

I had given a letter for you to a young gentleman of Norfolk, an only son, a friend of Lord Orford, and of much merit, who was going to Italy with Admiral Broderick. He is lost in that dreadful catastrophe of the Prince George — it makes one regret him still more, as the survivors mention his last behaviour with great encomiums.

Adieu! my dear child! when I look back on my letter, I don't know whether there would not be more propriety in calling you *my factor*.

P.S. I cannot yet learn who goes to Turin: it was offered, upon his old request, to my Lord Orford,* but he has declined it.

LETTER CCXXX.

Arlington-Street, Sunday Morning, June 11, 1758.

THIS will not depart till to-morrow, by which time probably there will be more news, but I am obliged to go into the country to-day, and would not let so much history set out, without my saying a word of it, as I know you trust to no gazette but mine. Last Thursday se'nnight our great expedition departed from Portsmouth—and soon separated; Lord Anson with the great ships to lie before Brest, and Commodore Howe,† our naval

* George Walpole, third Lord of Orford.

† Richard, after the death of his elder brother, Viscount Howe.

hero, with the transports and a million of small fry on the secret enterprise. At one o'clock on Thursday night, *alias* Friday morning, a cutter brought advice that on Sunday night the transports had made land in Concalle Bay, near St. Maloes, had disembarked with no opposition or loss, except of a boatswain and two sailors, killed from a little fort, to which Howe was near enough to advise them not to resist. However, some peasants in it fired and then ran away. Some prisoners have assured our troops that there is no force within twenty leagues. This may be *apocryphal*, a word which, as I am left at liberty, I always interpret *false*. It is plain, however, that we were not expected at St. Maloes at least. We are in violent impatience to hear the consequences—especially whether we have taken the town, in which there is but one battalion, many old houses of wood, and the water easily to be cut off.

If you grow wise and ask me with a political face, whether St. Maloes is an object worth risking 14,000 of our best troops, an expense of fifty thousand pounds, and half of the purplest blood of England, I shall toss up my head with an air of heroism and contempt, and only tell you—*There! there is a Duke of Marlborough in the heart of France;* (for in the heroic dictionary the heart and the coast signify the same thing,) *what would you have? Did Harry V. or Edward III. mind whether it was a rich town or a fishing town, provided they*

did but take a town in France? We are as great as ever we were in the most barbarous ages, and you are asking mercantile questions with all the littleness of soul that attends the improvements in modern politics! Well! my dear child, I smile, but I tremble; and though it is pleasanter to tremble when one invades, than when one is invaded, I don't like to be at the eve even of an Azincourt. There are so many of my friends upon heroic ground, that I discern all their danger through all their laurels. Captain Smith, aide-de-camp to Lord George Sackville, dated his letter to the Duke of Dorset, *from his Majesty's dominions in France.* Seriously, what a change is here! *His Majesty,* since this time twelvemonth, has not only recovered his dominions in Germany, but is on the acquiring foot in France. What heads, what no heads must they have in France! Where are their Cardinals, their Saxes, their Belleisles? Where are their fleets, their hosts, their arts, their subsidies? Subsidies, indeed! Where are ours? we pay none, or almost none, and are ten times greater than when we hired half Europe. In short, the difference of our situation is miraculous; and if we can but keep from divisions at home, and the King of Prussia does not prosper too fast for us, we may put France and ourselves into situations to prevent them from being formidable to us for a long season. Should the Prussian reduce too suddenly the Empress Queen to beg and give him a secure peace, considering

how deep a stake he still plays for, one could not well blame his accepting it—and then we should still be to struggle with France. But while I am politicising, I forget to tell you half the purport of my letter—part indeed you will have heard; Prince Ferdinand's passage of the Rhine, the most material circumstance of which, in my opinion, is the discovery of the amazing weakness of the French in their army, discipline, councils, and conduct. Yesterday, as if to amuse us agreeably till we hear again from St. Maloes, an express arrived of great conquests and captures which three of our ships have made on the river Gambia, to the destruction of the French trade and settlements there. I don't tell you the particulars, because I don't know them, and because you will see them in the gazette. In one week we strike a medal with *Georgius, Germanicus, Gallicus, Africanus.*

Mr. M'Kinsy, brother of Lord Bute, has kissed hands for Turin; you remember him at Florence. He is very well-bred, and you will find him an agreeable neighbour enough.

I have seen the vases at Holland-house, and am perfectly content with them: the forms are charming. I assure you Mr. Fox and Lady Caroline do not like them less than I do. Good night! am not I a very humane conqueror to condescend to write so long a letter?

LETTER CCCXXI.

Strawberry-Hill, June 18, 1758.

I WRITE to you again so soon, only to laugh at my last letter. What a dupe was I! at my years to be dazzled with glory! to be charmed with the rattle of drums and trumpets, till I fancied myself at Cressy or Poictiers! In the middle of all this dream of conquest, just when I had settled in what room of my castle I would lodge the Duke of Alençon or Montpensier, or whatever illustrious captive should be committed to the custody of Senechal *Me*, I was awakened with an account of our army having re-embarked, after burning some vessels at St. Maloes. This is the history, neither more nor less, of this mighty expedition. They found the causeway broken up, stayed from Tuesday night till Monday morning in sight of the town; agreed it was impregnable; heard ten thousand French (which the next day here were erected into thirty thousand) were coming against them; took to their transports, and are gone to play at hide and seek somewhere else. This campaign being rather naked, is coloured over with the great damage we have done, and with the fine disposition and dispatch made for getting away—the same colours that would serve to paint pirates or a flight. However, the city is pleased; and Mr. Pitt maintains that he never intended to take St. Maloes, which I believe, *because* when he did intend to have Rochfort taken last

year, he sent no cannon; this year, when he never meant to take St. Maloes, he sent a vast train of artillery. Besides one of the most important towns in France, lying some miles up in the country, was very liable to be stormed; a fishing town on the coast is naturally impracticable. The best side of the adventure is, that they were very near coming away without attempting the conflagration, and only thought of it by chance—then indeed

> Diripuere focos—
> Atqu; omnis facibus Pubes accingitur atris.—

Perhaps the metamorphosis in Virgil of the ships into mermaids is not more absurd, than an army of twelve or thirteen thousand of the flower of our troops and nobility performing the office of link-boys, making a bonfire and running away! The French have said, well, "*Les Anglois viennent nous casser des Vitres avec des guinées.*" We have lost six men, they five, and about a hundred vessels from a fifty-gun ship to a mackerel-boat.

I don't only ask my own pardon for swelling out my imagination, but yours, for making you believe that you was to be representative of the Black Prince or Henry V. I hope you had sent no bullying letter to the Conclave, on the authority of my last letter, to threaten the Cardinals that if they did not elect the Archbishop of Canterbury Pope, you would send for part of the squadron from St. Maloes to burn Civita Vecchia. I had promised

you the Duchy of Bretagne, and we have lost Madras!

Our expedition is still afloat—whither bound, I know not; but pray don't bespeak any more laurels; wait patiently for what they shall send you from the Secretary's office.

I gave your brother James my new work to send you—I grieve that I must not, as usual, send a set for poor Dr. Cocchi. Good night!

LETTER CCCXXII.

Arlington-Street, July 8, 1758.

If you will not take Prince Ferdinand's victory at Crevelt in full of all accounts, I don't know what you will do—*autrément*, we are insolvent. After dodging about the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne, our armada is returned; but in the hurry of the retreat from St. Maloes, the Duke of Marlborough left his silver teaspoons behind. As he had generously sent back an old woman's finger and gold ring which one of our soldiers had cut off, the Duc d'Aiguillon has sent a cartel-ship with the prisoner-spoons. How they must be diverted with this tea-equipage, stamped with the Blenheim eagles! and how plain by this sarcastic compliment what they think of us! Yet we fancy that we detain 40,000 men on the coast from Prince Clermont's army! We are sending 9,000 men to

Prince Ferdinand; part, those of the expedition: the remainder are to make another attempt; perhaps to batter Calais with a pair of tea-tongs.

I am sorry for the Comte de la Marche, and much more sorry for the Duc de Gisors.* He was recommended to me when he was in England; I knew him much, and thought as well of him as all the world did. He was graver, and with much more application to improve himself, than any young Frenchman of quality I ever saw. How unfortunate Belleisle is, to have outlived his brother, his only son, and his hearing! You will be charmed with an answer of Prince Ferdinand to our Princess Gouvernante of Holland.† She wrote by direction of the States to complain of his passing over the territories of the Republic. He replied, "That he was sorry, though he had barely crossed over a very small corner of their dominions; and should not have trespassed even there, if he had had the same Dutch guides to conduct him that led the French army last year to Hanover."

I congratulate you on your regalo from the Northumberlands. How seldom people think of all the trouble and expense they put you to—I amongst the rest! *Apropos,* if they are not bespoken, I will not trouble you for the case of drams. Lord Hertford has given me some of his; the fashion is much

* Only son of Marshal Belleisle, was killed at the battle of Crevelt: The Comte de la Marche was not.

† Anne, eldest daughter of George II., and Princess Dowager of Orange.

on the decline, and never drinking any myself, these will last me long enough; and considering that I scarce ever give you a commission, but somehow or other ends at your expense, (witness the medals you gave me of your own,) it is time for me to check my pen that asks so flippantly. As I am not mercenary, I cannot bear to turn you to account; if I was, I should bear it very easily: but it is ridiculous to profit of one's friends, when one does not make friendships with that view.

Methinks you don't make a Pope very fast. The battle of Crevelt has restored him a little, or the head of our church was very declining. He said the other day to Lady Coventry* in the drawing-room, "Don't look at me, I am a dismal figure; I have entirely lost one eye." Adieu!

LETTER CCCXXIII.

Strawberry-Hill, Aug. 12, 1758.

It is not a thousand years since I wrote to you, is it?—nay, if it is, blame the King of Prussia, who has been firing away his time at Olmutz; blame Admiral Howe, who never said a word of having taken Cherbourg till yesterday.—Taken Cherbourg!—yes, he has—he landed within six miles of it on the 6th, saw some force, who only stayed to run away; attacked a fort, a magazine blew up,

* Maria Gunning, the celebrated beauty.

the Guards marched against a body of French, who again made fools of them, pretending to stand, and then ran away—and then, and then, why then we took Cherbourg. We pretend to destroy the works, and a basin that has just cost two millions. We have not lost twenty men. The City of London, I suppose, is drinking brave Admiral Howe's and brave Cherbourg's health; but I miss all these festivities by going into Warwickshire to-morrow to Lord Hertford. In short, Cherbourg comes very opportunely: we had begun to grow peevish at Louisbourg not being arrived, and there are some* people at least as peevish that Prince de Soubize has again walked into Hanover, after having demolished the Hessians. Prince Ferdinand, who a fortnight ago was as great a hero as if he had been born in Thames Street, is kept in check by Monsieur de Contades, and there are some little apprehensions that our blues, &c. will not be able to join him. Cherbourg will set all to rights; the King of Prussia may fumble as much as he pleases, and though the French should not be frightened out of their senses at the loss of this town, we shall be fully persuaded they are, and not a gallon less of punch will be drunk from Westminster to Wapping.

I have received your two letters of July 1st, and 7th, with the prices of Stosch's medals, and the history of the new Pontificate. I will not meddle

* The King.

with the former, content with and thanking you much for those you send me; and for the case of liqueurs, which I don't intend to present myself with, but to pay you for.

You must, I think, take up with this scrap of a letter; consider, it contains a conquest. If I wrote any longer, before I could finish my letter, perhaps I should hear that our fleet was come back again, and, though I should be glad they were returned safely, it diminishes the lustre of a victory to have a tame conclusion to it—without that, you are left at liberty to indulge vision — Cherbourg is in France, Havre and St. Maloes may catch the panic, Calais may be surprised, that may be followed by a battle which we may gain; it is but a march of a few days to Paris, the King flies to his good allies the Dutch for safety, Prince Edward takes possession of the Bastile in his brother's name, to whom the King content with England and Hanover—alas! I had forgot that he has just lost the latter. —Good night!

Sunday Morning.

Mr. Conway, who is just come in to carry me away, brings an account of an important advantage gained by a detachment of six battalions of Hanoverians, who have demolished fourteen of the French, and thereby secured the magazines and the junction with the English.

LETTER CCCXXIV.

Strawberry-Hill, Aug. 24, 1758.

You must go into laurels, you must go into mourning. Our expedition has taken Cherbourg shamefully—I mean the French lost it shamefully, and then stood looking on while we destroyed all their works, particularly a basin that had cost vast sums. But to balance their awkwardness with ours, it proved to be an open place, which we might have taken when we were before it a month ago. The fleet is now off Portland, expecting orders for landing or proceeding. Prince Edward gave the ladies a ball and told them, he was too young to know what was good breeding in France, therefore he would behave as he should if meaning to please in England—and kissed them all. Our next and greatest triumph is the taking of Cape Breton, the account of which came on Friday. The French have not improved like their wines by crossing the sea, but lost their spirit at Louisbourg as much as on their own coast. The success, especially in the destruction of their fleet, is very great: the triumphs not at all disproportioned to the conquest, of which you will see all the particulars in the gazette. Now for the chapter of cypresses. The attempt on Crown-point has failed; Lord Howe*

* General George Augustus Viscount Howe, of the Kingdom of Ireland. He was succeeded in the title by his brother Richard, the celebrated Admiral.—D.

was killed in a skirmish; and two days afterwards by blunders, rashness, and bad intelligence, we received a great blow at Ticonderoga. There is a gazette too with all the history of this. My hope is that Cape Breton may buy us Minorca and a peace. I have great satisfaction in Captain Hervey's* gallantry; not only he is my friend, but I have the greatest regard for and obligations to my Lady Hervey;† he is her favourite son and she is particularly happy.

Mr. Wills is arrived and has sent me the medals, for which I give you a million of thanks; the scarce ones are not only valuable for the curiosity of them, but for their preservation. I laughed heartily at the Duke of Argyll, and am particularly pleased with the *Jesus Rex noster.*‡

Chevert, the best and most sensible of the French officers, has been beat by a much smaller number under the command of Imhoff, who, I am told, would be very stupid, if a *German* could be so.—I think they hope a little still for Hanover, from this success. Of the King of Prussia—not a word.

My Lady Bath§ has had a paralytic stroke, which drew her mouth aside and took away her

* Augustus, second son of John Lord Hervey, and afterwards Earl of Bristol.

† Mary Lepelle, widow of John Lord Hervey.

‡ Inscription on a silver coin of the Republic of Florence, who declared Jesus Christ their King, to prevent the Usurpation of Pope Clement VII.

§ Elizabeth Gumley, wife of William Pulteney Earl of Bath.

speech.—I never heard a greater instance of cool sense; she made signs for a pen and ink and wrote *Palsy*. They got immediate assistance, and she is recovered.

As I wrote to you but a minute ago, I boldly conclude this already. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXXV.

Strawberry-Hill, Sept. 9, 1758.

WELL! the King of Prussia is found again—where do you think? only in Poland, up to the chin in Russians! Was ever such a man! He was riding home from Olmutz; they ran and told him of an army of Muscovites,* as you would of a covey of partridges—he galloped thither and shot them. But what news I am telling you!—I forgot that all our's comes by water-carriage, and that you must know everything a fortnight before us. It is incredible how popular he is here; except a few, who take him for the same person with Mr. Pitt, the lowest of the people are perfectly acquainted with him: as I was walking by the river the other night, a bargeman asked me for something to drink the King of Prussia's health. Yet Mr. Pitt specifies his own glory as much as he can: the

* This was the battle of Zorndorf, fought on the 25th of August 1758, and gained by the King of Prussia over the Russians, commanded by Count Fermor.—D.

standards taken at Louisbourg have been carried to St. Paul's with much parade; and this week, after bringing it by *land* from Portsmouth, they have dragged the cannon of Cherbourg into Hyde-park, on pretence of diverting a man,* at whom, in former days, I believe, Mr. Pitt has laughed for loving such rattles as drums and trumpets. Our expedition, since breaking a basin at Cherbourg, has done nothing, but are dodging about still. Prince Edward gave one hundred guineas to the poor of Cherbourg, and the General and Admiral twenty-five a-piece—I love charity, but sure this is excess of it, to lay out thousands and venture so many lives for the opportunity of giving a Christmas-box to your enemies! Instead of beacons, I suppose, the coast of France will be hung with pewter-pots with a slit in them, as prisons are, to receive our alms.

Don't trouble yourself about the Pope; I am content to find that he will by no means eclipse my friend. You please me with telling me of a collection of medals bought for the Prince of Wales. I hope it is his own taste; if it is only thought right that he should have it, I am glad.

I am again got into the hands of builders, though this time to a very small extent; only the addition of a little cloister and bedchamber. A day may come that will produce a gallery, a round tower, a larger cloister, and a cabinet, in the manner of a

* The King.

little chapel—but I am too poor for these ambitious designs yet, and I have so many ways of dispersing my money, that I don't know when I shall be richer. However, I amuse myself infinitely; besides my printing-house, which is constantly at work, besides such a treasure of taste and drawing as my friend Mr. Bentley,* I have a painter† in the house, who is an engraver too, a mechanic, an everything. He was a Swiss engineer in the French service, but his regiment being broken at the peace, Mr. Bentley found him in the isle of Jersey and fixed him with me. He has an astonishing genius for landscape, and added to that, all the industry and patience of a German. We are just now practising, and have succeeded surprisingly in a new method of painting, discovered at Paris by Count Caylus, and intended to be the encaustic method of the ancients. My Swiss has painted, I am writing the account,‡ and my press is to notify our improvements. As you will know that way, I will not tell you here at large. In short, to finish all the works I have in hand, and all the schemes I have in my head, I cannot afford to live less than fifty years more. What pleasure it would give me to see you here for a moment! I should think I saw you and your dear brother at once! Can't you form some violent secret expedition against

* Richard, only son of Dr. Bentley.

† J. H. Muntz.

‡ Muntz left Mr. W. and published another account himself.

Corsica or Port-Mahon, which may make it necessary for you to come and settle here? Are we to correspond till we meet in some unknown world? Alas! I fear so; my dear Sir, you are as little likely to save money as I am—would you could afford to resign your crown, and be a subject at Strawberry-hill! Adieu!

P. S. I have forgot to tell you of a wedding in our family; my brother's eldest daughter* is to be married to-morrow to Lord Albemarle's third brother, a canon of Windsor. We are very happy with the match. The bride is very agreeable, and sensible, and good; not so handsome as her sisters, but farther from ugliness than beauty. It is the second, Maria,† who is beauty itself! Her face, bloom, eyes, hair, teeth, and person, are all perfect. You may imagine how charming she is, when her only fault, if one must find one is, that her face is rather too round. She has a great deal of wit and vivacity, with perfect modesty. I must tell you too of their brother:‡ he was on the expedition to St. Maloes; a party of fifty men appearing on a hill, he was dispatched to reconnoitre with only eight men. Being stopped by a brook, he

* Laura, the eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, married to Dr. Frederick Keppel, afterwards Dean of Windsor, and Bishop of Exeter.

† Maria, second daughter, married first to James second Earl of Waldegrave, and afterwards to William Henry Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George the Third.

‡ Edward, only son of Sir Edward Walpole, died young.

prepared to leap it; an old serjeant dissuaded him, from the inequality of the numbers. "Oh!" said the boy, "I will tell you what; our profession is bred up to so much regularity, that any novelty terrifies them—with our light English horses we will leap the stream; and I'll be d—d if they don't run." He did so—and they did so. However, he was not content; but insisted that each of his party should carry back a prisoner before them. They had got eight, when they overtook an elderly man, to whom they offered quarter, bidding him lay down his arms. He replied, "They were English, the enemies of his King and country, that he hated them, and had rather be killed." My nephew hesitated a minute, and then said, "I see you are a brave fellow, and don't fear death, but very likely you fear a beating—if you don't lay down your arms this instant, my men shall drub you as long as they can stand over you." The fellow directly flung down his arms in a passion. The Duke of Marlborough sent my brother word of this, adding, it was the only clever action in their whole exploit. Indeed I am pleased with it, for besides his spirit, I don't see, with this thought and presence of mind, why he should not make a general. I return to one little word of the King of Prussia—shall I tell you? I fear all this time he is only fattening himself with glory for Marshal Daun, who will demolish him at last, and then, for such service, be shut up in some fortress or in the inquisition—for

it is impossible but the House of Austria must indemnify themselves for so many mortifications by some horrid ingratitude!

LETTER CCCXXVI.

Strawberry-Hill, Sept. 22, 1758.

THE confusion of the first accounts and the unwelcomeness of the subject, made me not impatient to dispatch another letter so quickly after my last. However, as I suppose the French relations will be magnified, it is proper to let you know the exact truth. Not being content with doing nothing at St. Maloes, and with being suffered to do all we could at Cherbourg, (no great matter,) our land and sea heroes, Mr. Pitt and Lord Howe, projected a third—I don't know what to call it. It seems they designed to take St. Maloes, but being disappointed by the weather, they—what do you think? landed fifteen miles from it, with no object nor near any—and lest that should not be absurd enough, the fleet sailed away for another bay, leaving the army with only two cannons, to scramble to them across the country as they could. *Nine* days they were staring about France, at last they had notice of twelve battalions approaching, on which they stayed a little before they hurried to the transports. The French followed them at a distance, firing from the upper grounds. When the

greatest part were reimbarked, the French descended and fell on the rear, on which it was necessary to sacrifice the guards to secure the rest. Those brave young men did wonders—that is, they were cut to pieces with great intrepidity. We lost General Dury and ten other officers; Lord Frederick Cavendish with twenty-three others were taken prisoners. In all we have lost seven hundred men, but more shamefully for the projectors and conductors than can be imagined, for no shadow of an excuse can be offered for leaving them so exposed with no purpose or possible advantage, in the heart of an enemy's country. What heightens the distress, the army sailed from Weymouth with a full persuasion that they were to be sacrificed to the vain-glorious whims of a man of words* and a man† of none!

Three expeditions we have sent,
And if you bid me show where,
I know as well as those who went,
To St. Maloes, Cherbourg, nowhere.

Those, whose trade or amusement is politics, may comfort themselves with their darling Prussian; he has strode back over 20 or 30,000 Russians,‡ and stepped into Dresden. They even say that Daun is retired. For my part, it is to inform *you*, that I dwell at all on these things. I am

* Mr. Pitt.—D.

† The two brothers, successively Lords Howe, were remarkably silent.

‡ The battle of Zorndorf.—D.

shocked with the iniquities I see and have seen. I abhor their dealings,

> And from my soul sincerely hate
> Both Kings and Ministers of State!

I don't know whether I can attain any goodness by shunning them, I am sure their society is contagious. Yet I will never advertise my detestation, for if I professed virtue, I should expect to be suspected of designing to be a minister. Adieu! you are good, and will keep yourself so.

Sept. 25th.

I had sealed my letter, but as it cannot go away till to-morrow, I open it again on receiving your's of Sept. 9th. I don't understand Marshal Botta's being so well satisfied with our taking Louisbourg. Are the Austrians disgusted with the French? Do they begin to repent their alliance? or has he so much sense as to know what improper allies they have got? It is very right in *you* who are a Minister, to combat hostile Ministers—had I been at Florence, I should not have so much contested the authority of the Abbé de Ville's performance: I have no more doubt of the convention of Closter-Severn having been scandalously broken, than it was shamelessly disavowed by those who *commanded* it.

In our loss are included some of our volunteers; a Sir John Armitage, a young man of fortune, just come much into the world, and engaged to the

sister * of the hot-headed and cool-tongued Lords Howe; a Mr. Cocks, nephew of Lady Hardwicke, who could not content himself with 7000*l.* a-year, without the addition of an ensign's commission: he was not quite recovered of a wound he had got at Cherbourg. The royal volunteer, Prince Edward, behaved with much spirit. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXXVII.

Strawberry-Hill, Oct. 24, 1758.

It is a very melancholy present I send you here, my dear Sir; yet, considering the misfortune that has befallen us, perhaps the most agreeable I could send you. You will not think it the bitterest tear you have shed, when you drop one over this plan of an urn inscribed with the name of your dear brother, and with the testimonial of my eternal affection to him! This little monument is at last placed over the pew of your family at Linton, and I doubt whether any tomb was ever erected that spoke so much truth of the departed, and flowed from so much sincere friendship in the living. The thought was my own, adopted from the antique Columbaria, and applied to Gothic. The execution of the design was Mr. Bentley's, who alone, of all mankind, could unite the grace of Grecian architecture, and

* Mary, their youngest sister, was afterwards married to General Pitt, brother of George Lord Rivers.

the irregular lightness and solemnity of Gothic. Kent and many of our builders sought this, but have never found it. Mr. Chute, who has as much taste as Mr. Bentley, thinks this little sketch a perfect model. The Soffite is more beautiful than anything of either style separate. There is a little error in the inscription; it should be, *Horatius Walpole posuit.* The urn is of marble, richly polished; the rest of stone. On the whole, I think there is simplicity and decency, with a degree of ornament that destroys neither.

What do you say in Italy on the assassination of the King of Portugal? Do you believe that Portuguese subjects lift their hand against a monarch for gallantry? Do you believe that when a slave murders an absolute Prince, he goes a walking with his wife the next morning and murders her too?* Do you believe the dead King is alive? and that the Jesuits are as *wrongfully* suspected of this assassination, as they have been of many others they have committed? If you do believe this, and all this, you are not very near turning Protestants. It is scarce talked of here, and to save trouble, we admit just what the Portuguese Minister is ordered to publish. The King of Portugal murdered, throws us two hundred years back—the King of Prussia *not* murdered, carries us two hundred years forward again.

Another King, I know, has had a little blow:

* This did not prove true.

the Prince de Soubise has beat some Isenbourgs and Obergs, and is going to be Elector of Hanover this winter. There has been a great sickness among our troops in the other German army; the Duke of Marlborough has been in great danger, and some officers are dead. Lord Frederick Cavendish is returned from France. He confirms and adds to the amiable accounts we had received of the Duc d'Aiguillon's behaviour to our prisoners. You yourself, the pattern of attentions and tenderness, could not refine on what he has done both in good nature and good breeding: he even forbad any ringing of bells or rejoicings wherever they passed — but how your representative-blood will curdle when you hear the absurdity of one of your countrymen: the night after the massacre at St. Cas, the Duc d'Aiguillon gave a magnificent supper of eighty covers to our prisoners — a Colonel Lambert got up at the bottom of the table, and asking for a bumper, called out to the Duc, "My Lord Duke, here's the Roy de Franse!" You must put all the English you can crowd into the accent. *My Lord Duke* was so confounded at this preposterous compliment, which it was impossible for him to return, that he absolutely sank back into his chair and could not utter a syllable: our own people did not seem to feel more.

You will read and hear that we have another expedition sailing, somewhither in the West Indies. Hobson, the commander, has in his whole life had

but one stroke of a palsy, so possibly may retain half of his understanding at least. There is great tranquillity at home, but I should think not promising duration. The disgust in the army on the late frantic measures will furnish some warmth probably to Parliament — and if the French should think of returning our visits, should you wonder? There are even rumours of some stirring among your little neighbours at Albano*—keep your eye on them—if you could discover any thing in time, it would do you great credit. *Apropos* to *them*, I will send you an epigram that I made the other day on Mr. Chute's asking why Taylor the oculist called himself Chevalier?

Why Taylor the quack calls himself *Chevalier*
'Tis not easy a reason to render;
Unless he would own, what his practice makes clear,
That at best he is but a Pretender.†

Adieu!

LETTER CCCXXVIII.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 27, 1758.

It seems strange that at this time of the year, with armies still in the field and Parliaments in town, I should have had nothing to tell you for above a month—yet so it was. The King caught

* The Pretender and his family had a villa at Albano near Rome.
† The Pretender went by the name of Chevalier de St. George.

cold on coming to town, and was very ill, but the gout, which had never been at court above twice in his reign, came, seized his foot a little, and has promised him at least five or six years more—that is, if he will take care of himself—but yesterday, the coldest day we have felt, he would go into the drawing-room, as if he was fond of showing the new stick he is forced to walk with.

The Parliament is all harmony, and thinks of nothing but giving away twelve more millions. Mr. Pitt made the most artful speech he ever made: provoked, called for, defied objections; promised enormous expense, demanded never to be judged by events. Universal silence left him arbiter of his own terms. In short, at present he is absolute master, and if he can coin twenty millions, may command them. He *does* everything, the Duke of Newcastle *gives* everything. As long as they can agree in this partition, they may do what they will.

We have been in great anxiety for twenty-four hours to learn the fate of Dresden, and of *the King of resources*, as Mr. Beckford called the King of Prussia, the other day. We heard that while he was galloped to raise the siege of Neiss, Marshal Daun was advanced to Dresden; that Schmettau had sent to know if he meant to attack it, having orders to burn the Fauxbourgs and defend it street by street; that Daun not deigning a reply, the conflagration had been put in execution; that

the King was posting back, and Dohna advancing to join him. We expected every minute to hear either of the demolition of the city, or of a bloody decision fought under the walls—an account is just arrived that Daun* is retired—thus probably the campaign is finished, and another year of massacre to come. One could not but be anxious at such a crisis—one felt for Dresden, and pitied the Prince Royal shut up in his own capital, a mere spectator of its destruction; one trembled for the decisive moment of the life of such a man as the King of Prussia. It is put off—yet perhaps he will scarce recover so favourable a moment. He had assembled his whole force, except a few thousands left to check the Swedes. Next year this force must be again parcelled out against Austrians, Russians, Swedes, and possibly French. He must be more than a *King of resources* if he can for ever weather such tempests!

Knyphausen† diverted me yesterday with some anecdotes of the Empress's college of chastity—*not* the Russian Empress's. The King of Prussia asked some of his Austrian prisoners whether their mistress consulted her college of chastity on the letters she wrote (and he intercepted) to Madame Pompadour.

* The King of Prussia had just compelled Daun to raise the siege of Dresden, in spite of his (the King's) late most disastrous defeat by the same general at Hochkirchen, which had taken place on the 14th of October 1758.—D.

† The Prussian Minister.

You have heard some time ago of the death of the Duke of Marlborough.* The estate is 45,000*l.* a year—nine of which are jointured out. He paid *but* 18,000*l.* a year in joint lives. This Duke and the estate save greatly by his death, as the present wants a year of being of age, and would certainly have accommodated his father in agreeing to sell and pay. Lord Edgcumbe† is dead too, one of the honestest and most steady men in the world.

I was much diverted with your histories of *our* Princess‡ and Madame de Woronzow. Such dignity as Madame de Craon's wants a little absolute power to support it! Adieu! my dear Sir.

LETTER CCCXXIX.

Strawberry-Hill, Christmas-day 1758.

ADIEU! my dear Sir—that is, adieu to our correspondence, for I am neither dying nor quarrelling with you; but as we, Great-Britons, are quarrelling with all Europe, I think very soon I shall not be able to convey a letter to you, but by the way of Africa, and there I am afraid the post-offices are not very well regulated. In short, we are on the brink of a Dutch war too. Their merchants are so enraged that we will not only not suffer them

* Charles Spencer, second Duke of Marlborough.

† Richard, first Lord Edgcumbe; an intimate friend of Sir R. Walpole.

‡ The Princess de Craon.

to enrich themselves by carrying all the French trade and all kinds of military stores to the French settlements, but that they lose their own ships into the bargain, that they are ready to dispatch the Princess Royal* into the other world even before her time; if her death arrives soon, and she is thought in great danger, it will be difficult for anybody else to keep the peace. Spain and Denmark are in little better humour—well, if we have not as many lives as a cat or the King of Prussia! However, our spirits do not droop; we are raising thirteen millions, we look upon France as totally undone, and that they have not *above five loaves and a few small fishes* left; we intend to take all America from them next summer, and then if Spain and Holland are not terrified, we shall be at leisure to deal with them. Indeed we are rather in a hurry to do all this, because people may be weary of paying thirteen millions; and besides it may grow decent for Mr. Pitt to visit his gout, which this year he has been forced to send to the Bath without him. I laugh, but seriously we are in a critical situation; and it is as true, that if Mr. Pitt had not exerted the spirit and activity that he has, we should ere now have been past a critical situation. Such a war as our's carried on by my Lord Hardwicke, with the dull dilatoriness of a Chancery suit, would long ago have reduced us to what suits in Chancery reduce most people! At present our

* The Princess dowager of Orange, eldest daughter of George II.

unanimity is prodigious—you would as soon hear *No* from an old maid as from the House of Commons—but I don't promise you that this tranquillity will last. One has known more Ministries overturned of late years by their own squabbles than by any assistance from Parliaments.

Sir George Lee, formerly an heir-apparent* to the Ministry, is dead; it was almost sudden, but he died with great composure. Lord Arran† went off with equal philosophy. Of the great house of Ormond, there now remains only his sister, Lady Emily Butler, a young heiress of ninety-nine.

It is with great pleasure I tell you that Mr. Conway is going to Sluys to settle a cartel with the French. The commission itself is honourable, but more pleasing as it re-establishes him—I should say his merit re-establishes him. All the world now acknowledges it—and the insufficience of his brother-Generals makes it vain to oppress him any longer.

I am happy that you are pleased with the monument, and vain that you like the Catalogue‡—if it would not look too vain I would tell you that it was absolutely undertaken and finished within five

* Frederick Prince of Wales had designed, if he outlived the King, to make Sir George Lee Chancellor of the Exchequer.

† He was Charles Butler, the second and last surviving son of Thomas Earl of Ossory, eldest son of the first Duke of Ormonde. He had been created in 1693 Baron Cloghgrenan, Viscount Tullough, and Earl of Arran in Ireland; and at the same time Baron Butler of Weston in the Peerage of England. Dying without issue, his titles became extinct. —D.

‡ The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.

months. Indeed the faults in the first edition and the deficiencies show it was; I have just printed another more correct.

Of the Pretender's family one never hears a word—unless our Protestant brethren the Dutch meddle in their affairs, they will be totally forgotten; we have too numerous a breed of our own, to want Princes from Italy. The old Chevalier by your account is likely to precede his rival, who with care may still last a few years, though I think will scarce appear again out of his own house.

I want to ask you if it is possible to get the royal edition of the Antiquities of Herculaneum? and I do not indeed want you to get it for me unless I am to pay for it. Prince San Severino has told the foreign ministers here that there are to be *twelve hundred* volumes of it—and they believe it. I imagine the fact is, that there are to be but twelve hundred copies printed. Could Cardinal Albani get it for me? I would send him my Strawberry-editions, and the Birmingham-editions* in exchange—things here much in fashion.

The night before I came from town, we heard of the fall of the Cardinal de Bernis,† but not the cause of it—if we have a Dutch war, how many Cardinals will fall in France and in England, before you hear of these, or I of the former! I have always written

* Editions printed with the Baskerville types.—D.

† The Cardinal de Bernis was a frivolous and incapable minister, who was equally raised and overthrown by the influence of the King of France's mistress, Madame de Pompadour.—D.

to you with the greatest freedom, because I care more that *you* should be informed of the state of your own country, than what Secretaries of State or their clerks think of *me*—but one must be more circumspect if the Dey of Algiers is to open one's letters! Adieu!

LETTER CCCXXX.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 9, 1759.

THE Dutch have not declared war and interrupted our correspondence, and yet it seems ceased as if we had declared war with one another. I have not heard from you this age—how happens it? I have not seized any ships of yours—you carry on no counterband trade—oh! perhaps you are gone *incognito* to Turin, are determined to have a King of Prussia of your own! I expect to hear that the King of Sardinia, accompanied by Sir Horace Mann, the British minister, suddenly appeared before Parma at the head of an hundred thousand men, that had been *privately* landed at Leghorn. I beg, as harlequin did when he had a house to sell, that you will send me a brick, as a sample of the first town you take—the Strawberry-press shall be preparing a congratulatory ode.

The Princess Royal has been dead some time; and yet the Dutch and we continue in amity, and put on our weepers together. In the mean time

our warlike eggs have been some time under the hen, and one has hatched and produced Gorèe. The expedition, called to Quebec, departs on Tuesday next, under Wolfe, and George Townshend, who has thrust himself again into the service, and as far as wrongheadedness will go, very proper for a hero. Wolfe, who was no friend of Mr. Conway last year, and for whom I consequently have no affection, has great merit, spirit, and alacrity, and shone extremely at Louisbourg. I am not such a Juno but I will forgive him after eleven more labours. Prince Edward asked to go with them, but was refused. It is clever in him to wish to distinguish himself; I, who have no partiality to royal blood, like his good nature and good breeding.

Except the horrid Portuguese histories, that between jesuits* and executions make one's blood run hot and cold, we have no news. The parliament has taken a quieting draught. Of private story, the Duchess of Hamilton† is going to marry Colonel Campbell,‡ Lady Ailesbury's brother. It is a match that would not disgrace Arcadia. Her beauty has made sufficient noise, and in some peo-

* The strange and mysterious conspiracy against the life of the King of Portugal, which was attempted as he was going one night through the streets of Lisbon in his coach. Many Jesuits were put to death for it, and also several of the noble families of the Dukes d'Aveiro, and Marquisses of Tavora.—D.

† Elizabeth Gunning.

‡ John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyll.

ple's eyes is even improved—he has a most pleasing countenance, person, and manner, and if they could but carry to Scotland some of our sultry English weather, they might restore the ancient pastoral life, when fair Kings and Queens reigned at once over their subjects and their sheep. Besides, exactly like antediluvian lovers, they reconcile contending clans, the great houses of Hamilton and Campbell —and all this is brought about by a Gunning! I talked of *our sultry* weather, and this is no air. While Italy, I suppose, is buried in snow, we are extinguishing fires, and panting for breath. In short, we have had a wonderful winter—beyond an earthquake winter—we shall soon be astonished at frost like an Indian. Shrubs and flowers and blossoms are all in their pride; I am not sure that in some counties the corn is not cut.

I'long to hear from you; I think I never was so long without a letter, I hope it is from no bad reason. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXXXI.

Strawberry-Hill, March 4, 1759.

I KNOW you are *ministerial* enough or *patriot* enough (two words that it is as much the fashion to couple now as it was formerly to part them,) to rejoice over the least bit of a conquest, and therefore I hurry to send you a morsel of Martinico.

which you may lay under your head, and dream of having taken the whole island. As dreams often go by contraries, you must not be surprised if you wake and find we have been beaten back; but at this present moment we are all dreaming of victory. A frigate has been taken going to France with an account that our troops landed on the island on the 16th of January, without opposition. A seventy-gun ship was dismissed at the same time, which is thought a symptom of their not intending to resist. It certainly is not Mr. Pitt's fault if we have not great success; and if we have, it is certainly owing to him. The French talk of invading us; I hope they will not come quite so near either to victory or defeat, as to land on our Martinico! But you are going to have a war of your own. Pray send me all your Gazettes extraordinary. I wish the King of Sardinia's heroism may not be grown a little rusty. Time was when he was the only King in Europe that had fought in his waistcoat; but now the King of Prussia has almost made it part of their coronation oath. *Apropos*, pray remember that the Emperor's pavil*i*on is not the Emperor's *pavillon;* though you are so far in the right, that he may have a pavilion, but I don't conceive how he comes by a pavillon. What Tuscan colours has he, unless a streamer upon the belfrey at Leghorn? You was so deep in politics when you wrote your last letter, that it was almost in cipher, and as I don't happen to have a key to bad

writing, I could not read a word that interests my vanity extremely—I unravelled enough to learn that a new Governor* of Milan is a great admirer of me, but I could not guess at one syllable of his name, and it is very uncomfortable in a dialogue between one's pride and oneself, to be forced to talk of Governor What-d'ye-call-em, who has so good a taste. I think you never can have a more important occasion for dispatching a courier than to tell me Governor ——'s name. In the mean time, don't give him any more Strawberry editions; of some I print very few, they are all begged immediately, and then you will not have a complete set, as I wish you to have, notwithstanding all my partiality for the Governor of Milan. Perhaps, upon the peace I may send him a set richly bound! I am a little more serious in what I am going to say; you will oblige me if at your leisure you will pick up for me all or any little historical tracts that relate to the House of Medici. I have some distant thoughts of writing their history, and at the peace, may probably execute what you know I have long retained in my wish, another journey to Florence. Stosch, I think, had great collections relating to them; would they sell a separate part of his library? Could I get at any State-letters and papers there? Do think of this; I assure you I

* Count Firmian, who understood English, and was fond of English authors. Sir Horace Mann had given him the Royal and Noble Authors.

do. Thank you for the trouble you have taken about the Neapolitan books, and for the medals that are coming.

Colonel Campbell and the Duchess of Hamilton are married. My sister,* who was at the opera last Tuesday, and went from thence to a great ball at the Duke of Bridgwater's, where she stayed till three in the morning, was brought to bed in less than four hours afterwards of a fifth boy: she has had two girls too, and I believe left it entirely to this child to choose what it would be. Adieu! my dear Sir.

LETTER CCCXXXII.

Arlington-Street, April 11, 1759.

I HAVE waited and waited, in hopes of sending you the rest of Martinico or Guadaloupe; nothing else, as you guessed, has happened, or I should have told you. But at present I can stay no longer, for I, who am a little more expeditious than a squadron, have made a great conquest myself, and in less than a month since the first thought started. I hurry to tell you, lest you should go and consult the map of Middlesex, to see whether I have any dispute about boundaries with the neighbouring Prince of Isleworth, or am likely to

* Lady Mary Churchill, only daughter of Sir R. Walpole by his second wife.

have fitted out a secret expedition upon Hounslow Heath—in short, I have married, that is, am marrying, my niece Maria,* my brother's second daughter, to Lord Waldegrave.† What say you? A month ago I was told he liked her—does he? I jumbled them together, and he has already proposed. For character and credit, he is the first match in England—for beauty, I think she is. She has not a fault in her face and person, and the detail is charming. A warm complexion tending to brown, fine eyes, brown hair, fine teeth, and infinite wit and vivacity. Two things are odd in this match; he seems to have been doomed to a Maria Walpole—if his father had lived, he had married my sister:‡ and this is the second of my brother's daughters that has married into the house of Stuart. Mr. Keppel§ comes from Charles, Lord Waldegrave from James II. My brother has luckily been tractable, and left the whole management to me. My family don't lose any rank or advantage, when they let me dispose of them—a Knight of the Garter for my niece; 150,000*l.* for my Lord Orford if he would have taken her;‖ these are not trifling establishments.

* Maria, second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, afterwards married to William Henry Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George III.

† James, second Earl of Waldegrave, Knight of the Garter, and Governor of George Prince of Wales, afterwards George III.

‡ Lady Maria Churchill, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole.

§ Frederick Keppel, fourth son of William Anne Earl of Albemarle by Lady Anne Lenox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond.

‖ Miss Nichols, afterwards Marchioness of Carnarvon.

It were miserable after this to tell you that Prince Ferdinand has cut to pieces two or three squadrons of Austrians. I frame to myself that if I was a commander-in-chief, I should on a sudden appear in the middle of Vienna and oblige the Empress to give an Archduchess with half a dozen provinces to some infant prince or other, and make a peace before the bread waggons were come up. Difficulties are nothing; all depends on the sphere in which one is placed.

You must excuse my altitudes; I feel myself very impertinent just now, but as I know it, I trust I shall not be more so than is becoming.

The Dutch cloud is a little dispersed; the Privy Council have squeezed out some rays of sunshine by restoring one of their ships, and by adjudging that we captors should prove the affirmative of counterband goods, instead of the goods proving themselves so: just as if one was ordered to believe that if a blackamoor is christened Thomas, he is a white. These distinctions are not quite adapted to the meridian of a flippant English privateer's comprehension: however, the murmur is not great yet. I don't know what may betide if the *Minister* should order the mob to be angry with the *Ministry*, nor whether Mr. Pitt or the mob will speak first. He is laid up with the gout, and it is as much as the rest of the Administration can do to prevent his flying out. I am sorry, after you have been laying in such bales of Grotius and Puffen-

dorf, that you must be forced to correct the text by a Dutch comment. You shall have the pamphlets you desire, and Lord Mansfield's famous answer to the Prussian manifesto, (I don't know whether it is in French,) but you must now read *Hardwickius in usum Batavorum.**

We think we have lost Fort St. David, but have some scanty hopes of a victorious codicil, as our fleet there seems to have had the superiority. The King of Spain is certainly not dead, and the Italian war in appearance is blown over. This summer, I think, must finish all war, for who will have men, who will have money to furnish another campaign? Adieu!

P.S. Mr. Conway has got the first regiment of dragoons on Hawley's death.

LETTER CCCXXXIII.

Strawberry-Hill, May 10, 1759.

THE laurels we began to plant in Guadaloupe do not thrive—we have taken half the island, and despair of the other half which we are gone to take. General Hobson is dead, and many of our men—it seems all climates are not equally good for conquest—Alexander and Cæsar would have looked wretchedly after a yellow fever! A hero that

* Philip Yorke Earl of Hardwicke.

would have leaped a rampart, would perhaps have shuddered at the thought of being scalped. Glory will be taken in its own way, and cannot reconcile itself to the untoward barbarism of America. In short, if we don't renounce expeditions, our history will be a journal of miscarriages. What luck must a General have that escapes a flux, or being shot abroad—or at home! How fatal a war has this been! From Pondicherry to Canada, from Russia to Senegal, the world has been a great bill of mortality! The King of Prussia does not appear to have tapped his campaign yet—he was slow last year; it is well if he concludes this as thunderingly as he did the last.

Our winter-politics are drawn to the dregs. The King is gone to Kensington, and the Parliament is going out of town. The Ministers who don't agree, will, I believe, let the war decide their squabbles too. Mr. Pitt will take Canada and the Cabinet-council together, or miscarry in both. There are Dutch deputies here, who are likely to be here some time: their negotiations are not of an epigrammatic nature, and we are in no hurry to decide on points which we cannot well give up, nor maintain without inconvenience. But it is idle to describe what describes itself by not being concluded.

I have received yours of the 7th of last month, and fear you are quite in the right about a history of the House of Medici—yet it is pity it should not

be written!* You don't, I know, want any spur to incite you to remember me and any commission with which I trouble you; and therefore you must not take it in that light; but as the consequence of my having just seen the Neapolitan book of Herculaneum that I mention it to you again. Though it is far from being finely engraved, yet there are bits in it that make me wish much to have it, and if you could procure it for me, I own I should be pleased. Adieu! my dear Sir.

LETTER CCCXXXIV.

Strawberry-Hill, June 1, 1759.

I HAVE not announced to you in form the invasion from France of which all our newspapers have been so full, nor do I tell you every time the clock strikes. An invasion frightens one but once. I am grown to fear no invasions but those we make. Yet I believe there are people really afraid of this—I mean the new militia, who have received orders to march. The war in general seems very languishing: Prince Henry of Prussia is the only one who keeps it up with any spirit. The Parliament goes into the country to-morrow.

* It was afterwards written in five volumes in quarto, from authentic documents furnished by the great Duke himself, and was published in 1782.

One of your last friends, Lord Northampton,* is going to marry Lady Anne Somerset, the Duke of Beaufort's sister. She is rather handsome. He seems to have too much of the coldness and dignity of the Comptons.

Have you had the comet in Italy? It has made more noise here than it deserved, because Sir Isaac Newton foretold it, and it was very near disappointing him. Indeed I have a notion that it is not the right, but a little one that they put up as they were hunting for the true—in short, I suppose, like pine-apples and gold pheasants, comets will grow so common as to be sold at Covent-garden market.

I am glad you approve the marriage of my charming niece—she is now Lady Waldegrave in all the forms.

I envy you who can make out whole letters to me—I find it grow every day more difficult; we are so far and have been so long removed from little events in common that serve to fill up a correspondence, that though my heart is willing, my hand is slow. Europe is a dull magnificent subject to one who cares little and thinks still less about Europe. Even the King of Prussia, except on post days, don't occupy a quarter of an inch in my

* Charles Compton, seventh Earl of Northampton, married Lady Anne Somerset, daughter of Charles fourth Duke of Beaufort, by whom he had an only child, Lady Elizabeth Compton, married to Lord George Henry Cavendish, now Earl of Burlington. Lord Northampton died in 1763.—D.

memory. He must kill a hundred thousand men once a fortnight to put me in mind of him. Heroes that do so much in a book, and seem so active to posterity, lie fallow a vast while to their contemporaries—and how it would humble a vast prince who expects to occupy the whole attention of an age, to hear an idle man in his easy chair cry, *"Well! why don't the King of Prussia do something?"* If one means to make a lasting bustle, one should contrive to be the hero of a village; I have known a country rake talked of for a riot, whole years after the battle of Blenheim has grown obsolete. Fame, like an essence, the farther it is diffused, the sooner it vanishes. The million in London devour an event and demand another to-morrow. Three or four families in a hamlet twist and turn it, examine, discuss, mistake, repeat their mistake, remember their mistake, and teach it to their children. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXXXV.

Arlington Street, June 8, 1759.

THIS is merely a letter about your commission, and I hope it will get to you with wondrous haste. I have not lost a minute in trying to execute what you desire, but it is impossible to perform all that is required. A watch perfect by Ellicot or Gray, with all the accompaniments, cannot possibly be

had for near seventy-five pounds. Though the directions do not expressly limit me to seventy-five, yet I know Italians enough to be sure that when they name seventy-five, they would not bear a codicil of fifty-five more. Ellicot, (and Gray is rather dearer,) would have for watch and chain a hundred and thirty-four guineas; the seals will cost sixteen more. Two hundred and sixty-eight sequins are more than I dare lay out. But I will tell you what I have done; Deard, one of the first jewellers and toymen here, has undertaken to make a watch and chain, enamelled according to a pattern I have chosen of the newest kind, for a hundred guineas, with two seals for sixteen more; and he has engaged that if this is not approved, he will keep it himself; but to this I must have an immediate answer. He will put his own name to it, as a warrant to the goodness of the work; and then, except the name of Ellicot or Gray, your friend will have as good a watch as he can desire. I take for granted, at farthest, that I can have an answer by the fifteenth of July; and then there will be time, I trust, to convey it to you; I suppose by sea, for unless a fortunate messenger should be going *à point nommé*, you may imagine that a traveller would not arrive there in any time. My dear Sir, you know how happy I am to do any thing you desire; and I shall pique myself on your credit in this, but your friend has expected what, altogether, it is almost impossible to perform—what can be done, shall be.

There is not a syllable of news — if there was, I should not confine myself solely to the commission. Some of our captains in the East Indies have behaved very ill; if there is an invasion, which I don't believe there will, I am glad they were not here. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXXXVI.

Arlington-Street, June 22, 1759.

WELL! they tell us in good earnest that we are to be invaded; Mr. Pitt is as positive of it, as of his own invasions. As the French affect an air of grandeur in all they do, *Mr. Pitt sent ten thousands, but they send fifty thousands.* You will be inquisitive after our force — I can't tell you the particulars, I am only in town for to-day, but I hear of mighty preparations. Of one thing I am sure; they missed the moment when eight thousand men might have carried off England, and set it down in the gardens of Versailles. In the last war, when we could not rake together four thousand men, and were all divided, not a flat-bottomed boat lifted up its leg against us! There is great spirit in motion; my Lord Orford is gone with his Norfolk militia to Portsmouth: everybody is raising regiments or themselves — my Lord Shaftsbury,* one of the new colonels of militia is to

* Anthony Ashley Cooper, fourth Earl of Shaftesbury, died in 1771. —D.

be a brigadier-general. I shall not march my Twickenham militia for some private reasons; my farmer has got an ague, my printer is run away, my foot-boy is always drunk, and my gardener is a Scotchman, and I believe would give intelligence to the enemy. France has notified to the Dutch that she intends to *surprise us;* and this makes us still more angry. In the mean time we have got Guadaloupe to play with. I did not send you any particulars, for this time the Gazette piqued itself upon telling its own story from beginning to end; I never knew it so full of chat. It is very comfortable that if we lose our own island, we shall at least have all America to settle in. Quebec is to be conquered by the 15th of July, and two more expeditions, I don't whither, are to be crowned with all imaginable success, I don't know when — so you see our affairs upon the whole are in a very prosperous train. Your friend, Colonel Clavering, is the real hero of Guadaloupe; he is come home covered with more laurels than a boar's head: indeed he has done exceedingly well. A much older friend of your's is just dead, my Lady Murray;* she caught her death by too strict attendance on her sister Lady Binning, who has been ill. They were

* Daughter of George Bailie, Esq. See an epistle from Arthur Gray, her footman, to her, in the poems of Lady Mary Wortley Montague. (Lady Murray of Stanhope. She was a woman of merit and ability, and of excellent conduct. She was an intimate friend of Lady Hervey, who, in her letters, deeply laments her death. Some memoirs by her of her family were published at Edinburgh a few years ago.—D.)

a family of love, and break their hearts for her. She had a thousand good qualities. But no mortal was ever so surprised as I when I was first told that she was the nymph Arthur Gray would have ravished. She had taken care to guard against any more such danger by more wrinkles than ever twisted round a human face. Adieu! If you have a mind to be fashionable, you must raise a regiment of Florentine militia.

LETTER CCCXXXVII.

Strawberry-Hill, July 8, 1759.

THIS will be the most indecisive of all letters: I don't write to tell you that the French are *not* landed at Deal, as was believed yesterday. An officer arrived post in the middle of the night, who saw them disembark. The King was called up; my Lord Ligonier buckled on his armour. Nothing else was talked of in the streets: yet, there was no panic. Before noon it was known that the invasion was a few Dutch hoys. The day before, it was triumph. Rodney was known to be before Havre de Grace; with two bomb-ketches he set the town on fire in different places, and had brought up four more to act, notwithstanding a very smart fire from the forts, which, however, will probably force him to retire, without burning the flat-bottomed boats, which are believed out of

his reach. The express came from him on Wednesday morning. This is Sunday noon, and I don't know that farther intelligence is arrived. I am sorry for this sort of war; not only for the sufferers; but I don't like the precedent, in case the French should land. I think they will scarce venture, for besides the force on land, we have a mighty chain of fleet and frigates along the coast. There is great animosity to them, and few can expect to return.

Our part of the war in Germany seems at an end: Prince Ferdinand is retiring, and has all the advantage of that part of great generalship, a retreat. From America we expect the greatest things; our force there by land and sea is vast. I hope we shall not be to buy England back by restoring the *North* Indies! I will gladly give them all the hundred thousand acres that may fall to my share on the Ohio for my twenty acres here. Truly I don't like having them endangered for the limits of Virginia!

I wait impatiently for your last orders for the watch—if the worst comes to the worst, I can convey it to you by some French officer.

The weather is sultry; this country never looked prettier. I hope our enemies will not have the heart to spoil it! It would be much disappointment to me, who am going to make great additions to my castle; a gallery, a round tower, and a cabi-

net, that is to have all the air of a Catholic chapel —bar consecration!

Adieu! I will tell you more soon, or I hope no more.

LETTER CCCXXXVIII.

Strawberry-Hill, Aug. 1, 1759.

I HAVE received your two letters about the watch, the first came with surprising celerity. I wish when the watch is finished, I may be able to convey it to you with equal expedition.

Nothing is talked of here, as you may imagine, but the invasion—yet I don't grow more credulous. Their ridiculous lists of fifty thousand men don't contribute to frighten me—nay, though they specify the numbers of apothecaries and chaplains that are to attend. Fifty thousand men cannot easily steal a march over the sea. Sir Edward Hawke will take care of them till winter, and by that time we shall have a great force at land. The very militia is considerable: the spirit, or at least the fashion of it, catches every day. We are growing such ancient Britons, that I don't know whether I must not mount some pop-guns upon the battlements of my castle, lest I should not be thought hero enough in these west-Saxon times. Lord Pulteney has done handsomely, and what is more sur-

prising, so has his father. The former has offered to raise a regiment, and to be only Lieutenant-Colonel, provided the command is given to a Colonel Crawford, an old soldier, long postponed—Lord Bath is at the expense, which will be five thousand pounds. All the country squires are in regimentals —a pedestal is making for little Lord Mountford, that he may be placed at the head of the Cambridgeshire militia. In short, we have two sorts of armies, and I hope neither will be necessary—what the consequences of this militia may be hereafter; I don't know. Indifferent I think it cannot be. A great force upon an old plan, exploded since modern improvements, must make some confusion. If they do not become ridiculous, which the real officers are disposed to make them, the Crown or the disaffected will draw considerable consequences, I think, from an establishment popular by being constitutional, and of great weight from the property it will contain.

If the French pursue their vivacity in Germany, they will send us more defenders; our eight thousand men there seem of very little use. Both sides seem in all parts weary of the war; at least are grown so cautious, that a battle will be as great a curiosity in a campaign as in the midst of peace. For the Russians, they quite make one smile, they hover every summer over the north of Germany, get cut to pieces by September, disappear, have a General disgraced, and in winter out comes a me-

morial of the Czarina's steadiness to her engagements, and of the mighty things she will do in spring. The Swedes follow them like Sancho Panza, and are rejoiced at not being bound by the laws of chivalry to be thrashed too.

We have an evil that threatens us more nearly than the French. The heat of the weather has produced a contagious sore throat in London. Mr. Yorke, the Solicitor-General, has lost his wife, his daughter, and a servant. The young Lady Essex* died of it in two days. Two servants are dead in Newcastle-House, and the Duke has left it; anybody else would be pitied, but his terrors are sure of being a joke. My niece, Lady Waldegrave, has done her part for repairing this calamity, and is breeding.

Your Lord Northampton has not acted a much more gallant part by his new mistress than by his fair one at Florence. When it was all agreed, he refused to marry unless she had eighteen thousand pounds. Eight were wanting. It looked as if he was more attached to his old flame than to his new one; but her uncle, Norborne Berkeley,† has nobly made up the deficiency.

I told Mr. Fox of the wine that is coming, and he told me what I had totally forgot, that he has left off Florence, and chooses to have no more. He

* Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

† Brother of the Duchess of Beaufort, mother of Lady Anne Somerset, whom Lord Northampton did marry. (Narborne Berkeley afterwards established his claim to the ancient Barony of Botetourt.—D.)

will take this parcel, but you need not trouble yourself again. Adieu! my dear Sir, don't let Marshal Botta terrify you; when the French dare not stir out of any port they have, it will be extraordinary if they venture to come into the heart of us.

LETTER CCCXXXIX.

Arlington-Street, Aug. 8, 1759.

If anybody admires expedition, they should address themselves to you and me, who order watches, negotiate about them by couriers, and have them finished, with as little trouble, as if we had nothing to do, but like the men of business in the Arabian tales, rub a dark lantern, a Genie appears, one bespeaks a bauble worth two or three Indies, and finds it upon one's table the next morning at breakfast. The watch was actually finished, and delivered to your brother yesterday. I trust to our good luck for finding quick conveyance. I did send to the White-horse cellar here in Piccadilly, whence all the stage-coaches set out, but there was never a Genie booted and spurred, and going to Florence on a sun-beam. If you are not charmed with the watch, never deal with us devils any more. If anything a quarter so pretty was found in Herculaneum, one should admire Roman enamellers more than their Scipios and Cæsars. The device

of the second seal I stole; it is old, but uncommon; a cupid standing on two joined hands over the sea; *si la foy manque, l'amour perira*—I hope for the honour of the device, it will arrive before half the honey-moon is over!—but, alack! I forget the material point; Mr. Deard, who has forty times more virtue than if he had been taken from the plough to be colonel of the militia, instead of one hundred and sixteen *pounds* to which I pinned him down, to avoid *guineas*, will positively take but one hundred and ten pounds. I did all I could to corrupt him with six more, but he is immaculate—and when our posterity is abominably bad, as all posterity always is till it grows one's ancestors, I hope Mr. Deard's integrity will be quoted to them as an instance of the virtues that adorned the simple and barbarous age of George the Second. Oh! I can tell you the age of George the Second is likely to be celebrated for more primitivity than the disinterestedness of Mr. Deard—here is such a victory come over that—it can't get over. Mr. Yorke has sent word that a Captain Ligonier is coming from Prince Ferdinand to tell us that his serene Highness has beaten Monsieur Contades to such a degree, that every house in London is illuminated; every street has two bonfires, every bonfire has two hundred squibs, and the poor charming moon yonder, that never looked so well in her life, is not at all minded, but seems only staring out of a garret window at the frantic doings all over the town. We don't

know a single particular, but we conclude that Prince Ferdinand received all his directions from my Lord Granby, who is the mob's hero. We are a little afraid, if we could fear anything to-night, that the defeat of the Russians by General Weidel was a mistake for this victory of Prince Ferdinand. Pray Heaven! neither of these glories be turned sour, by staying so long at sea! You said in your last, what slaughter must be committed by the end of August! Alas! my dear Sir, so there is by the beginning of it, and we, wretched creatures, are forced to be glad of it, because the greatest part falls on our enemies.

Fifteen hundred men have stolen from Dunkirk, and are said to be sailed northward—some think to Embden — too poor a pittance surely where they thought themselves so superior, unless they meaned to hinder our receiving our own troops from thence —as paltry too, if this is their invasion—but if to Scotland, not quite a joke. However, Prince Ferdinand seems to have found employment for the rest of their troops, and Monsieur de Botta will not talk to you in quite so high a style.

D'Aubreu, the pert Spanish Minister, said the other day at court to poor Alt, the Hessian, "*Monsieur, je vous félicite; Munster est pris.*" Mr. Pitt, who overheard this cruel apostrophe, called out, "*Et moi, Monsieur Alt, je vous félicite; les Russes sont battus.*"

I am here in town almost every day; Mrs.

Leneve, who has so long lived with my father, and with me, is at the point of death; she is seventy-three, and has passed twenty-four of them in continual ill health; so I can but wish her released. Her long friendship with our family makes this attention a duty; otherwise I should certainly not be in town this most gorgeous of all summers! I should like to know in how many letters this wonderful summer has been talked of.

It is above two years, I think, since you sent home any of my letters — will you by any convenient opportunity?

Adieu! There is great impatience, as you may believe, to learn the welfare of our young lords and heroes — there are the Duke of Richmond, Lord Granby, Lord George Sackville, Lord Downe, Fitzroy, General Waldegrave, and others of rank.

LETTER CCCXL.

Strawberry-Hill, Aug. 29, 1759.

TRULY I don't know whether one is to be rejoicing or lamenting! Every good heart is a bonfire for Prince Ferdinand's success, and a funeral pile for the King of Prussia's defeat.* Mr. Yorke, who every week *lays himself most humbly at the*

* Prince Ferdinand's victory was the celebrated battle of Minden, won from the French on the first of August; the King of Prussia's defeat was that of Kunersdorf, lost to the Russians, the twelfth of August 1759. —D.

King's feet with some false piece of news, has almost ruined us in illuminations for defeated victories—we were singing Te Deums for the King of Prussia, when he was actually reduced to be King of Custrin, for he has not only lost his neighbour's capital, but his own too. Mr. Bentley has long said, that we should see him at Somerset House next winter; and really I begin to be afraid that he will not live to write the history of the war himself—I shall be content, if he is forced to do it even by subscription. Oh, *that* Daun! how he sits silent on his drum, and shoves the King a little and a little farther out of the world! The most provoking part of all is (for I am mighty soon comforted when a hero tumbles from the top of Fame's steeple and breaks his neck,) that that tawdry toad, Bruhl,* will make a triumphant entry into the ruins of Dresden, and rebuild all his palaces with what little money remains in the country!

The mob, to comfort themselves under these mishaps, and for the disappointment of a complete victory, that might have been *more compleater*, are new grinding their teeth and nails, to tear Lord George† to pieces the instant he lands. If he finds more powerful friends than poor Admiral Byng, assure yourself he has ten thousand times the number of *personal* enemies; I was going to say *real*,

* Count Bruhl, favourite and Prime Minister of Augustus III. King of Poland, and Elector of Saxony.

† Lord George Sackville, disgraced at the battle of Minden.

but Mr. Byng's were real enough, with no reason to be personal. I don't talk of the event itself, for I suppose all Europe knows just as much as we know here. I suspend my opinion, till Lord George speaks himself—but I pity his father, who has been so unhappy in his sons, who loved this so much, and who had such fair prospects for him. Lord George's fall is prodigious; nobody stood higher, nobody has more ambition or more sense.

You, I suppose, are taking leave of your new King of Spain*—what a bloody war is saved by this death, by its happening in the midst of one that cannot be more bloody! I detest a correspondence now; it lives like a vampire upon dead bodies! Adieu! I long to have nothing to write about.

P.S. I forgot to ask you if you are not shocked with Bellisle's letter to Contades? The French ought to behave with more spirit than they do, before they give out such sanguinary orders—and if they did, I should think they would not give such orders. And did not you laugh at the enormous folly of Bellisle's conclusion? It is so foolish, that I think he might fairly disavow it. It puts me in mind of a ridiculous passage in Racine's Bajazet,

> ———et s'il faut que je meure,
> Mourons, moi, cher Osmin, comme un Visir; et toi
> Comme le favori d'un homme tel que moi.

* Charles the Third, King of Naples, who had just become King of Spain, by the death of his elder brother.—D.

LETTER CCCXLI.

Arlington-Street, Sept. 13, 1759.

WITH your unathletic constitution I think you will have a greater weight of glory to represent than you can bear. You will be as *épuisé* as Princess Craon with all the triumphs over Niagara, Ticonderago, Crown Point, and such a parcel of long names. You will ruin yourself in French horns, to exceed those of Marshal Botta, who has certainly found out a pleasant way of announcing victories. Besides *all* the West Indies, which we have taken by a panic, there is Admiral Boscawen has demolished the Toulon squadron, and has made *you* Viceroy of the Mediterranean. I really believe the French will come hither now, for they can be safe nowhere else. If the King of Prussia should be totally undone in Germany we can afford to give him an appanage, as a younger son of England, of some hundred thousand miles on the Ohio. Sure universal monarchy was never so put to shame as that of France! What a figure do they make! They seem to have no ministers, no generals, no soldiers! If anything could be more ridiculous than their behaviour in the field, it would be in the cabinet! Their invasion appears not to have been designed against us, but against their own people, who, they fear, will mutiny, and to quiet whom they disperse expresses, with accounts of

the progress of their arms in England. They actually have established posts, to whom people are directed to send their letters for their friends *in England.* If therefore you hear that the French have established themselves at Exeter or Norwich, don't be alarmed, nor undeceive the poor women who are writing to their husbands for English baubles.

We have lost another princess, Lady Elizabeth.* She died of an inflammation in her bowels in two days. Her figure was so very unfortunate, that it would have been difficult for her to be happy, but her parts and application were extraordinary. I saw her act in "Cato" at eight years old, (when she could not stand alone, but was forced to lean against the side-scene) better than any of her brothers and sisters. She had been so unhealthy, that at that age she had not been taught to read, but had learned the part of Lucia by hearing the others study their parts. She went to her father and mother and begged she might act. They put her off as gently as they could—she desired leave to repeat her part, and when she did, it was with so much sense, that there was no denying her.

I receive yours of August 25. To all your alarms for the King of Prussia I subscribe. With little Brandenburgh he could not exhaust all the forces of Bohemia, Hungary, Austria, Muscovy, Siberia, Tartary, Sweden, &c. &c. &c.—but not to

* Second daughter of Frederick Prince of Wales.

politicize too much, I believe the world will come to be fought for somewhere between the North of Germany and the back of Canada, between Count Daun and Sir William Johnson.*

You guessed right about the King of Spain; he is dead, and the Queen Dowager may once more have an opportunity of embroiling the little of Europe that remains unembroiled.

Thank you, my dear Sir, for the Herculaneum and Caserta that you are sending me. I wish the watch may arrive safe, to show you that I am not insensible to all your attentions for me, but endeavour, at a great distance, to imitate you in the execution of commissions.

I would keep this letter back for a post, that I might have but one trouble of sending you Quebec too; but when one has taken so many places, it is not worth while to wait for one more.

Lord George Sackville, the hero of all conversation, if one can be so for not being a hero, is arrived. He immediately applied for a court-martial, but was told it was impossible now, as the officers necessary are in Germany. This was in writing from Lord Holderness—but Lord Ligonier in words was more squab—"If he wanted a court-martial, he might go seek it in Germany." All that could be taken from him, is, his regiment, above 2000*l.* a year: commander in Germany at ten pounds a day, between three and four thousand

* The American General.

pounds: Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, 1500*l.*: a fort, 300*l.* He remains with a patent place in Ireland of 1200*l.* and about 2000*l.* a year of his own and wife's. With his parts and ambition it cannot end here; he calls himself ruined, but when the Parliament meets, he will probably attempt some sort of revenge.

They attribute, I don't know with what grounds, a sensible kind of plan to the French; that De la Clue was to have pushed for Ireland, Thurot for Scotland, and the Brest fleet for England—but before they lay such great plans, they should take care of proper persons to execute them.

I cannot help smiling at the great objects of our letters. We never converse on a less topic than a kingdom. We are a kind of citizens of the world, and battles and revolutions are the common incidents of our neighbourhood. But that is and must be the case of distant correspondences: Kings and Empresses that we never saw, are the only persons we can be acquainted with in common. We can have no more familiarity than the Daily Advertiser would have if it wrote to the Florentine Gazette. Adieu! My compliments to any monarch that lives within five hundred miles of you.

LETTER CCCXLII.

Arlington Street, Oct. 16, 1759.

I LOVE to prepare your countenance for every event that may happen, for an ambassador who is nothing but an actor, should be that greatest of actors, a philosopher; and with the leave of wise men (that is, hypocrites), philosophy I hold to be little more than presence of mind: now undoubtedly preparation is a prodigious help to presence of mind. In short, you must not be surprised that we have failed at Quebec, as we certainly shall. You may say, if you please, in the style of modern politics, that your court never supposed it could be taken; the attempt was only made to draw off the Russians from the King of Prussia, and leave him at liberty to attack Daun. Two days ago came letters from Wolfe, despairing, as much as heroes can despair. The town is well victualled, Amherst is not arrived, and 15,000 men encamped defend it. We have lost many men by the enemy, and some by our friends—that is, we now call our 9000 only 7000. How this little army will get away from a much larger, and in this season in that country, I don't guess—yes, I do.

You may be making up a little philosophy too against the invasion, which is again come into fashion, and with a few trifling incidents in its favour, such as our fleet dispersed and driven from their coasts by a great storm. Before that, they

were actually embarking, but with so ill a grace that an entire regiment mutinied, and they say is broke. We now expect them in Ireland, unless this dispersion of our fleet tempts them hither. If they do not come in a day or two, I shall give them over.

You will see in our gazettes that we make a great figure in the East Indies—In short, Mr. Pitt and this little island appear of some consequence even in the map of the world. He is a new sort of Fabius,

———Qui Verbis restituit rem.

Have you yet received the watch? I see your poor Neapolitan Prince* is at last set aside — I should honour Dr. Serrao's integrity, if I did not think it was more humane to subscribe to the poor boy's folly, than hazard his being poisoned by making it doubtful.

My charming niece is breeding—you see I did not make my Lord Waldegrave an useless present. Adieu! my dear Sir.

LETTER CCCXLIII.

Strawberry-Hill, Oct. 19, 1759.

I HAD no occasion to be in such a hurry to prepare your ambassadorial countenance; if I had stayed but one day more, I might have left its

* The King's eldest son, set aside for being an idiot.

muscles to behave as they pleased. The notification of a probable disappointment at Quebec came only to heighten the pleasure of the conquest. You may now give yourself what airs you please, you are master of East and West Indies. An Ambassador is the only man in the world whom bullying becomes—I beg your pardon, but you are spies, if you are not bragadochios. All precedents are on your side: Persians, Greeks, Romans, always insulted their neighbours when they conquered Quebec. Think how pert the French would have been on such an occasion, and remember that they are Austrians to whom you are to be saucy. You see, I write as if my name was Belleisle and yours Contades.

It was a very singular affair, the Generals on both sides slain, and on both sides the second in command wounded—in short, very near what battles should be, in which only the principals ought to suffer. If their army has not ammunition and spirit enough to fall again upon ours before Amherst comes up, all North America is ours!

Poetic justice could not have been executed with more rigour than it has been on the perjury, treachery, and usurpations of the French. I hope Mr. Pitt will not leave them at the next treaty an opportunity of committing so many national crimes again. How they or we can make a peace, I don't see; can we give all back or they give all up?

No; they must come hither, they have nothing left for it but to conquer us.

Don't think it is from forgetting to tell you particulars, that I tell you none; I am here, and don't know one but what you will see in the Gazette, and by which it appears that the victory was owing to the impracticability, as the French thought, and to desperate resolution on our side. What a scene! an army in the night dragging itself up a precipice by stumps of trees to assault a town and attack an army strongly entrenched and double in numbers!

Adieu! I think I shall not write to you again this twelvemonth; for, like Alexander, we have no more worlds left to conquer.

P.S. Monsieur Thurot is said to be sailed with his tiny squadron—but can the Lords of America be afraid of half a dozen canoes? Mr. Chute is sitting by me, and says, nobody is more obliged to Mr. Pitt than you are: he has raised you from a very uncomfortable situation to hold your head above the capitol.

LETTER CCCXLIV.

Arlington-Street, Nov. 16, 1759.

Now the Parliament is met, you will expect some new news; you will be disappointed: no battles are

fought in Parliament now—the House of Commons is a mere war-office, and only sits for the dispatch of military business. As I am one of the few men in England who am neither in the army nor militia, I never go thither. By the King's speech, and Mr. Pitt's *t'other* speech, it looks as if we intended to finish the conquest of the world next campaign. The King did not go to the House; his last eye is so bad that he could scarce read his answer to the Address, though the letters were as long and as black as Ned Finch.* He complains that everybody's face seems to have a crape over it. A person much more expected and much more missed, was not at the House neither; Lord George Sackville. He came to town the night before the opening, but did not appear—It looks as if he gave everything up. Did you hear that Monsieur de Contades saluted Prince Ferdinand on his installation with twenty-one cannons? The French could distinguish the outside of the ceremony, and the Prince sent word to the Marshal, that if he observed any bustle that day, he must not expect to be attacked—it would only be a chapter of the Garter.

A very extraordinary event happened the day after the meeting: Lord Temple resigned the Privy-Seal. The account he gives himself is, that

* Brother of the Earl of Winchilsea. They were a very swarthy family. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in one of his odes, called them *The black funereal Finches.*

he continued to be so ill used by the King, that it was notorious to all the world: that in hopes of taking off that reproach, he had asked for the Garter. Being refused, he had determined to resign, at the same time beseeching Mr. Pitt not to resent anything for him, and insisting with his two brothers that they should keep their places, and act as warmly as ever with the Administration. That in an audience of twenty-five minutes he hoped he had removed his Majesty's prejudices, and should now go out of town, as well satisfied as any man in England. The town says, that it was concerted that he should not quit till Mr. Pitt made his speech on the first day, declaring that nothing should make him break union with the rest of the ministers, no, not for the nearest friend he had. All this is mighty fine; but the affair is, nevertheless, very impertinent. If Lord Temple hoped to involve Mr. Pitt in his quarrel, it was very wicked at such a crisis as this—and if he could, I am apt to believe he would—if he could not, it was very silly. To the Garter nobody can have slenderer pretensions; his family is scarce older than his earldom, which is of the youngest. His person is ridiculously awkward; and if chivalry were in vogue, he has given proofs of having no passion for tilt and tournament. Here ends the history of King George the Second, and Earl Temple the First.

We are still advised to believe in the invasion,

though it seems as slow in coming as the millennium. Monsieur Thurot and his pigmy navy have scrambled to Gottenburg, where it is thought they will freight themselves with half a dozen pounds of Swedes. We continue to *militiate*, and to raise light troops, and when we have armed every apprentice in England, I suppose we shall translate our fears to Germany. In the mean time the King is overwhelmed with addresses on our victories; he will have enough to paper his palace. He told the City of London, that all was owing to *unanimity*, but I think he should have said, to *unmanimity*, for it were shameful to ascribe our brilliancy to anything but Mr. Pitt.

The new King of Spain seems to think that our fleet is the best judge of the incapacity of his eldest son, and of the fitness of his disposition of Naples, for he has expressed the highest confidence of Wall,* and the strongest assurances of neutrality. I am a little sorry that Richcourt is not in Florence; it would be pleasant to dress yourself up in mural crowns and American plumes in his face. Adieu!

P.S. What! have not you received the watch yet?

* General Wall, an Irish Catholic, who had been Ambassador from Spain to England.

LETTER CCCXLV.

Arlington-street, Nov. 30th of the Great Year.

HERE is a victory more than I promised you! For these thirteen days we have been in the utmost impatience for news. The Brest fleet had got out; Duff, with three ships, was in the utmost danger—Ireland ached—Sir Edward Hawke had notice in ten hours, and sailed after Conflans — Saunders arrived the next moment from Quebec, heard it, and sailed after Hawke without landing his glory. No express arrived, storms blew; we knew not what to think. This morning at four we heard that on the 20th Sir Edward Hawke came in sight of the French, who were pursuing Duff. The fight began at half an hour past two—that is, the French began to fly, making a running fight. Conflans tried to save himself behind the rocks of Belleisle, but was forced to burn his ship of eighty guns and twelve hundred men. The Formidable, of eighty, and one thousand men, is taken; we burned the Hero of seventy-four, eight hundred and fifteen men. The Thesée and Superbe of seventy-four and seventy, and of eight hundred and fifteen and eight hundred men, were sunk in the action, and the crews lost. Eight of their ships are driven up the Vilaine, after having thrown over their guns; they have moored two frigates to defend the entrance, but Hawke hopes to destroy them. Our loss is a scratch, one lieutenant and thirty-nine

men killed, and two hundred and two wounded. The Resolution of seventy-four guns, and the Essex of sixty-four, are lost, but the crews saved—they, it is supposed, perished by the tempest, which raged all the time, for

We rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm.

Sir Edward heard guns of distress in the night, but could not tell whether of friend or foe, nor could assist them.*

Thus we wind up this wonderful year! Who that died three years ago and could revive, would believe it! Think, that from Petersburgh to the Cape of Good Hope, from China to California,

De Paris à Perou—

there are not five thousand Frenchmen in the world that have behaved well! Monsieur Thurot is piddling somewhere on the coast of Scotland, but I think our sixteen years of fears of invasion are over —after sixteen victories. If we take Paris, I don't design to go thither before spring. My Lord Kinnoul is going to Lisbon to ask pardon for Boscawen's beating De la Clue in their *House;* it will be a proud supplication, with another victory in bank.

Adieu! I would not profane this letter with a word of any thing else for the world.

* This was Hawke's famous victory, for which he received the thanks of Parliament, and a pension of 2000*l.* a-year. In 1765 he was created a Peer.—D.

LETTER CCCXLVI.

Arlington-street, Dec. 13, 1759.

THAT ever you should pitch upon me for a mechanic or geometric commission! How my own ignorance has laughed at me since I read your letter! I say, *your* letter, for as to Dr. Perelli's, I know no more of a Latin term in mathematics, than Mrs. Goldsworthy* had an idea of verbs. I will tell you an early anecdote in my own life, and you shall judge. When I first went to Cambridge, I was to learn mathematics of the famous blind professor Sanderson. I had not frequented him a fortnight, before he said to me, "Young man, it is cheating you to take your money: believe me, you never can learn these things; you have no capacity for them." I can smile now, but I cried then, with mortification. The next step, in order to comfort myself, was not to believe him: I could not conceive that I had not talents for any thing in the world. I took, at my own expense, a private instructor,† who came to me once a day for a year. Nay, I took infinite pains, but had so little capacity, and so little attention, (as I have always had to any thing that did not immediately strike my inclinations,) that after mastering any proposition,

* Wife of the English Consul at Leghorn, where when she was learning Italian by grammar, she said, "Oh! give me a language in which there are no verbs!" concluding, as she had not learnt her own language by grammar, that there were no verbs in English.

† Dr. Trevigar.

when the man came the next day, it was as new to me as if I had never heard of it; in short, even to common figures, I am the dullest dunce alive. I have often said it of myself, and it is true, that nothing that has not a proper name of a man or a woman to it, affixes any idea upon my mind. I could remember who was King Ethelbald's great aunt, and not be sure whether she lived in the year 500, or 1500. I don't know whether I ever told you, that when you sent me the seven gallons of drams, and they were carried to Mr. Fox by mistake for Florence wine; I pressed him to keep as much as he liked, for, said I, I have seen the bill of lading, and there is a vast quantity. He asked how much? I answered seventy gallons; so little idea I have of quantity. I will tell you one more story of myself, and you will comprehend what sort of a head I have! Mrs. Leneve* said to me one day, "There is a vast waste of coals in your house; you should make the servants take off the fires at night." I recollected this as I was going to bed,—and, out of *economy*, put my fire out with a bottle of Bristol water! However, as I certainly will neglect nothing to oblige you, I went to Sisson and gave him the letter. He has undertaken both

* Mrs. Isabella Leneve, a gentlewoman of a very ancient family in Norfolk, who had been brought up by Lady Anne Walpole, aunt of Sir Robert Walpole, with his sister, Lady Townshend, and afterwards had the care of Sir Robert's daughter, Lady Maria, after whose marriage with Mr. Churchill, she lived with Mr. Walpole to her death. She had an excellent understanding and a great deal of wit.

the engine and the drawing, and has promised the utmost care in both. The latter, he says, must be very large, and that it will take some time to have it performed very accurately. He has promised me both in six or seven weeks. But another time, don't imagine because I can bespeak an enamelled bauble, that I am fit to be entrusted with the direction of the machine at Marli. It is not to save myself trouble, for I think nothing so for you, but I would have you have credit, and I should be afraid of dishonouring you.

There! there is the King of Prussia has turned all our war and peace topsy-turvy! If Mr. Pitt will conquer Germany too, he must go and do it himself. Fourteen thousand soldiers and nine Generals taken, as it were, in a partridge-net! and what is worse, I have not heard yet that the monarch owns his rashness.* As often as he does, indeed, he is apt to repair it. You know I have always dreaded Daun—one cannot make a blunder but he profits of it—and this just at the moment that we heard of nothing but new bankruptcy in France. I want to know what a kingdom is to do, when it is forced to run away?

14th.—Oh! I interrupt my reflections—here is another bit of a victory! Prince Henry, who has already succeeded to his brother's crown, as King

* It was not Frederick's fault; he was not there; but that of General Finck, who had placed himself so injudiciously, that he was obliged to capitulate to the Austrians with 14,000 men.—D.

of the fashion, has beaten a parcel of Wirtembergers and taken four battalions. * Daun is gone into Bohemia, and Dresden is still to be ours. The French are gone into winter quarters—thank God! What weather is here to be lying on the ground! Men should be statues or will be so, if they go through it. Hawke is enjoying himself in Quiberon Bay, but I believe has done no more execution. Dr. Hay says, it will soon be as shameful to beat a Frenchman as to beat a woman. Indeed one is forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one. We talk of a congress at Breda, and some think Lord Temple will go thither: if *he* does, I shall really believe it will be peace; and a good one, as it will then be of Mr. Pitt's making.

I was much pleased that the watch succeeded so triumphantly, and *beat the French* watches, though they were two to one. For the Fugitive pieces; the Inscription for the Column * was written when I was with you at Florence, though I don't wonder that you have forgotten it after so many years. I would not have it talked of, for I find some grave personages are offended with the liberties I have taken with so imperial a head. What could provoke them to give a column Christian burial? Adieu!

* Inscription on a neglected column at Florence.

LETTER CCCXLVII.

Strawberry-Hill, Jan. 20, 1760.

I AM come hither in the bleakest of all winters, not to air and exercise, but to look after my gold fish and orange-trees. We import all the delights of hot countries, but as we cannot propagate their climate too, such a season as this is mighty apt to murder rarities. And it is this very winter that has been used for the invention of a campaign in Germany! where all fuel is so destroyed, that they have no fire but out of the mouth of a cannon. If I were writing to an Italian as well as into Italy, one might string concetti for an hour, and describe how heroes are frozen on their horses, till they become their own statues. But seriously, does not all this rigour of warfare throw back an air of effeminacy on the Duke of Marlborough and the brave of ancient days, who only went to fight as one goes out of town in spring, and who came back to London with the first frost? Our Generals are not yet arrived, though the Duke de Broglio's last miscarriage seems to determine that there shall at last be such a thing as winter quarters; but Daun and the King of Prussia are still *choosing King and Queen* in the field.

There is a horrid scene of distress in the family of Cavendish; the Duke's sister, Lady Besborough,* died this morning of the same fever and

* Caroline, eldest daughter of William, third Duke of Devonshire, and wife of William Ponsonby Earl of Besborough.

sore throat, of which she lost four children four years ago. It looks as if it was a plague fixed in the walls of their house: it broke out again among their servants, and carried off two, a year and half after the children. About ten days ago Lord Besborough was seized with it, and escaped with difficulty; then the eldest daughter had it, though slightly: my Lady, attending them, is dead of it in three days. It is the same sore throat which carried off Mr. Pelham's two only sons, two daughters, and a daughter of the Duke of Rutland at once. The physicians, I think, don't know what to make of it.

I am sorry you and your friend Count Lorenzi* are such political foes, but I am much more concerned for the return of your headaches. I don't know what to say about Ward's† medicine, because the cures he does in that complaint are performed by him in person. He rubs his hand with some preparation, and holds it upon your forehead, from which several have found instant relief. If you please, I will consult him whether he will send you any preparation for it; but you must first send me the exact symptoms and circumstances of your disorder and constitution, for I would not for the

* Minister of France at Florence, though a Florentine.

† Ward, the empiric. He is immortalized by Pope—

"See Ward by battered beaux invited over."

There is a curious statue of him in marble at the Society of Arts, in full dress, and a flowing wig.—D.

world venture to transmit to you a blind remedy for an unexamined complaint.

You cannot figure a duller season: the weather bitter, no party, little money, half the world playing the fool in the country with the militia, others raising regiments or with their regiments. In short, the end of a war and of a reign furnish few episodes. Operas are more in their decline than ever. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXLVIII.

Strawberry-Hill, Feb. 3, 1760.

HERCULANEUM is arrived; Caserta* is arrived: what magnificence you send me! My dear Sir, I can but thank you, and thank you—oh! yes, I can do more; greedy creature, I can put you in mind, that you must take care to send me the subsequent volumes of Herculaneum as they appear, if ever they do appear, which I suppose is doubtful now that King Carlos† is gone to Spain. One thing pray observe, that *I* don't *beg* these scarce books of you, as a bribe to spur me on to obtain for you your extra-extraordinaries. Mr. Chute and I admire Caserta; and he at least is no villainous judge of architecture: some of our English travellers

* Prints of Palace of Caserta.

† Don Carlos, King of Naples, who succeeded his half-brother Ferdinand in the crown of Spain.

abuse it; but there are far from striking faults: the general idea seems borrowed from Inigo Jones's Whitehall, though without the glaring uglinesses, which I believe have been lent to Inigo; those plans, I think, were supplied by Lord Burlington, Kent, and others, to very imperfect sketches of the author. Is Caserta finished and furnished? Were not the treasures of Herculaneum to be deposited there?

I am in the vein of drawing upon your benevolence, and shall proceed. Young Mr. Pitt,* nephew of *the* Pitt, is setting out for Lisbon with Lord Kinnoul, and will proceed through Granada to Italy, with his friend Lord Strathmore,† not the son, I believe, of that poor mad Lady Strathmore,‡ whom you remember at Florence. The latter is much commended; I don't know him: Mr. Pitt is not only a most ingenious young man, but a most amiable one: he has already acted in the most noble style—I don't mean that he took a quarter of Quebec, or invaded a bit of France, or has spoken in the House of Commons better than Demosthenes's nephew; but he has an odious father,

* Thomas, only son of Thomas Pitt of Boconnock, eldest brother of the famous William Pitt.

† John Lyon, ninth Earl of Strathmore. He married in 1767 Miss Bowes, the great heiress, whose disgraceful adventures are so well known.—D.

‡ Lady Strathmore, rushing between her husband and a gentleman with whom he had quarrelled and was fighting, and trying to hold the former, the other stabbed him in her arms, on which she went mad, though not enough to be confined.

and has insisted on glorious cuttings off of entails on himself, that his father's debts might be paid and his sisters provided for. My own lawyer,* who knew nothing of my being acquainted with him, spoke to me of him in raptures — no small merit in a lawyer to comprehend virtue in cutting off an entail when it was not to cheat—but indeed this lawyer was recommended to me by your dear brother—no wonder he is honest. You will now conceive that a letter I have given Mr. Pitt is not a mere matter of form, but an earnest suit to you to know one you will like so much. I should indeed have given it him, were it only to furnish you with an opportunity of ingratiating yourself with Mr. Pitt's nephew: but I address *him* to *your* heart. Well! but I have heard of *another* honest lawyer! The famous Polly, Duchess of Bolton,† is dead, having, after a life of merit, relapsed into her Pollyhood. Two years ago, ill at Tunbridge, she picked up an Irish surgeon. When she was dying, this fellow sent for a lawyer to make her will, but the man, finding who was to be her heir, instead of her children, refused to draw it. The Court of Chancery did furnish one other, not quite so scrupulous, and her three sons have but a thousand pounds a piece; the surgeon about nine thousand.

* His name was Dagge.

† Miss Fenton, the first Polly of the Beggar's Opera. Charles Duke of Bolton took her off the stage, had children by her, and afterwards married her.

I think there is some glimmering of peace; God send the world some repose from its woes! The King of Prussia has writ to Belleisle to desire the King of France will make peace for him: no injudicious step, as the distress of France will make them glad to oblige him. We have no other news, but that Lord George Sackville has at last obtained a court-martial. I doubt much whether he will find his account in it. One thing I know I dislike—a German aid-de-camp is to be an evidence! Lord George has paid the highest compliment to Mr. Conway's virtue. Being told, as an unlucky circumstance for him, that Mr. Conway was to be one of his judges, (but it is not so,) he replied, there was no man in England he should so soon desire of that number. And it is no mere compliment, for Lord George has excepted against another of them —but he knew whatever provocation he may have given to Mr. Conway, whatever rivalship there has been between them, nothing could bias the integrity of the latter. There is going to be another court-martial on a mad Lord Charles Hay,* who has foolishly demanded it, but it will not occupy the attention of the world like Lord George's. There will soon be another trial of another sort on another madman, an Earl of Ferrers, who has murdered his steward. He was separated by Parliament from his wife, a very pretty woman, whom he married with no fortune, for the most groundless

* Lord Charles Hay, brother of the Marquis of Tweedale.

barbarity; and now killed his steward for having been evidence for her—but his story and person are too wretched and despicable to give you the detail. He will be dignified by a solemn trial in Westminster-hall.

Don't you like the impertinence of the Dutch? They have lately had a mudquake, and giving themselves terra-firma-airs, call it an earthquake! Don't you like much more our noble national charity? Above two thousand pounds has been raised in London alone, besides what is collected in the country, for the French prisoners, abandoned by their monarch. Must not it make the Romans blush in their Appian way, who dragged their prisoners in triumph? What adds to this benevolence is, that we cannot contribute to the subsistence of our own prisoners in France; they conceal where they keep them, and use them cruelly to make them enlist. We abound in great charities: the distress of war seems to heighten rather than diminish them. There is a new one, not quite so certain of its answering, erected for those wretched women, called abroad *les Filles repenties*. I was there the other night, and fancied myself in a convent.

The Marquis of Rockingham and Earl Temple are to have the two vacant Garters to-morrow. Adieu!

Arlington-Street, 6th.

I am this minute come to town, and find your's of Jan. 12. Pray, my dear child, don't compliment me any more upon my learning; there is nobody so superficial. Except a little history, a little poetry, a little painting, and some divinity, I know nothing. How should I? I, who have always lived in the big busy world; who lie a-bed all the morning, calling it morning as long as you please; who sup in company; who have played at Pharaoh half my life, and now at Loo till two and three in the morning; who have always loved pleasure; haunted auctions — in short, who don't know so much astronomy as would carry me to Knightsbridge, nor more physic than a physician, nor in short anything that is called Science. If it were not that I lay up a little provision in Summer, like the ant, I should be as ignorant as all the people I live with. How I have laughed, when some of the Magazines have called me *the learned gentleman!* Pray don't be like the Magazines.

I see by your letter that you despair of peace; I almost do: there is but a gruff sort of answer from the woman of Russia to-day in the papers; but how should there be peace? If *we* are victorious, what is the King of Prussia? Will the distress of France move the Queen of Hungary? When we do make peace, how few will it content! The war was made for America, but the peace will be made for Germany; and whatever geographers may pre-

tend; *Crown-point* lies somewhere in Westphalia. Again adieu!

I don't like your rheumatism, and much less your plague.

LETTER CCCXLIX.

Arlington-Street, Feb. 28, 1760.

THE next time you see Marshal Botta, and are to act King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, you must abate about an hundredth thousandth part of the dignity of your crown. You are no more monarch of *all* Ireland, than King O'neil, or King Macdermoch is. Louis XV. is Sovereign of France, Navarre, and Carrickfergus. You will be mistaken if you think the peace is made, and that we cede this Hibernian town, in order to recover Minorca, or to keep Quebec and Louisbourg. To be sure, it is natural you should think so: how should so victorious and heroic a nation cease to enjoy any of its possessions, but to save Christian blood? Oh! I know, you will suppose there has been another insurrection, and that it is King John* of Bedford, and not King George of Brunswick, that has lost this town. Why, I own you are a great politician, and see things in a moment—and no wonder, considering how long you have been employed in negotiations; but for once all

* John Duke of Bedford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

your sagacity is mistaken. Indeed, considering the total destruction of the maritime force of France, and that the great mechanics and mathematicians of this age have not invented a flying bridge to fling over the sea and land from the coast of France to the north of Ireland, it was not easy to conceive how the French should conquer Carrickfergus—and yet they have. But how I run on! not reflecting that by this time the old Pretender must have hobbled through Florence on his way to Ireland, to take possession of this scrap of his recovered domains; but I may as well tell you at once, for to be sure you and the loyal body of English in Tuscany will slip over all this exordium to come to the account of so extraordinary a revolution. Well, here it is. Last week Monsieur Thurot—oh! now you are *au fait!* Monsieur Thurot, as I was saying, landed last week in the isle of Isla, the capital province belonging to a great Scotch King,* who is so good as generally to pass the winter with his friends here in London. Monsieur Thurot had three ships, the crews of which burnt two ships belonging to King George, and a house belonging to his friend the King of Argyll—pray don't mistake; by *his friend*† I mean King George's, not Thurot's friend. When they had finished this campaign, they sailed to Carrickfergus, a poorish town, situ-

* Archibald Earl of Islay and Duke of Argyll.

† The Duke of Argyll had been suspected of temporizing in the last rebellion.

ated in the heart of the Protestant cantons. They immediately made a moderate demand of about twenty articles of provisions, promising to pay for them; for you know it is the way of modern invasions* to make them cost as much as possible to oneself, and as little to those one invades. If this was not complied with, they threatened to burn the town, and then to march to Belfast, which is much richer. We were sensible of this civil proceeding, and not to be behind hand, agreed to it; but somehow or other this capitulation was broken; on which a detachment (the whole invasion consists of one thousand men) attack the place. We shut the gates, but after the battle of Quebec it is impossible that so great a people should attend to such trifles as locks and bolts, accordingly there were none—and as if there were no gates neither, the two armies fired through them?—if this is a blunder, remember I am describing an *Irish* war. I forgot to give you the numbers of the Irish army. It consisted of four companies—indeed they consisted but of seventy-two men, under Lieut.-Colonel Jennings, a wonderful brave man—too brave, in short, to be very judicious. Unluckily our ammunition was soon spent, for it is not above a year that there have been any apprehensions for Ireland, and as all that part of the country are most protestantly loyal, it was not thought necessary to arm people who would fight till they die for their

* Alluding to our expensive invasions on the coast of France.

religion. When the artillery was silenced, the garrison thought the best way of saving the town was by flinging it at the heads of the besiegers, accordingly they poured volleys of brickbats at the French, whose commander, Monsieur Flobert, was mortally knocked down, and his troops began to give way. However, General Jennings thought it most prudent to retreat to the castle, and the French again advanced. Four or five raw recruits still bravely kept the gates, when the garrison finding no more gunpowder in the castle than they had had in the town, and not near so good a brick-kiln, sent to desire to surrender. General Thurot accordingly made them prisoners of war, and plundered the town.

END OF THE SIEGE OF CARRICKFERGUS.

You will perhaps ask what preparations have been made to recover this loss. The Viceroy immediately dispatched General Fitzwilliam with four regiments of foot and three of horse against the invaders, appointing to overtake them in person at Newry; but as I believe he left Bladen's Cæsar, and Bland's Military Discipline behind him in England, which he used to study in the camp at Blandford, I fear he will not have his campaign equipage ready soon enough. My Lord Anson too has sent nine ships, though indeed he does not think they will arrive time enough. Your part, my dear Sir, will be very easy; you will only have to say

that it is nothing, while it lasts; and the moment it is over, you must say it was an embarkation of ten thousand men. I will punctually let you know how to vary your dialect. Mr. Pitt is in bed very ill with the gout.

Lord George Sackville was put under arrest to-day. His trial comes on to-morrow, but I believe will be postponed, as the court-martial will consult the judges, whether a man who is not in the army, may be tried as an officer. The judges will answer yes, for how can a point that is not common sense, not be common law?

Lord Ferrers is in the Tower; so you see the good-natured people of England will not want their favourite amusement, executions—not to mention, that it will be very hard if the Irish war don't furnish some little diversion.

My Lord Northampton frequently asks me about you. Oh! I had forgot, there is a dreadful Mr. Dering come over, who to show that he has not been spoiled by his travels, got drunk the first day he appeared, and put me horridly out of countenance about my correspondence with you—for mercy's sake take care how you communicate my letters to such cubs. I will send you no more invasions, if you read them to bears and bear-leaders. Seriously, my dear child, I don't mean to reprove you; I know your partiality to me, and your unbounded benignity to everything English; but I sweat sometimes when I find that I have

been corresponding for two or three months with young Derings. For clerks and postmasters, I can't help it, and besides they never tell one they have seen one's letters; but I beg you will at most tell them my news, but without my name, or my words. Adieu! If I bridle you, believe that I know that it is only your heart that runs away with you.

P. S. We have received two more chests of Florence wine: I believe you forgot that Mr. Fox desired to have no more sent.

LETTER CCCL.

Arlington Street, March 4, 1760.

NEVER was any romance of such short duration as Monsieur Thurot's! Instead of waiting for the Viceroy's army, and staying to see whether it had any ammunition, or was only armed with brickbats *à-la Carrickfergienne*, he re-imbarked on the 28th, taking along with him the mayor and three others —I suppose, as proofs of his conquest. The Duke of Bedford had sent notice of the invasion to Kingsale, where lay three or four of our best frigates. They instantly sailed, and came up with the flying invaders in the Irish Channel. You will see the short detail of the action in the Gazette; but, as the letter was written by Captain Elliot himself,

you will not see there, that he with half the number of Thurot's crew, boarded the latter's vessel. Thurot was killed, and his pigmy navy all taken and carried into the isle of Man. It is an entertaining episode; but think what would have happened, if the whole of the plan had taken place at the destined time. The negligence of the Duke of Bedford's administration has appeared so gross, that one may believe his very kingdom would have been lost, if Conflans had not been beat. You will see by the deposition of Ensign Hall, published in all our papers, that the account of the siege of Carrickfergus, which I sent you in my last, was not half so ridiculous as the reality — because, as that deponent saith, *I was furnished with no papers but my memory.* The General Flobert, I am told, you may remember at Florence; he was then very mad, and was to have fought Mallet,—but was banished from Tuscany. Some years since he was in England; and met Mallet at Lord Chesterfield's, but without acknowledging one another. The next day Flobert asked the Earl if Mallet had mentioned him? —No—"*Il a donc,*" said Flobert, "*beaucoup de retenue, car surement ce qu'il pourroit dire de moi, ne seroit pas à mon avantage*"— it was pretty, and they say he is now grown an agreeable and rational man.

The Judges have given their opinion that the court-martial on Lord George Sackville is legal; so I suppose it will proceed on Thursday.

I receive yours of the 16th of last month: I wish you had given me any account of your headaches that I could show to Ward. He will no more comprehend *nervous,* than the physicians do who use the word. Send me an exact description; if he can do you no good, at least it will be a satisfaction to me to have consulted him. I wish, my dear child, that what you say at the end of your letter, of appointments and honours, was not as chronical as your headaches—that is, a thing you may long complain of—indeed there I can consult nobody. I have no dealings with either our State-doctors or State-quacks. I only know that the political ones are so like the medicinal ones, that after the doctors had talked nonsense for years, while we daily grew worse, the quacks ventured boldly, and have done us wonderful good. I should not dislike to have you state your case to the latter, though I cannot advise it, for the regular physicians are daintily jealous; nor could I carry it, for when they know I would take none of their medicines myself, they would not much attend to me consulting them for others, nor would it be decent, nor should I care to be seen in their shop. Adieu!

P. S. There are some big news from the East Indies. I don't know what, except that the hero Clive has taken Mazulipatam and the Great Mogul's grandmother. I suppose she will be brought

over and put in the Tower with the Shah-goest, the strange Indian beast that Mr. Pitt gave to the King this winter.

LETTER CCCLI.

Arlington-Street, March 26, 1760.

I HAVE a good mind to have Mr. Sisson tried by a court-martial, in order to clear my own character for punctuality. It is time immemorial since he promised me the machine and the drawing in six weeks. After above half of time immemorial was elapsed, he came and begged for ten guineas. Your brother and I called one another to a council of war, and at last gave it him *nemine contradicente*. The moment your hurrying letter arrived, I issued out a warrant and took Sisson up, who, after all his promises, was guilty by his own confession, of not having begun the drawing. However, after scolding him black and blue, I have got it from him, have consigned it to your brother James, and you will receive it, I trust, along with this. I hope too time enough for the purposes it is to serve, and correct; if it is not, I shall be very sorry. You shall have the machine as soon as possible, but that must go by sea.

I shall execute your commission about Stoschino*

* Nephew of Baron Stosch, a well-known virtuoso and antiquary, who died at Florence.

much better; he need not fear my receiving him well, if he has *virtù* to sell,—I am only afraid, in that case, of receiving him too well. You know what a dupe I am when I like anything.

I shall handle your brother James as roughly as I did Sisson — six months without writing to you! Sure he must turn black in the face, if he has a drop of brotherly ink in his veins. As to your other brother,* he is so strange a man, that is, so common an one, that I am not surprised at any thing he does or does not do.

Bless your stars that you are not here, to be worn out with the details of Lord George's court-martial! One hears of nothing else. It has already lasted much longer than could be conceived, and now the end of it is still at a tolerable distance. The colour of it is more favourable for him than it looked at first. Prince Ferdinand's narrative has proved to set out with a heap of lies. There is an old gentleman† of the same family who has spared no indecency to give weight to them — but, you know, general officers are men of strict honour, and nothing can bias them. Lord Charles Hay's court-martial is dissolved, by the death of one of the members—and as no German interest is concerned to ruin *him*, it probably will not be reassumed. Lord Ferrers's trial is fixed for the 16th of next month. Adieu!

* Edward Louisa Mann, the eldest brother.

† George the Second.

P.S. Don't mention it from *me*, but if you have a mind you may make your court to my Lady Orford, by announcing the ancient Barony of Clinton, which is fallen to her, by the death of the last incumbentess.*

LETTER CCCLII.

Strawberry-Hill, April 20, 1760.

THE history of Lord George Sackville, which has interested us so much and so long, is at last at an end—gently enough, considering who were his parties, and what has been proved. He is declared *unfit to serve the King in any military capacity* —but I think this is not the last we shall hear of him. Whatever were his deficiencies in the day of battle, he has at least showed no want of spirit, either in pushing on his trial or during it. His judgment in both was perhaps a little more equivocal. He had a formal message that he must abide the event whatever it should be.—He accepted that issue, and during the course of the examination, attacked judge, prosecutor and evidence. Indeed, a man cannot be said to want spirit, who could show so much in his circumstances. I think, without much heroism, I could sooner have led up the cavalry to the charge, than have gone to Whitehall to be worried as he was; nay, I should

* Mrs. Fortescue, sister of Hugh, last Lord Clinton.

have thought with less danger of my life. But he is a peculiar man; and I repeat it, we have not heard the last of him. You will find that by *serving the King* he understands in a very literal sense; and there is a young *gentleman** who it is believed intends those words shall *not* have a more extensive one.

We have had another trial this week, still more solemn, though less interesting, and with more serious determination: I mean that of Lord Ferrers. I have formerly described this solemnity to you. The behaviour, character, and appearance of the criminal, by no means corresponded to the dignity of the show. His figure is bad and villainous, his crime shocking. He would not plead guilty, and yet had nothing to plead; and at last, to humour his family, pleaded madness against his inclination; it was moving to see two of his brothers brought to depose the lunacy in their blood. After he was condemned, he excused himself for having used that plea. He is to be hanged in a fortnight, I believe, in the Tower, and his body to be delivered to the surgeons, according to the tenour of the new act of parliament for murder. His mother was to present a petition for his life to the King to-day. There were near an hundred and forty peers present; my Lord Keeper† was Lord High Steward, but was not at all too dignified a personage to sit on such a criminal: indeed, he

* George Prince of Wales. † Robert Henly, afterwards Lord Northington.

gave himself no trouble to figure. I will send you both trials as soon as they are published. It is astonishing with what order these shows are conducted. Neither within the Hall nor without was the least disturbance, though the one so full, and the whole way from Charing-cross to the House of Lords was lined with crowds. The foreigners were struck with the awfulness of the proceeding—it is new to their ideas, to see such deliberate justice, and such dignity of nobility, mixed with no respect for birth in the catastrophe, and still more humiliated by anatomizing the criminal.

I am glad you received safe my history of Thurot: as the accounts were authentic, they must have been useful and amusing to you. I don't expect more invasions, but I fear our correspondence will still have martial events to trade in, though there are such Christian professions going about the world. I don't believe their Pacific Majesties will waive a campaign, for which they are all prepared, and by the issue of which they will all hope to improve their terms.

You know we have got a new Duke of York*—and were to have had several new Peers, but hitherto it has stopped at him and the Lord Keeper. Adieu!

P.S. I must not forget to recommend to you a friend of Mr. Chute, who will ere long be at Flo-

* Prince Edward. (Second son of Frederic Prince of Wales.—D.)

rence, in his way to Naples for his health. It is Mr. Morrice, Clerk of the Green Cloth, heir of Sir William Morrice, and of vast wealth. I gave a letter lately for a young gentleman whom I never saw, and consequently not meaning to incumber you with him, I did not mention him particularly in my familiar letters.

LETTER CCCLIII.

Strawberry-Hill, May 7, 1760.

WHAT will your Italians say to a Peer of England, an Earl of one of the best families, tried, for murdering his servant, with the utmost dignity and solemnity, and then hanged at the common place of execution for highwaymen, and afterwards anatomized? This must seem a little odd to them, especially as they have not lately had a Sixtus Quintus. I have hitherto spoken of Lord Ferrers to you as a wild beast, a mad assassin, a low wretch, about whom I had no curiosity. If I now am going to give you a minute account of him, don't think me so far part of an English mob, as to fall in love with a criminal merely because I have had the pleasure of his execution.—I certainly did not see it, nor should have been struck with meer intrepidity—I never adored heroes, whether in a cart or a triumphal car—but there has been such wonderful coolness and sense in all this man's last

behaviour, that it has made me quite inquisitive about him — not at all pity him. — I only reflect, what I have often thought, how little connexion there is between any man's sense and his sensibility —so much so, that instead of Lord Ferrers's having any ascendant over his passions, I am disposed to think, that his drunkenness, which was supposed to heighten his ferocity, has rather been a lucky circumstance — what might not a creature of such capacity and who stuck at nothing, have done, if his abilities had not been drowned in brandy? I will go back a little into his history. His misfortunes, as he called them, were dated from his marriage, though he has been guilty of horrid excesses unconnected with matrimony, and is even believed to have killed a groom who died a year after receiving a cruel beating from him. His wife, a very pretty woman, was sister of Sir William Meredith,* had no fortune, and he says, trepanned him into marriage, having met him drunk at an assembly in the country, and kept him so till the ceremony was over.—As he always kept himself so afterwards, one need not impute it to her. In every other respect, and one scarce knows how to blame her for wishing to be a countess, her behaviour was unexceptionable.† He had a mistress before and

* Sir William Meredith, Bart. of Hanbury, in Cheshire. The title is now extinct.—D.

† She afterwards married Lord Frederick Campbell, brother of the Duke of Argyll, and was an excellent woman. (She was unfortunately burned to death at Lord Frederick's seat, Combe Bank, in Kent.—D.)

two or three children, and her he took again after the separation from his wife. He was fond of both and used both ill: his wife so ill, always carrying pistols to bed, and threatening to kill her before morning, beating her, and jealous without provocation, that she got separated from him by act of parliament, which appointed receivers of his estate in order to secure her allowance. This he could not bear. However, he named his steward for one, but afterwards finding out that this Johnson had paid her fifty pounds without his knowledge, and suspecting him of being in the confederacy against him, he determined, when he failed of opportunities of murdering his wife, to kill the steward, which he effected as you have heard. The shocking circumstances attending the murder, I did not tell you—indeed, while he was alive, I scarce liked to speak my opinion even to you; for though I felt nothing for him, I thought it wrong to propagate any notions that might interfere with mercy, if he could be thought deserving it—and not knowing into what hands my letter might pass before it reached your's, I chose to be silent, though nobody could conceive greater horror than I did for him at his trial. Having shot the steward at three in the afternoon, he persecuted him till one in the morning, threatening again to murder him, attempting to tear off his bandages, and terrifying him till in that misery he was glad to obtain leave to be removed to his own house; and when the earl heard

the poor creature was dead, he said he gloried in having killed him. You cannot conceive the shock this evidence gave the court — many of the lords were standing to look at him — at once they turned from him with detestation. I had heard that on the former affair in the House of Lords, he had behaved with great shrewdness — no such thing appeared at his trial. It is now pretended that his being forced by his family against his inclination to plead madness, prevented his exerting his parts — but he has not acted in any thing as if his family had influence over him — consequently his reverting to much good sense leaves the whole inexplicable. The very night he received sentence, he played at picquet with the wardours and would play for money, and would have continued to play every evening, but they refused. Lord Cornwallis, governor of the Tower, shortened his allowance of wine after his conviction, agreeably to the late strict acts on murder. This he much disliked, and at last pressed his brother the clergyman to intercede that at least he might have more porter; for, said he, what I have is not a draught. His brother represented against it, but at last consenting (and he did obtain it) — then said the Earl, "now is as good a time as any to take leave of you — adieu!" A minute journal of his whole behaviour has been kept, to see if there was any madness in it. Dr. Munro since the trial has made an affidavit of his lunacy. The Washingtons were certainly a very

frantic race, and I have no doubt of madness in him, but not of a pardonable sort. Two petitions from his mother and all his family were presented to the King, who said, as the House of Lords had unanimously found him guilty, he would not interfere. Last week my Lord Keeper very goodnaturedly got out of a gouty bed to present another: the King would not hear him. "Sir," said the Keeper, "I don't come to petition for mercy or respite; but that the 4000*l.* which Lord Ferrers has in India bonds, may be permitted to go according to his disposition of it to his mistress, children, and the family of the murdered man." "With all my heart," said the King, "I have no objection; but I will have no message carried to him from me." However, this grace was notified to him and gave him great satisfaction; but unfortunately it now appears to be law that it is forfeited to the sheriff of the county where the fact was committed; though when my Lord Hardwicke was told that he had disposed of it, he said, to be sure he may before conviction.

Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester,* offered his service to him: he thanked the Bishop, but said, as

* Zachariah Pearce, translated from the See of Bangor in 1756. He was an excellent man, and later in life, in the year 1768, finding himself growing infirm, he presented to the world the rare instance of disinterestedness, of wishing to resign all his pieces of preferment. These consisted of the Deanery of Westminster and Bishoprick of Rochester. The Deanery he gave up, but was not allowed to do so by the Bishoprick, which was said, as a peerage, to be inalienable.—D.

his own brother was a clergyman, he chose to have him. Yet he had another relation who has been much more busy about his repentance. I don't know whether you have ever heard that one of the singular characters here is a Countess of Huntingdon,* aunt of Lord Ferrers. She is the Saint Theresa of the Methodists. Judge how violent bigotry must be in such mad blood! The Earl, by no means disposed to be a convert, let her visit him, and often sent for her, as it was more company; but he grew sick of her, and complained that she was enough to provoke anybody. She made her Suffragan, Whitfield, pray for and preach about him, and that impertinent fellow told his enthusiasts in his sermon, that my Lord's heart was stone. The Earl wanted much to see his mistress: my Lord Cornwallis, as simple an old woman as my Lady Huntingdon herself, consulted her whether he should permit it. "Oh! by no means; it would be letting him die in adultery!" In one thing she was more sensible. He resolved not to take leave of his children, four girls, but on the scaffold, and then to read to them a paper he had drawn up, very bitter on the family of Meredith, and on the House of Lords for the first transaction. This my Lady Huntingdon persuaded him to drop, and he took leave of his children the day before.

* Lady Selina Shirley, daughter of an Earl of Ferrers. (Selina Shirley, second daughter and co-heiress of Washington Earl Ferrers, and widow of Theophilus Hastings ninth Earl of Huntingdon. She was the peculiar patroness of enthusiasts of all sorts in religion.—D.)

He wrote two letters in the preceding week to Lord Cornwallis on some of these requests: they were cool and rational, and concluded with desiring him not to mind the absurd requests of his (Lord Ferrers's) family in his behalf. On the last morning he dressed himself in his wedding clothes, and said, he thought this, at least, as good an occasion of putting them on as that for which they were first made. He wore them to Tyburn. This marked the strong impression on his mind. His mother wrote to his wife in a weak angry style, telling her to intercede for him as her duty, and to swear to his madness. But this was not so easy: in all her cause before the Lords, she had persisted that he was not mad.

Sir William Meredith, and even Lady Huntingdon had prophesied that his courage would fail him at last, and had so much foundation, that it is certain Lord Ferrers had often been beat:—but the Methodists were to get no honour by him. His courage rose where it was most likely to fail,—an unlucky circumstance to prophets, especially when they have had the prudence to have all kind of probability on their side. Even an awful procession of above two hours, with that mixture of pageantry, shame, and ignominy, nay, and of delay, could not dismount his resolution. He set out from the Tower at nine, amidst crowds, thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs, in his chariot and six, the horses

dressed with ribbons; next Lord Ferrers, in his own landau and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards at each side; the other sheriff's chariot followed empty, with a mourning coach-and-six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards. Observe, that the empty chariot was that of the other sheriff, who was in the coach with the prisoner, and who was Vaillant, the French bookseller in the Strand. How will you decypher all these strange circumstances to Florentines? A bookseller in robes and in mourning, sitting as a magistrate by the side of the Earl; and in the evening, everybody going to Vaillant's shop to hear the particulars. I wrote to him, as he serves me, for the account; but he intends to print it, and I will send it you with some other things, and the trial. Lord Ferrers at first talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious confluence of people, (the blind was drawn up on his side,) he said,—"But they never saw a Lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another." One of the dragoons was thrown by his horse's leg entangling in the hind wheel: Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said, "I hope there will be no death to-day but mine," and was pleased when Vaillant told him the man was not hurt. Vaillant made excuses to him on his office. "On the contrary," said the Earl, "I am much obliged to you. I feared the disagreeableness of the duty might make you depute your under-sheriff. As you are so good as to execute it your-

self, I am persuaded the dreadful apparatus will be conducted with more expedition." The Chaplain of the Tower, who sat backwards, then thought it his turn to speak, and began to talk on religion; but Lord Ferrers received it impatiently. However, the Chaplain persevered, and said, he wished to bring his Lordship to some confession or acknowledgment of contrition for a crime so repugnant to the laws of God and man, and wished him to endeavour to do whatever could be done in so short a time. The Earl replied, "He had done every thing he proposed to do with regard to God and man; and as to discourses on religion, you and I, sir," said he to the clergyman, "shall probably not agree on that subject. The passage is very short; you will not have time to convince me, nor I to refute you; it cannot be ended before we arrive." The clergyman still insisted, and urged, that, at least, the world would expect some satisfaction. Lord Ferrers replied, with some impatience, "Sir, what have I to do with the world? I am going to pay a forfeit life, which my country has thought proper to take from me—what do I care now what the world thinks of me? But, sir, since you do desire some confession, I will confess one thing to you; I do believe there is a God. As to modes of worship, we had better not talk on them. I always thought Lord Bolingbroke in the wrong to publish his notions on religion: I will not fall into the same error." The Chaplain, seeing

sensibly that it was in vain to make any more attempts, contented himself with representing to him, that it would be expected from one of his calling, and that even decency required, that some prayer should be used on the scaffold, and asked his leave, at least to repeat the Lord's Prayer there. Lord Ferrers replied, "I always thought it a good prayer; you may use it if you please."

While these discourses were passing, the procession was stopped by the crowd. The Earl said he was dry, and wished for some wine and water. The Sheriff said, he was sorry to be obliged to refuse him. By late regulations they were enjoined not to let prisoners drink from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, as great indecencies had been formerly committed by the lower species of criminals getting drunk; "And though," said he, "my Lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to a person of your Lordship's rank, yet there is another reason which, I am sure, will weigh with you:—your Lordship is sensible of the greatness of the crowd; we must draw up to some tavern; the confluence would be so great, that it would delay the expedition which your Lordship seems so much to desire." He replied, he was satisfied, adding,—"Then I must be content with this," and took some pigtail tobacco out of his pocket. As they went on, a letter was thrown into his coach; it was from his mistress, to tell him, it was impossible,

from the crowd, for her to get up to the spot where he had appointed her to meet and take leave of him, but that she was in a hackney-coach of such a number. He begged Vaillant to order his officers to try to get the hackney-coach up to his. "My Lord," said Vaillant, "you have behaved so well hitherto, that I think it is pity to venture unmanning yourself." He was struck, and was satisfied without seeing her. As they drew nigh, he said, "I perceive we are almost arrived; it is time to do what little more I have to do," and then taking out his watch, gave it to Vaillant, desiring him to accept it as a mark of his gratitude for his kind behaviour, adding, "It is scarce worth your acceptance; but I have nothing else; it is a stop-watch, and a pretty accurate one." He gave five guineas to the Chaplain, and took out as much for the executioner. Then giving Vaillant a pocket-book, he begged him to deliver it to Mrs. Clifford, his mistress, with what it contained, and with his most tender regards, saying, "The key of it is to the watch, but I am persuaded you are too much a gentleman to open it." He destined the remainder of the money in his purse to the same person, and with the same tender regards.

When they came to Tyburn, his coach was detained some minutes by the conflux of people; but as soon as the door was opened, he stepped out readily, and mounted the scaffold: it was hung

with black, by the undertaker, and at the expense of his family. Under the gallows was a new invented stage, to be struck from under him. He showed no kind of fear or discomposure, only just looking at the gallows with a slight motion of dissatisfaction. He said little, kneeled for a moment to the prayer, said, "Lord have mercy upon me, and forgive me my errors," and immediately mounted the upper stage. He had come pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied, or his face covered, but was persuaded to both. When the rope was put round his neck, he turned pale, but recovered his countenance instantly, and was but seven minutes from leaving the coach, to the signal given for striking the stage. As the machine was new, they were not ready at it: his toes touched it, and he suffered a little, having had time, by their bungling, to raise his cap; but the executioner pulled it down again, and they pulled his legs, so that he was soon out of pain, and quite dead in four minutes. He desired not to be stripped and exposed, and Vaillant promised him, though his clothes must be taken off, that his shirt should not. This decency ended with him: the sheriffs fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold, and helped up one of their friends to drink with them, as he was still hanging, which he did for above an hour, and then was conveyed back with the same pomp to Surgeons' Hall, to be

dissected. The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried. The mob tore off the black cloth as relics; but the universal crowd behaved with great decency and admiration, as they well might, for sure no exit was ever made with more sensible resolution and with less ostentation.

If I have tired you by this long narrative, you feel differently from me. The man, the manners of the country, the justice of so great and curious a nation, all to me seem striking, and must, I believe, do more so to you, who have been absent long enough to read of your own country as history.

I have run into so much paper, that I am ashamed at going on, but, having a bit left, I must say a few more words. The other prisoner, from whom the mob had promised themselves more entertainment, is gone into the country, having been forbid the court, with some barbarous additions to the sentence, as you will see in the papers. It was notified, too, to the second court,* who have had the prudence to countenance him no longer. The third prisoner, and second madman, Lord Charles Hay, is luckily dead, and has saved much trouble.

Have you seen the works of the philosopher of Sans Souci, or rather, of the man who is no philosopher, and who has more Souci than any man now in Europe? How contemptible they are! Mise-

* The Prince of Wales's.

rable poetry; not a new thought, nor an old one newly expressed. I say nothing of the folly of publishing his aversion to the English, at the very time they are ruining themselves for him; nor of the greater folly of his irreligion. The Epistle to Keith is puerile and shocking. He is not so sensible as Lord Ferrers, who did not think such sentiments ought to be published. His Majesty could not resist the vanity of showing how disengaged he can be even at this time.

I am going to give a letter for you to Strange, the engraver, who is going to visit Italy. He is a very first-rate artist, and by far our best. Pray countenance him, though you will not approve his politics.* I believe Albano† is his Loretto.

I shall finish this vast volume with a very good story, though not so authentic as my sheriff's. It is said that General Clive's father has been with Mr. Pitt, to notify, that if the Government will send his son 400,000*l.* and a certain number of ships, the *heaven-born* General knows of a part of India where such treasures are buried, that he will engage to send over enough to pay the national debt. "Oh!" said the Minister, "that is too much; fifty millions would be sufficient." Clive insisted on the hundred millions,—Pitt, that half would do very well. "Lord, sir!" said the old

* Strange was a confirmed Jacobite.

† Residence of the Pretender.

man, "consider, if your administration lasts, the national debt will soon be two hundred millions." Good night for a twelvemonth!

LETTER CCCLIV.

Strawberry-Hill, May 24, 1760.

WELL! at last Sisson's machine sets out—but, my dear Sir, how you still talk of him! You seem to think him as grave and learned as a Professor of Bologna—why, he is an errant, low, indigent mechanic, and however Dr. Perelli found him out, is a shuffling knave, and I fear no fitter to execute his orders than to write the letter you expect. Then there was my ignorance and your brother James's ignorance to be thrown into the account. For the drawing, Sisson says Dr. Perelli has the description of it already; however, I have insisted on his making a reference to that description in a scrawl we have with much ado extorted from him. I pray to Sir Isaac Newton that the machine may answer: it costs, the stars know what! The whole charge comes to upwards of threescore pounds! He had received twenty pounds, and yet was so necessitous, that on our hesitating, he wrote me a most impertinent letter for his money. I dreaded at first undertaking a commission for which I was so unqualified, and though I have done all I could, I fear you and your friend will be but ill satisfied.

Along with the machine I have sent you some new books; Lord George's Trial, Lord Ferrers's, and the account of him; a fashionable thing called Tristram Shandy, and my Lord Lyttelton's new Dialogues of the Dead, or rather *Dead* Dialogues; and something less valuable still than any of these, but which I flatter myself *you* will not despise; it is my own print, done from a picture that is reckoned very like—you must allow for the difference that twenty years since you saw me have made. That wonderful creature Lord Ferrers, of whom I told you so much in my last, and with whom I am not going to plague you much more, made one of his keepers read Hamlet to him the night before his death after he was in bed—paid all his bills in the morning as if leaving an inn, and half an hour before the Sheriffs fetched him, corrected some verses he had written in the Tower in imitation of the Duke of Buckingham's Epitaph, *dubius sed non improbus vixi.* What a noble author have I here to add to my catalogue! For the other noble author, Lord Lyttelton, you will find his work paltry enough; the style, a mixture of bombast, poetry, and vulgarisms. Nothing new in the composition, except making people talk out of character is so. Then he loves changing sides so much, that he makes Lord Falkland and Hampden cross over and figure in like people in a country dance; not to mention their guardian angels, who deserve to be hanged for murder. He is as angry too at

Swift, Lucian, and Rabelais, as if they had laughed at him of all men living, and he seems to wish that one would read the last's Dissertation on Hippocrates instead of his History of Pantagruel. But I blame him most, when he was satirizing too free writers, for praising the King of Prussia's poetry, to which anything of Bayle is harmless. I like best the Dialogue between the Duke of Argyll and the Earl of Angus, and the character of his own first wife under that of Penelope. I need not tell you that Pericles is Mr. Pitt.

I have had much conversation with your brother James, and intend to have more with your eldest, about your nephew. He is a sweet boy, and has all the goodness of dear Gal. and dear you in his countenance. They have sent him to Cambridge under that interested hog the Bishop of Chester,* and propose to keep him there *three* years. Their apprehension seems to be of his growing a fine gentleman. I could not help saying, "Why, is not he to be one?" My wish is to have him with you—what an opportunity of his learning the world and business under such a tutor and such a parent! Oh! but they think he will dress and run into diversions. I tried to convince them that of all spots upon earth dress is least necessary at Florence, and where one can least divert oneself. I am answered with the necessity of Latin and mathe-

* Dr. Edmund Keene, brother of Sir Benjamin, and afterwards Bishop of Ely.

matics—the one soon forgot, the other never got to any purpose. I cannot bear his losing the advantage of being brought up by you, with all the advantages of such a situation, and where he may learn in perfection living languages, never attained after twenty. I am so earnest on this, for I doat on him for dear Gal.'s sake, that I will insist to rudeness on his remaining at Cambridge but two years; and before that time you shall write to second my motions.

The Parliament is up, and news are gone out of town; I expect none but what we receive from Germany. As to the Pretender, his life or death makes no impression here. When a real King is so soon forgot, how should an imaginary one be remembered? Besides, since Jacobites have found the way to St. James's, it is grown so much the fashion to worship Kings, that people don't send their adorations so far as Rome. He at Kensington is likely long to outlast his old rival. The spring is far from warm, yet he wears a silk coat and has left off fires.

Thank you for the entertaining history of the Pope and the Genoese. I am flounced again into building — a round tower, gallery, cloister, and chapel, all starting up—if I am forced to run away by ruining myself, I will come to Florence, steal your nephew, and bring him with me. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLV.

Arlington-Street, June 20, 1760.

WHO the deuce was thinking of Quebec? America was like a book one has read and done with; or at least if one looked at the book, one just recollected that there was a supplement promised, to contain a chapter on Montreal, the starving and surrender of it—but here are we on a sudden reading our book backwards. An account came two days ago that the French on their march to besiege Quebec, had been attacked by General Murray, who got into a mistake and a morass, attacked two bodies that were joined when he hoped to come up with one of them before the junction, was enclosed, embogged, and defeated. By the list of officers killed and wounded, I believe there has been a rueful slaughter—the place, too, I suppose will be retaken. The year 1760 is not the year 1759. Added to the war we have a kind of plague too, an epidemic fever and sore throat: Lady Anson* is dead of it; Lord Bute and two of his daughters were in great danger; my Lady Waldegrave† has had it, and I am in mourning for Mrs. Thomas Walpole‡ who died of it—you may imagine I don't come much to town; I had some business here to-day, particularly with Dagge, whom I have

* Eldest daughter of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke.
† Maria Walpole.
‡ Daughter of Sir Gerard Vanneck.

sent for to talk about Sophia;* he will be here *presently*, and then I will let you know what he says.

The embassy and House of Fuentes† are arrived —many feasts and parties have been made for them, but they do not like those out of town, and have excused themselves rather ungraciously. They were invited to a ball last Monday at Wanstead, but did not go: yet I don't know where they can see such magnificence. The approach, the coaches, the crowds of spectators to see the company arrive, the grandeur of the façade and apartments were a charming sight; but the town is so empty that that great house appeared so too. He, you know, is all attention, generosity, and good breeding.

I must tell you a private woe that has happened to me in my neighbourhood—Sir William Stanhope‡ bought Pope's house and garden. The former was so small and bad, one could not avoid pardoning his hollowing out that fragment of the rock Parnassus into habitable chambers—but would you believe it, he has cut down the sacred groves themselves! In short, it was a little bit of ground of five acres, inclosed with three lanes and seeing nothing. Pope had twisted and twirled, and rhymed and harmonized this, till it appeared two or

* Natural daughter of Mr. Whitehead, mentioned in preceding letters, by a Florentine woman.

† The Spanish Ambassador.

‡ Brother of Lord Chesterfield.

three sweet little lawns opening and opening beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with thick impenetrable woods. Sir William, by advice of his son-in-law,* Mr. Ellis, has hacked and hewed these groves, wriggled a winding-gravel walk through them with an edging of shrubs, in what they call the modern taste, and in short, has desired the three lanes to walk in again—and now is forced to shut them out again by a wall, for there was not a Muse could walk there but she was spied by every country fellow that went by with a pipe in his mouth.

It is a little unlucky for the Pretender to be dying just as the Pope seems to design to take Corsica into his hands, and might give it to so faithful a son of the church.

I have heard nothing yet of Stosch.

Presently.

Mr. Dagge has disappointed me, and I am obliged to go out of town, but I have writ to him to press the affair, and will press it, as it is owing to his negligence. Mr. Chute, to whom I spoke, says he told Dagge he was ready to be a trustee, and pressed him to get it concluded.

* Welbore Ellis, married the only daughter of Sir W. Stanhope.

LETTER CCCLVI.

Arlington-Street, July 7, 1760.

I SHALL write you but a short letter myself, because I make your brother, who has this moment been here, write to-night with all the particulars relating to the machine. The ten guineas are included in the sixty; and the ship, which is not yet sailed, is insured. My dear child, don't think of making me any excuses about employing me; I owe you any trouble sure that I can possibly undertake, and do it most gladly; in this one instance I was sorry you had pitched upon me, because it was entirely out of my sphere, and I could not even judge whether I had served you well or not. I am here again waiting for Dagge, whom it is more difficult to see than a minister; he disappointed me last time, but writ to me afterwards that he would immediately settle the affair for poor Sophia.

Quebec, you know, is saved; but our German histories don't go on so well as our American. Fouquet is beat, and has lost five out of twelve thousand men, after maintaining himself against thirty for seven hours—he is grievously wounded, but not prisoner. The Russians are pouring on—adieu the King of Prussia, unless Prince Ferdinand's battle, of which we have expected news for these four days, can turn the scale a little—we have settled that he is so great a general, that you

must not wonder if we expect that he should beat all the world in their turns.

There has been a woeful fire at Portsmouth; they say, occasioned by lightning; the shipping was saved, but vast quantities of stores are destroyed.

I shall be more easy about your nephew, since you don't adopt my idea; and yet I can't conceive with his gentle nature and your good sense but you would have sufficient authority over him. I don't know who your initials mean, Ld. F. and Sr. B. B. it don't much signify, but consider by how many years I am removed from knowing the rising generation.

I shall some time hence trouble you for some patterns of Brocadella of two or three colours: it is to furnish a round tower that I am adding, with a gallery, to my castle: the quantity I shall want will be pretty large; it is to be a bedchamber entirely hung, bed and eight arm-chairs; the dimensions thirteen feet high, and twenty-two diameter. Your Bianca Capello is to be over the chimney. I shall scarce be ready to hang it these two years, because I move gently, and never begin till I have the money ready to pay, which don't come very fast, as it is always to be saved out of my income, subject too to twenty other whims and expenses. I only mention it now, that you may at your leisure look me out half a dozen patterns; and be so good

as to let me know the prices. Stosch is not arrived yet as I have heard.

Well,—at last, Dagge is come, and tells me I may assure you positively that the money will be paid in two months from this time; he has been at Thistlethwait's,* which is nineteen miles from town, and goes again this week to make him sign a paper, on which the parson* will pay the money. I shall be happy when this is completed to your satisfaction, that is, when your goodness is rewarded by being successful; but till it is completed, with all Mr. Dagge's assurances, I shall not be easy, for those brothers are such creatures, that I shall always expect some delay or evasion, when they are to part with money. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLVII.

Arlington-Street, Aug. 1, 1760.

I CAME to town to-day on purpose to see Stosch, who has been arrived some days; and to offer him all manner of civilities on your account—when indeed they can be of no use to him, for there is not a soul in town. There was a wild report last week of the plague being in St. Thomas's Hospital, and to be sure Stosch must believe there is some truth in it, for there is not a coach to be seen, the streets

* * Brothers and heirs of Mr. Whithed, who had changed his name for an estate.

are new paving, and the houses new painting, just as it is always at this season. I told him if he had a mind to see London, he must go to Huntingdon races, Derby races, Stafford races, Warwick races —that is the fashionable route this year—alas! I am going part of it; the Duchess of Grafton * and Loo are going to the Duke of Devonshire's, Lord Gower's, and Lord Hertford's; but I shall contrive to arrive after every race is over. Stosch delivered me the parcel safe, and I should have paid him for your burgundy, but found company with him, and thought it not quite so civil to offer it at the first interview, lest it should make him be taken for a wine-merchant. He dines with me on Tuesday at Strawberry-hill, when I shall find an opportunity. He is going for a few days to Wanstead, and then for three months to a clergyman's in Yorkshire, to learn English. *Apropos*, you did not tell me why he comes; is it to sell his uncle's collection? Let me know before winter on what foot I must introduce him, for I would fain return a few of the thousand civilities you have showed at my recommendation.

The hereditary Prince has been beaten, and has beaten; with the balance on his side; but though the armies are within a mile of one another, I don't think it clear there will be a battle, as we may lose much more than we can get. A defeat will cost Hanover and Hesse; a victory cannot be vast

* Anne Liddel, first wife of Augustus Henry Fitzroy Duke of Grafton.

enough to leave us at liberty to assist the King of Prussia. He gave us a little advantage the other day; outwitted Daun, and took his camp and magazines, and aimed at Dresden; but to-day the siege is raised. Daun sometimes misses himself, but never loses himself. It is not the fashion to admire him, but for my part, I should think it worth while to give the Empress a dozen Wolfes and Laudohns, to lay aside the cautious Marshal. *Apropos* to Wolfe, I cannot imagine what you mean by a design executing at Rome for his tomb. The designs have been laid before my Lord Chamberlain several months; Wilton, Adam, Chambers, and others, all gave in their drawings immediately; and I think the Duke of Devonshire decided for the first. Do explain this to me, or get a positive explanation of it—and whether anybody is drawing for Adam or Chambers.

Mr. Chute and Mr. Bentley, to whom I showed your accounts of the Papa-Portuguese war, were infinitely diverted, as I was too, with it. The Portuguese, *who will turn Jews not Protestants,* and the Pope's confession, *which does more honour to his sincerity than to his infallibility,* are delightful. I will tell you who will neither turn Jew nor Protestant, nay, nor Methodist, which is much more in fashion than either—Monsieur Fuentes will not; he has given the Virgin Mary (who he fancies hates public places, because he never met her at one,) his honour that he never will go to any more. What a

charming sort of Spanish Ambassador! I wish they always sent us such—the worst they can do, is to buy half a dozen converts.

My Lady Lincoln,* who was ready to be brought to bed, is dead in three hours of convulsions. It has been a fatal year to great ladies: within this twelvemonth have gone off Lady Essex,† Lady Besborough,‡ Lady Granby,§ Lady Anson, and Lady Lincoln. My Lady Coventry || is still alive, sometimes at the point of death, sometimes recovering. They fixed the spring; now the autumn is to be critical for her.

I set out for my Lord Strafford's ¶ to-morrow se'nnight, so shall not be able to send you any victory this fortnight.

General Clive** is arrived all over estates and diamonds. If a beggar asks charity, he says, "Friend, I have no small brilliants about me."

I forgot to tell you that Stosch was to dine with General Guise.†† The latter has notified to Christ

* Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry Pelham, wife of Henry Clinton Earl of Lincoln, afterwards Duke of Newcastle.

† Frances, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

‡ Caroline, eldest daughter of William third Duke of Devonshire.

§ Frances, eldest daughter of Charles Seymour Duke of Somerset.

|| The beautiful Maria Gunning.

¶ William Wentworth second Earl of Strafford. See an account of his seat at Wentworth Castle, in the Essay on Modern Gardening, at the end of the fourth volume of Anecdotes of Painting in England.

** Afterwards created Lord Clive in Ireland. It is to him that we in great measure owe our dominion in India; in the acquisition of which he is, however, reproached with having exercised great cruelties.—D.

†† General Guise did leave his collection as he promised; but the University employing the son of Bonus, the cleaner of pictures, to repair them, he entirely repainted them, and as entirely spoiled them.

Church, Oxford, that in his will he has given them his collection of pictures. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLVIII.

Chatsworth,* Aug. 28th, 1760.

I am a great way out of the world, and yet enough in the way of news to send you a good deal. I have been here but two or three days, and it has rained expresses. The most important intelligence I can give you is, that I was stopped from coming into the north for ten days by a fit of the gout in both feet, but as I have a tolerable quantity of resolution, I am now running about with the children and climbing hills—and I intend to have only just so much of this wholesome evil as shall carry me to an hundred. The next point of consequence is, that the Duke of Cumberland has had a stroke of the palsy. As his courage is at least equal to mine, he makes nothing of it; but being above an inch more in the girth than I am, he is not yet arrived at skipping about the house. In truth, his case is melancholy: the humours that have fallen upon the wound in his leg have kept him lately from all exercise; as he used much, and is so corpulent, this must have bad consequences. Can one but pity him? A hero, reduced by injustice to crowd all his fame into the supporting

* Seat of the Duke of Devonshire in Derbyshire.

bodily ills, and to looking on the approach of a lingering death with fortitude, is a real object of compassion. How he must envy, what I am sure I don't, his cousin of Prussia risking his life every hour against Cossacks and Russians! Well! but this risker has scrambled another victory: he has beat that pert pretender Laudohn*—yet it looks to me as if he was but new gilding his coffin; the undertaker Daun will, I fear, still have the burying of him!"

I received here your letter of the 9th, and am glad Dr. Perelli so far justifies Sisson as to disculpate me. I trust I shall execute Sophia's business better.

Stosch dined with me at Strawberry before I set out. He is a very rational creature. I return homewards to-morrow; my campaigns are never very long; I have great curiosity for seeing places, but I dispatch it soon, and am always impatient to be back with my own Woden and Thor, my own Gothic Lares. While the lords and ladies are at skittles, I just found a moment to write you a line. —Adieu!

Arlington-Street, Sept. 1.

I had no opportunity of sending my letter to the Secretary's office, so brought it myself. You will see in the gazette another little victory of a Captain

* This was the battle of Liegnitz, fought on the 15th of August 1760, and in which the King of Prussia signally defeated the Austrians under Marshal Laudon, and thereby saved Silesia.—D.

Byron over a whole diminutive French squadron. Stosch has had a fever. He is now going to establish himself at Salisbury.

LETTER CCCLIX.

Arlington-Street, Oct. 5, 1760.

I am afraid you will turn me off from being your gazetteer. Do you know that I came to town to-day by accident, and was here four hours before I heard that Montreal was taken? The express came early this morning. I am so posthumous in my intelligence, that you must not expect any intelligence from me—but the same post that brings you this, will convey the extraordinary gazette, which of late is become the register of the Temple of Fame. All I know is, that the bonfires and squibbs are drinking General Amherst's* health.

Within these two days Fame and the Gazette have laid another egg; I wish they may hatch it themselves! but it is one of that unlucky hue which has so often been addled: in short, behold another secret expedition. It was notified on Friday, and departs in a fortnight. Lord Albemarle,† it is believed, will command it. One is sure at least that

* General Sir Jefferey Amherst, distinguished himself in the war with the French in America. He was subsequently created a peer, and made Commander-in-Chief.—D.

† George Keppel, third Earl of Albemarle.

it cannot be to America, for we have taken it *all.* The conquest of Montreal may perhaps serve in full of all accounts, as I suspect a little that this new plan was designed to amuse the City of London at the beginning of the session, who would not like to have wasted so many millions on this campaign, without any destruction of friend or foe. Now, a secret expedition may at least furnish a court martial, and the citizens love persecution even better than their money. A general or an admiral to be mobbed either by their applause or their hisses, is all they desire.—Poor Lord Albemarle!

The charming Countess* is dead at last; and as if the whole history of both sisters was to be extraordinary, the Duchess of Hamilton† is in a consumption too, and going abroad directly. Perhaps you may see the remains of these prodigies, you will see but little remains; her features were never so beautiful as Lady Coventry's, and she has long been changed, though not yet I think above six-and-twenty. The other was but twenty-seven.

As all the great ladies are mortal this year, my family is forced to recruit the peerage. My brother's last daughter is married; and, as Biddy Tipkin‡ says, though their story is too short for a romance, it will make a very pretty novel—nay, it

* Maria Gunning, Countess of Coventry.
† Eliz. Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, and afterwards of Argyll.
‡ In Steele's "Tender Husband."

is almost brief enough for a play, and very near comes within one of the unities, the space of four and twenty hours. There is in the world, particularly in my world, for he lives directly over against me across the water, a strange brute called Earl of Dysart.* Don't be frightened, it is not he. His son, Lord Huntingtower, to whom he gives but 400*l.* a year, is a comely young gentleman of twenty-six, who has often had thoughts of trying whether his father would not like grandchildren better than his own children, as sometimes people have more grandtenderness than paternal. All the answer he could ever get was, that the Earl could not afford, as he has five younger children, to make any settlement, but he offered, as a proof of his inability and kindness, to lend his son a large sum of money at low interest. This indigent usurer has 13,000*l.* a year, and 60,000*l.* in the funds. The money and ten of the thirteen thousand in land are entailed on Lord Huntingtower. The young Lord, it seems, has been in love with Charlotte† for some months, but thought so little of inflaming her, that yesterday fortnight she did not know him by sight. On that day he came and proposed himself to my brother, who with much surprise heard his story, but excused himself from giving an answer. He said, he would never force

* Lionel Talmache, Earl of Dysart, lived at Ham House, over against Twickenham.

† Charlotte, third daughter of Sir Edward Walpole.

the inclinations of his children; he did not believe his daughter had any engagement or attachment, but she might have: he would send for her and know her mind. She was at her sister Waldegrave's, to whom, on receiving the notification, she said, very sensibly, "If I was but nineteen, I would refuse point blank; I do not like to be married in a week to a man I never saw. But I am two and twenty; some people say I am handsome, some say I am not; I believe the truth is, I am likely to be large and to go off soon—it is dangerous to refuse so great a match." Take notice of the *married in a week;* the love that was so many months in ripening, could not stay above a week. She came and saw this impetuous lover, and I believe was glad she had not refused point blank—for they were married last Thursday. I tremble a little for the poor girl; not to mention the oddness of the father, and twenty disagreeable things that may be in the young man, who has been kept and lived entirely out of the world; he takes her fortune, 10,000*l.* and cannot settle another shilling upon her till his father dies, and then promises only a thousand a year. Would one venture one's happiness and one's whole fortune for the chance of being Lady Dysart?—if Lord Huntingtower dies before his father, she will not have sixpence. Sure my brother has risked too much!

Stosch, who is settled at Salisbury, has writ to me to recommend him to somebody or other as a

travelling governor or companion. I would, if I knew anybody; but who travels now? He says you have notified his intention to me—so far from it, I have not heard from you this age: I never was so long without a letter—but you don't take Montreals and Canadas every now and then. You repose like the warriors in Germany—at least I hope so—I trust no ill health has occasioned your silence. Adieu!

LETTER CCCLX.

Arlington-Street, Oct. 28, 1760.

THE deaths of Kings travel so much faster than any post, that I cannot expect to tell you news, when I say your old master* is dead. But I can pretty well tell you what I like best to be able to say to you on this occasion, that you are in no danger. Change will scarce reach to Florence when its hand is checked even in the capital. But I will move a little regularly, and then you will form your judgment more easily.

This is Tuesday; on Friday night the King went to bed in perfect health, and rose so the next morning at his usual hour of six; he called for and drank his chocolate. At seven, for every thing with him was exact and periodic, he went into the closet to dismiss his chocolate. Coming from

* King George II.

thence, his *valet de chambre* heard a noise; waited a moment, and heard something like a groan. He ran in, and in a small room between the closet and bedchamber he found the King on the floor, who had cut the right side of his face against the edge of a bureau, and who after a gasp expired. Lady Yarmouth* was called, and sent for Princess Amelia; but they only told the latter that the King was ill and wanted her. She had been confined some days with a rheumatism, but hurried down, ran into the room without farther notice, and saw her father extended on the bed. She is very purblind, and more than a little deaf. They had not closed his eyes: she bent down close to his face, and concluded he spoke to her, though she could not hear him—guess what a shock when she found the truth. She wrote to the Prince of Wales—but so had one of the *valets de chambre* first. He came to town, and saw the Duke†, and the Privy Council. He was extremely kind to the first—and in general has behaved with the greatest propriety, dignity, and decency. He read his speech to the council with much grace, and dismissed the guards on himself to wait on his grandfather's body. It is intimated, that he means to employ the same Ministers, but with reserve to himself of more authority than has lately been in fashion. The Duke of York and Lord Bute‡ are named of the ca-

* Madame de Walmoden, Countess of Yarmouth, the King's mistress.

† William Duke of Cumberland.

‡ John Stewart, Earl of Bute.

binet council. The late King's will is not yet opened. To-day everybody kissed hands at Leicester-house, and this week, I believe, the King will go to St. James's. The body has been opened; the great ventricle of the heart had burst. What an enviable death! In the greatest period of the glory of this country, and of his reign, in perfect tranquillity at home, at seventy-seven, growing blind and deaf, to die without a pang, before any reverse of fortune, or any distasted peace, nay, but two days before a ship load of bad news: could he have chosen such another moment? The news is bad indeed! Berlin taken by capitulation, and yet the Austrians behaved so savagely that even Russians* felt delicacy, were shocked, and checked them! Nearer home, the hereditary Prince† has been much beaten by Monsieur de Castries, and forced to raise the siege of Wesel, whither Prince Ferdinand had sent him most unadvisedly: we have scarce an officer unwounded. The secret expedition will now, I conclude, sail, to give an *éclat* to the new reign. Lord Albemarle does not command it, as I told you, nor Mr. Conway, though both applied.

Nothing is settled about the parliament; not even the necessary changes in the household. Committees of Council are regulating the mourn-

* The Russians and Austrians obtained possession of Berlin, while Frederick was employed in watching the great Austrian army. They were, however, soon driven from it.—D.

† Of Brunswick, afterwards the celebrated Duke of that name.—D.

ing and the funeral. The town, which between armies, militia, and approaching elections, was likely to be a desert all the winter, is filled in a minute, but every thing is in the deepest tranquillity. People stare; the only expression. The moment anything is declared, one shall not perceive the novelty of the reign. A nation without parties is soon a nation without curiosity. You may now judge how little your situation is likely to be affected. I finish; I think I feel ashamed of tapping the events of a new reign, of which probably I shall not see half. If I was not unwilling to balk your curiosity, I should break my pen, as the great officers do their white wands, over the grave of the old King. Adieu!

P.S. I think this will be a lucky event for the sale of Stosch's cabinet.

THE END.

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